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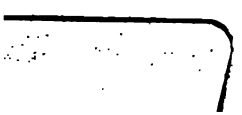

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

IN

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VOLUME FOURTH.

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A

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THROUGH

FRANCE AND ITALY.

——THEY order, said I, this matter better in France——

—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. Strange! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, that one-and-twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no farther from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights. I'll look into them: So giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches——"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricassee'd chicken so incontestibly in France, that, had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the * *droits d'aubaine*—my

* All the effects of strangers (Swiss and Scotch excepted) dying in France, are seized, by virtue of this law, tho' the heir be upon the spot——the profit of these contingencies being farm'd, there is no redress.

shirts and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all, must have gone to the king of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck. Ungenerous!—to seize upon the wreck of any unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckon'd to their coast——by heaven! SIRE, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renown'd for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with——

But I have scarce set a foot in your dominions.

CALAIS.

WHEN I had finished my dinner, and drank the king of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honor for the humanity of his temper——I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No——said I——the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race: They may be misled like other people; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek——more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Just God! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us, fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and, holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if

he sought for an object to share it with. In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—the arteries beat all cheerily together, and every power which sustained life, perform'd it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *Physical precieuse* in France: With all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine.

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea, carried Nature, at that time, as high as she could go—I was at peace with the world before, and thus finished the treaty with myself——

—Now, was I a king of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I HAD scarce utter'd the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room, to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies——or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant—*sed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may——for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of their humors; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves——'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure, at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my own act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

——But be this as it may. The moment I cast

my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse in my pocket——button'd it up——set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy——but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty——Truth might lie between——He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth——it look'd forwards; but it look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure, but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had enter'd the room three paces, he

stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast, (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)——when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure——I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'TIS very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true——and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—A coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: And the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them, by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at

my portmanteau, full chearfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate—The monk made me a bow; but of all others resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labor—and those who eat the bread of other peoples, and have no other plan in life, but to get thro' it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: A hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

MY heart smote me the moment he shut the door—P'shaw! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: Every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language——I consider'd his grey hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?——I would have given twenty li-

tres for an advocate——I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

THE DESOBLIGEANT.

CALAIS.

WHEN a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now, there being no travelling thro' France and Italy without a chaise——and Nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walk'd out into the coach-yard, to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose: An old* Desobligeant in the farthest corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel——but Monsieur Dessein, being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn—I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us, and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *Desobligeant*.

PREFACE.

IN THE *DESOBLIGEANT.*

IT must have been observed by many a peripatetic philosopher, That nature has set up, by her own unquestionable authority, certain boundaries

* A chaise, so called in France, from its holding but one person.

and fences to circumscribe the discontent of man? She has effected her purpose in the quietest and easiest manner, by laying him under almost insuperable obligations to work out his ease, and to sustain his sufferings at home. It is there only that she has provided him with the most suitable objects to partake of his happiness, and bear a part of that burden, which in all countries and ages, has ever been too heavy for one pair of shoulders. 'Tis true, we are endued with an imperfect power of spreading our happiness sometimes beyond *her* limits;—but 'tis so ordered, that, from the want of languages, connections, and dependencies, and from the difference in education, customs and habits, we lie under so many impediments in communicating our sensations out of our own sphere, as often amount to a total impossibility.

It will always follow from hence, that the balance of sentimental commerce is always against the expatriated adventurer: He must buy what he has little occasion for, at their own price—— his conversation will seldom be taken in exchange for theirs, without a large discount——and this, by the bye, eternally driving him into the hands of more equitable brokers for such conversation as he can find, it requires no great spirit of divination to guess at his party——

This brings me to my point; and naturally leads me (if the see-saw of this *Desobligeant* will but let me get on) into the efficient, as well as the final causes of travelling——

Your idle people, that leave their native country, and go abroad, for some reason or reasons, which may be derived from one of these general causes——

Infirmity of body,
Imbecility of mind, or
Inevitable necessity.

The first two include all those who travel by

land or by water, laboring with pride, curiosity, vanity or spleen, subdivided and combined *in infinitum*.

The third class includes the whole army of peregrine martyrs; more especially those travellers who set out upon their travels with the benefit of the clergy, either as delinquents travelling under the direction of governors, recommended by the magistrate,—or young gentlemen transported by the cruelty of parents and guardians, and travelling under the direction of governors recommended by Oxford, Aberdeen, and Glasgow.

There is a fourth class, but their number is so small that they would not deserve a distinction, was it not necessary, in a work of this nature, to observe the greatest precision and nicety, to avoid a confusion of character. And these men I speak of, are such as cross the seas, and sojourn in a land of strangers, with a view of saving money for various reasons, and upon various pretences: But as they might also save themselves and others a great deal of unnecessary trouble, by saving their money at home——and as their reasons for travelling are the least complex of any other species of emigrants, I shall distinguish these gentlemen by the name of

Simple Travellers.

Thus, the whole circle of travellers may be reduced to the following *heads*:

Idle Travellers,
Inquisitive Travellers,
Lying Travellers,
Proud Travellers,
Vain Travellers,
Splenetic Travellers.

Then follow the Travellers of necessity:

The delinquent and felonious Traveller,
The unfortunate and innocent Traveller,
The simple Traveller,

And last of all (if you please)
The Sentimental Traveller,

(meaning thereby myself) who have travell'd, and of which I am now sitting down to give an account—as much out of *Necessity* and the *besoin de voyager*, as any one in the class.

I am well [illegible] the same time, as both my [illegible] and [illegible] will be altogether of a [illegible] cast from any of my fore-runners; that [illegible] have insisted upon a whole niche entirely to myself——but I should break in upon the confines of the *Vain* traveller, in wishing to draw attention towards me, till I have some better grounds for it than the mere *Novelty of my Vehicle*.

It is sufficient for my reader, if he has been a traveller himself, that, with study and reflection hereupon, he may be able to determine his own place and rank in the catalogue—it will be one step towards knowing himself; as it is great odds, but he retains some tincture and resemblance of what he imbibed or carried out, to the present hour.

The man who first transplanted the grape of Burgundy to the Cape of Good Hope (observe he was a Dutchman) never dreamt of drinking the same wine at the Cape, that the same grape produced upon the French mountains—he was too phlegmatic for that—but undoubtedly he expected to drink some sort of vinous liquor; but whether good, bad, or indifferent—he knew enough of this world, to know that it did not depend upon his choice, but that which is generally called *chance* was to decide his success: However, he hoped for the best; and in these hopes, by an intemperate confidence in the fortitude of his head, and the depth of his discretion, *Mynheer* might possibly overset both in his new vineyard; and by discovering his nakedness, become a laughing-stock to his people.

Even so it fares with the poor traveller, sailing and posting through the politer kingdoms of the globe, in pursuit of knowledge and improvements.

Knowledge and improvements are to be got by sailing and posting for that purpose; but, whether useful knowledge, and real improvements, is all a lottery——and even where the adventurer is successful, the acquired stock must be used with caution and sobriety, to turn to any profit—but as the chances run prodigiously the other way, both as to the acquisition and application, I am of opinion, That a man would act as wisely, if he could prevail upon himself to live contented without foreign knowledge, or foreign improvements, especially if he lives in a country that has no absolute want of either—and, indeed, much grief of heart has it oft and many a time cost me, when I have observed how many a foul step the inquisitive traveller has measured, to see sights and look into discoveries; all which, as Sancho Panca said to Don Quixotte, they might have seen dry-shod, at home. It is an age so full of light, that there is scarce a country or corner of Europe, whose beams are not crossed and interchanged, with others—Knowledge, in most of its branches, and in most affairs, is like music in an Italian street, whereof those may partake who pay nothing——But there is no nation under heaven——and God is my record (before whose tribunal I must one day come and give an account of this work)—that I do not speak it vauntingly——But there is no nation under heaven, abounding with more variety of learning——where the sciences may be more fitly woo'd, or more surely won, than here——where art is encouraged, and will soon rise high——where Nature (take her altogether) has so little to answer for—and, to close all, where there is more wit and variety of character to feed the mind with——Where then, my dear countrymen, are you going?——

—We are only looking at this chaise, said they —Your most obedient servant, said I, skipping out of it, and pulling off my hat—We were wondering, said one of them, who, I found, was an *inquisitive traveller*—what could occasion its motion—'Twas the agitation, said I coolly, of writing a preface—I never heard, said the other, who was a *simple traveller*, of a preface wrote in a *desobligeant*.——It whould have been better, said I, in a *Vis a vis*.

——*As an Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen*, I retired to my room.

C A L A I S.

I Perceived that something darken'd the passage more than myself as I stepp'd along it to my room; it was effectually Mons. Dessein, the master of the hotel, who had just returned from vespers, and, with his hat under his arm, was most complaisantly following me, to put me in mind of my wants. I had wrote myself pretty well out of conceit with the *desobligeant*; and Mons. Dessein speaking of it, with a shrug, as if it would no way suit me, it immediately struck my fancy, that it belonged to some *innocent traveller*, who, on his return home, had left it to Mons. Dessein's honor, to make the most of. Four months had elapsed since it had finish'd its career of Europe in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard; and having sallied out from thence but a vampt-up business at the first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on mount Sennis, it had not profited much by its adventures——but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Mons. Dessein's coach-yard. Much indeed was not to be said for it—but something might——and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can *be a churl of* them.

——Now, was I the master of this hotel, said I, laying the point of my fore-finger on Mons. Dessein's breast, I would inevitably make a point of getting rid of this unfortunate *desobligeant*——it stands swinging reproaches at you every time you pass by it——

Mon Dieu ! said Mons. Dessein—I have no interest—Except the interest, said I, which men of a certain turn of mind take, Mons. Dessein, in their own sensations——I'm persuaded, to a man who feels for others as well as for himself, every rainy night, disguise it as you will, must cast a damp upon your spirits——You suffer, Mons. Dessein, as much as the machine——

I have always observed, when there is as much *sour* as *sweet* in a compliment, that an Englishman is eternally at a loss within himself, whether to take it, or let it alone : A Frenchman never is : Mons. Dessein made me a bow.

C'est bien vrai, said he——But, in this case, I should only exchange one disquietude for another, and with loss : Figure to yourself, my dear sir, that in giving you a chaise which would fall to pieces before you had got half way to Paris—— figure to yourself how much I would suffer, in giving an ill impression of myself to a man of honor, and lying at the mercy, as I must do, *d'un homme d'esprit.*

The dose was made up exactly after my own prescription ; so I could not help taking it—— and returning Mons. Dessein his bow, without more casuistry we walk'd together towards his remise, to take a view of his magazine of chaises.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

IT must needs be a hostile kind of a world, when the buyer (if it be but of a sorry post chaise) cannot go forth with the seller thereof into the street to terminate the difference betwixt them, but he instantly falls into the same frame of mind, and views his conventionist with the same sort of eye, as if he was going along with him to Hyde-park corner to fight a duel. For my own part, being but a poor swordsman, and no way a match for Monsieur *Dessein*, I felt the rotation of all the movements within me to which the situation is incident——I looked at Monsieur *Dessein* through and through——ey'd him, as he walked along, in profile——then, *en face*——thought he looked like a Jew——then a Turk——disliked his wig ——cursed him by gods——wished him at the devil———

———And is all this to be lighted up in the heart for a beggarly account of three or four *louis d'ors*, which is the most I can be over-reach'd in? ——Base passion! said I, turning myself about, as a man naturally does upon a sudden reverse of sentiment——base, ungentle passion! thy hand is against every man, and every man's hand against thee—Heaven forbid! said she, raising her hand up to her forehead, for I had turned full in front upon the lady whom I had seen in conference with the monk——she had followed us unperceived——Heaven forbid, indeed! said I, offering her my own—she had a black pair of silk gloves open only at the thumb and two fore-fingers, so accepted it without reserve—and I led her up to the door of the remise.

Monsieur Dessein had *diabled* the key above fifty times before he found out he had come with

a wrong one in his hand : We were as impatient as himself to have it open'd ; and so attentive to the obstacle, that I continued holding her hand, almost without knowing it ; so that Monsieur Dessein left us together with her hand in mine, and with our faces turned towards the door of the remise, and said he would be back in five minutes.

Now, a colloquy of five minutes, in such a situation, is worth one of as many ages, with your faces turned towards the street : In the latter case, 'tis drawn from the objects and occurrences without ;—when your eyes are fixed upon a dead blank—you draw purely from yourselves. A silence of a single moment upon Monsieur Dessein's leaving us, had been fatal to the situation—she had infallibly turned about——so I begun the conversation instantly ———

——But what were the temptations, (as I write not to apologize for the weaknesses of my heart in this tour, ———but to give an account of them) ——shall be described with the same simplicity with which I felt them.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

WHEN I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *desobligeant*, because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn——I told him the truth ; but I did not tell him the whole truth ; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said, he was telling her what had passed ; something jarred upon it within me—— I wished him at his convent.

When the heart flies out before the understanding, *it saves* the judgment a world of pains.

—I was certain she was of a better order of beings——however, I thought no more of her, but went on and wrote my preface.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street; a guarded frankness with which she gave me her hand, showed, I thought, her good education and her good sense; and as I led her on, I felt a pleasurable ductility about her, which spread calmness over all my spirits.——

—Good God! how a man might lead such a creature as this round the world with him!——

I had not yet seen her face—'twas not material; for the drawing was instantly set about, and, long before we had got to the door of the remise, *Fancy* had finished the whole head, and pleased herself as much with its fitting her goddess, as if she had dived into the TIBER for it——But thou art a seduced and a seducing slut; and albeit thou cheatest us seven times a day with thy pictures and images, yet with so many charms dost thou do it, and thou deckest out thy pictures in the shapes of so many angels of light, 'tis a shame to break with thee.

When we had got to the door of the remise, she withdrew her hand from across her forehead, and let me see the original—it was a face of about six-and-twenty——of a clear transparent brown, simply set off without rouge or powder——it was not critically handsome, but there was that in it, which attached me much more to it——it was interesting; I fancied it wore the characters of a widow'd look, and in that state of its declension, which had passed the two first paroxysms of sorrow, and was quietly beginning to reconcile itself to its loss—but a thousand other distresses might have traced the same lines; I wish'd to know what they had been—and was ready to inquire, (had the same *bon ton* of conversation permitted, as in the days of Esdras)—"*What gileth thee? and*

why art thou disquieted? and why is thy understanding troubled?"—In a word, I felt benevolence for her; and resolved some way or other to throw in my mite of courtesy——if not of service.

Such were my temptations——and in this disposition to give way to them, was I left alone with the lady, with her hand in mine, and with our faces both turned closer to the door of the remise than what was absolutely necessary.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

THIS certainly, fair lady! said I, raising her hand up a little lightly as I began, must be one of fortune's whimsical doings: To take two utter strangers by their hands———of different sexes, and, perhaps, from different corners of the globe, and, in one moment, place them together in such a cordial situation, as friendship herself could scarce have achieved for them, had she projected it for a month.

——And your reflection upon it, shows how much Monsieur, she has embarrassed you by the adventure——

When the situation is what we should wish, nothing is so ill timed as to hint at the circumstances which make it so: You thank Fortune, continued she——you had reason——the heart knew it, and was satisfied; and who but an English philosopher would have sent notice of it to the brain, to reverse the judgment?

In saying this, she disengaged her hand with a look which I thought a sufficient commentary upon the text.

It is a miserable picture which I am going to give of the weakness of my heart, by owning, that it suffered a pain, which worthier occasions could

not have inflicted, I was mortified with the loss of her hand; and the manner in which I had lost it, carried neither oil nor wine to the wound: I never felt the pain of a sheepish inferiority so miserably in my life.

The triumphs of a true feminine heart are short upon these discomfitures. In a very few seconds she laid her hand upon the cuff of my coat, in order to finish her reply; so, some way or other, God knows how, I regained my situation.

——She had nothing to add.

I forthwith began to model a different conversation for the lady, thinking, from the spirit as well as moral of this, that I had been mistaken in her character; but upon turning her face towards me, the spirit which had animated the reply was fled—the muscles relax'd, and I beheld the same unprotected look of distress which first won me to her interest——melancholy! to see such sprightliness the prey of sorrow, I pitied her from my soul; and, though it may seem ridiculous enough to a torpid heart—I could have taken her into my arms and cherished her, though it was in the open street, without blushing.

The pulsations of the arteries along my fingers pressing across hers, told her what was passing within me: She looked down———a silence of some moments followed.

I fear, in this interval, I must have made some slight efforts towards a closer compression of her hand, from a subtle sensation I felt in the palm of my own—not as if she was going to withdraw hers——but as if she thought about it——and I had infallibly lost it a second time, had not instinct, more than reason, directed me to the last resource in these dangers—to hold it loosely, and in a manner as if I was every moment going to release it, of myself; so she let it continue, till Monsieur Dessein returned with the key; and, in

the mean time, I set myself to consider how I should undo the ill impressions which the poor monk's story, in case he had told it her, must have planted in her breast against me.

THE SNUFF-BOX.

CALAIS.

THE good old monk was within six paces of us, as the idea of him cross'd my mind; and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopp'd, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me——You shall taste mine—said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one) and putting it into his hand——'Tis most excellent, said the monk: Then do me the favor, I replied, to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart.

The poor man blush'd as red as scarlet. *Mon Dieu!* said he, pressing his hands together—— you never used me unkindly. I should think, said the lady, he is not likely. I blush'd in my turn; but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel, to analyze—Excuse me, madam, replied I—— I treated him most unkindly; and from no provocations—'Tis impossible, said the lady. My God! cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him——the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal—— the lady opposed it, and I joined with her in maintaining it was impossible, that a spirit so regulated as his, *could* give offence to any.

I knew not that contention could be rendered

so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place, when, in such a circle, you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubb'd his horn box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and, as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction ——he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest——but be it as it would——he begg'd we might exchange boxes——In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand, as he took mine from me in the other; and having kiss'd it—— with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom——and took his leave.

I guard this box, as I would the instrumental parts of my religion, to help my mind on to something better. In truth, I seldom go abroad without it; and oft and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own, in the jostlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learnt from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandon'd the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits, as I am going to add, that, in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle

or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears—but I am as weak as a woman; and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

I HAD never quitted the lady's hand all this time; and had held it so long, that it would have been indecent to have let it go, without first pressing it to my lips; the blood and spirits, which had suffer'd a revulsion from her, crowded back to her, as I did it.

Now, the two travellers, who had spoke to me in the coach-yard, happening at that crisis to be passing by, and observing our communications, naturally took it into their heads, that we must be *man and wife*, at least; so, stopping as soon as they came up to the door of the remise, the one of them, who was the inquisitive traveller, ask'd us, if we set out for Paris the next morning?—I could only answer for myself, I said, and the lady added, she was for Amiens. We dined there yesterday, said the simple traveller—You go directly through the town, added the other, in your road to Paris. I was going to return a thousand thanks for the intelligence, *that Amiens was in the road to Paris;* but, upon pulling out my poor monk's little horn box to take a pinch of snuff—I made them a quiet bow, and wished them a good passage to Dover—they left us alone——

—Now, where would be the harm, said I to myself, if I was to beg of this distressed lady to accept of half of my chaise?—and what mighty mischief could ensue?

Every dirty passion, and bad propensity in my

nature, took the alarm, as I stated the prop tion——It will oblige you to have a third ho said AVARICE, which will put twenty livres ou your pocket——You know not what she is, CAUTION——or what scrapes the affair may d you into, whisper'd COWARDICE——

Depend upon it, Yorick! said DISCRETI 'twill be said you went off with a mistress, came by assignation to Calais for that purpos ——You can never after, cried HYPOCRISY loud, show your face in the world——or i quoth MEANNESS, in the church——or be thing in it, said PRIDE, but a lousy prebenda —But 'tis a civil thing, said I——and as I nerally act from the first impulse, and there seldom listen to these cabals, which serve no pose that I know of, but to encompass the h with adamant——I turned instantly about to lady——

But she had glided off unperceived, as the ca was pleading, and had made ten or a dozen pa down the street, by the time I had made the termination; so I set off after her with a l stride, to make her the proposal with the best dress I was master of; but observing she wal with her cheek half resting upon the palm of hand——with the slow, short measured ste thoughtfulness, and with her eyes, as she w step by step, fix'd upon the ground, it struck she was trying the same cause herself.——(help her! said I, she has some mother-in-l or tartufish aunt, or nonsensical old woman consult upon the occasion, as well as myself; not caring to interrupt the processe, and deem it more gallant to take her at discretion than surprise, I faced about, and took a short turn two before the door of the remise, whilst walk'd musing on one side.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

HAVING, on the sight of the lady, settled the affair in my fancy, "that she was of "the better order of beings"—and then laid it down as a second axiom, as indisputable as the first, that she was a widow, and wore a character of distress—I went no farther; I got ground enough for the situation which pleased me—and had she remained close beside my elbow till midnight, I should have held true to my system, and considered her only under that general idea.

She had scarce got twenty paces distant from me, ere something within me called out for a more particular inquiry—It brought on the idea of a farther separation—I might possibly never see her more—the heart is for saving what it can; and I wanted the traces through which my wishes might find their way to her, in case I should never rejoin her myself: In a word, I wish'd to know her name—her family—her condition;—and as I knew the place to which she was going, I wanted to know from whence she came; but there was no coming at all this intelligence; a hundred little delicacies stood in the way. I form'd a score different plans—There was no such thing as a man's asking her directly——the thing was impossible.

A little French *debonaire* captain, who came dancing down the street, showed me it was the easiest thing in the world; for, popping in betwixt us, just as the lady was returning back to the door of the remise, he introduced himself to my acquaintance, and, before he had well got announced, begg'd I would do him the honor to present him to the lady——I had not been presented myself——so turning about to her, he did

it just as well, by asking her if she had come from Paris?—No: She was going that route, she said.—*Vous n'etez pas de Londres?*—She was not, she replied.—Then madame you must have come through Flanders—*Aparemment vous etez Flamande?* said the French captain.—The lady answered, she was.—*L'eutetre de Lisle?* added he—She said, she was not of Lisle.——Nor Arras?—Nor Cambray?—Nor Ghent?—Nor Brussels? She answered, she was of Brussels.

He had the honor, he said, to be at the bombardment of it last war—that it was finely situated, *pour cela*—and full of noblesse when the Imperialists were driven out by the French——(the lady made a slight courtsey)—so giving her an account of the affair, and of the share he had in it—he begg'd the honor to know her name,—so made his bow.

—*Et Madame a son Mari?* said he, looking back when he had made two steps—and, without staying for an answer—danced down the street.

Had I served seven years apprenticeship to good breeding, I could not have done as much.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

AS the little French captain left us, Mons. Dessein came up with the key of the remise in his hand, and forthwith let us into his magazine of chaises.

The first object which caught my eye, as Mons. Dessein open'd the door of the remise, was another old tatter'd *desobligeant:* And notwithstanding it was the exact picture of that which had hit my fancy so much in the coach-yard but an hour before—the very sight of it stirr'd up a disagreeable sensation within me now; and I thought

'twas a churlish beast into whose heart the idea could first enter, to construct such a machine; nor had I much more charity for the man who could think of using it.

I observed the lady was as little taken with it as myself: So Mons. Dessein led us on to a couple of chaises which stood abreast; telling us, as he recommended them, that they had been purchased by my Lord A. and B. to go the *grand tour*, but had gone no farther than Paris, so were in all respects as good as new—they were too good—so I pass'd on to a third, which stood behind, and forthwith began to chaffer for the price—But 'twill scarce hold two, said I, opening the door and getting in—Have the goodness, madam, said Monsieur Dessein, offering his arm, to step in—The lady hesitated half a second, and stepp'd in; and the waiter that moment beckoning to speak to Monsieur Dessein, he shut the door of the chaise upon us, and left us.

THE REMISE DOOR.

CALAIS.

C'EST bien comique, 'tis very droll, said the lady, smiling, from the reflection that this was the second time we had been left together by a parcel of nonsensical contingencies—*c'est bien comique*, said she——

—There wants nothing, said I, to make it so, but the comic use which the gallantry of a Frenchman would put it to—to make love the first moment, and an offer of his person the second.

'Tis their *fort*, replied the lady.

It is supposed so at least—and how it has come to pass, continued I, I know not; but they have certainly got the credit of understanding more of love, and making it better than any other nation.

upon earth; but, for my own part, I think them arrant bunglers, and, in truth the worst set of marksmen that ever tried Cupid's patience.

'—To think of making love by *sentiments!*—I should as soon think of making a genteel suit of clothes out of remnants:—And to do it—pop—at first sight by declaration—is submitting the offer, and themselves with it, to be sifted, with all their *pours* and *contres*, by an unheated mind.

The lady attended, as if she expected I should go on.

Consider then, madam, continued I, laying my hand upon her's——

That grave people hate love for the name's sake——

That selfish people hate it for their own——

Hypocrites for heaven's——

And that all of us, both old and young, being ten times worse frightened than hurt by the very *report*——

—What a want of knowledge in this branch of commerce a man betrays, whoever lets the word come out of his lips, till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting! A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.

Then I solemnly declare, said the lady, blushing—you have been making love to me all this while.

THE REMISE.

CALAIS.

MONSIEUR DESSEIN came back to let us out of the chaise, and acquaint the lady, the Count de L——, her brother, was just arrived at

the hotel. Though I had infinite good will for the lady, I cannot say, that I rejoiced in my heart at the event—and could not help telling her so—for it is fatal to a proposal, madam, said I, that I was going to make to you——

—You need not tell me what the proposal was said she, laying her hand upon both mine, as she interrupted me—A man, my good sir, has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, but she has a presentiment of it some moments before—

Nature arms her with it, said I, for immediate preservation——But I think, said she, looking in my face, I had no evil to apprehend—and, to deal frankly with you, had determined to accept it.—If I had—(she stopped a moment)—I believe your good will would have drawn a story from me, which would have made pity the only dangerous thing in the journey.

In saying this, she suffered me to kiss her hand twice, and, with a look of sensibility mixed with concern, she got out of the chaise—and bid adieu.

IN THE STREET.

CALAIS.

I NEVER finished a twelve-guinea bargain so expeditiously in my life: My time seemed heavy upon the loss of the lady; and knowing every moment of it would be as two, till I put myself into motion, I ordered post horses directly, and walked towards the hotel.

Lord! said I, hearing the town-clock strike four, and recollecting that I had been little more than a single hour in Calais——

What a large volume of adventures may be grasped within this little span of life by him who interests his heart in every thing, and who, having eyes to see what time and chance are perpetu-

ally holding out to him as he journeyeth on his way, misses nothing he can *fairly* lay his hands on.———

——If this won't turn out something—another will—no matter—'tis an essay upon human nature——I get my labor for my pains—'tis enough—the pleasure of the experiment has kept my senses, and the best part of my blood, awake, and laid the gross to sleep.

I pity the man who can travel from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, and cry, 'Tis all barren——and so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that, was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections—If I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to—I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection—I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the lovliest trees throughout the desert: If their leaves wither'd, I would teach myself to mourn; and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice along with them.

The learned SMELFUNGUS travelled from Boulogne to Paris——from Paris to Rome——and so on————but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he pass'd by, was discolored or distorted——He wrote an account of them, but 'twas nothing but the account of his miserable feelings.

I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon——he was just coming out of it——*'Tis nothing but a huge cockpit*, * said he——I wish you had said nothing worse of the Venus of Medicis, replied I——for in passing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddess,

* *Vide* S.——'s *Travels*.

and used her worse than a common strumpet, without the least provocation in nature.

I popp'd upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home; and a sad tale of sorrowful adventures he had to tell, "wherein he spoke of "moving accidents by flood and field, and of the "cannibals which each other eat: The Anthro-"pophagi"——he had been slay'd alive, and bedevil'd, and used worse than St. Bartholomew, at every stage he had come at——

——I'll tell it, cried Smelfungus, to the world.

You had better tell it, said I, to your physician.

Mungundus, with an immense fortune, made the whole tour; going on from Rome to Naples —from Naples to Venice—from Venice to Vienna—to Dresden, to Berlin, without one generous connection or pleasurable anecdote to tell of; but he had travelled straight on, looking neither to his right hand nor his left, lest love or pity should seduce him out of his road.

Peace be to them! if it is to be found; but heaven itself, was it possible to get there with such tempers, would want objects to give it——every gentle spirit would come flying upon the wings of love to hail their arrival—Nothing would the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus hear of, but fresh anthems of joy, fresh raptures of love, and fresh congratulations of their common felicity—I heartily pity them; they have brought up no faculties for this work; and, was the happiest mansion in heaven to be allotted to Smelfungus and Mundungus, they would be so far from being happy, that the souls of Smelfungus and Mundungus would do penance there to all eternity.

MONTRIUL.

I HAD once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and

one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postillion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting——Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

A servant! that I do most sadly, quoth I—Because, Monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honor to serve an Englishman——But why an English one, more than any other?——They are so generous, said the landlord——I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night——But they have wherewithal to be so, Monsieur added he——Set down one livre more for that, quoth I——It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my Lord Anglois presentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre*——*Tant pis, pour Madamoiselle Janatone*, said I.

Now, Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*———but *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux toujours, Monsieur*, said he, when there is any thing to be got——*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said I. *Pardonez moi*, said the landlord.

I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe, once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux*, being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

A prompt French Marquis, at our ambassador's table, demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet? No said H—— mildly——*Tant pis*, replied the Marquis.

It is H——the historian, said another——*Tant mieux*, said the Marquis. And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, return'd thanks for both.

When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of—saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing——Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon ——and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

MONTRIUL.

I AM apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account—and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case—and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

When La Fleur enter'd the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favor; so I hired him first—and then began to enquire what he could do; but I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them ——besides a Frenchman can do every thing.

Now, poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *serving* for a few

years ; at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found, moreover, that the honor of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it open'd no farther track of glory to him—he retired *a ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit a Dieu*—that is to say, upon nothing.

—And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours thro' France and Italy ! Psha ! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides ? When a man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match—he is not ill off——But you can do something else, La Fleur ? said I——*O qu'oui !* —he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle—Bravo ! said Wisdom——Why, I play a bass myself, said I—we shall do very well ——You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur ?—He had all the dispositions in the world —It is enough for heaven ! said I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me——So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire ; and if monarchs knew what they could be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

MONTRIUL.

AS La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little farther in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul, as ever

trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and, notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happen'd to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper—it supplied all defects—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for, whether 'twas hunger or thirst, or cold, or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in his journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb—but he seemed at first sight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days at Paris with him—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

MONTRIUL.

THE next morning, La Fleur entering upon his employment, I delivered him the key of my portmanteau, with an inventory of my half a dozen of shirts and silk pair of breeches; and bid him fasten all upon the chaise—get the horses put to—and desire the landlord to come in with his bill.

C'est un garçon de bonne fortune, said the landlord, pointing through the window to half a dozen wenches who had got round about La Fleur, and were most kindly taking their leave of him, as the

postillion was leading out the horses. La Fleur kissed all their hands round and round again, and thrice he wiped his eyes, and thrice he promised he would bring them all pardons from Rome.

The young fellow said the landlord, is beloved by all the town, and there is scarce a corner in Montriul where the want of him will not be felt: He has but one misfortune in this world, continued he, "He is always in love."——I am heartily glad of it, said I—'twill save me the trouble every night of putting my breeches under my head.—In saying this, I was making not so much La Fleur's eloge, as my own, having been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, and I hope I shall go on so, till I die, being firmly persuaded, that if ever I do a mean action, it must be in some interval betwixt one passion and another; whilst this *interregnum* lasts, I always perceive my heart locked up—I can scarce find in it to give misery a sixpence; and therefore I always get out of it as fast as I can; and the moment I am rekindled, I am all generosity and good-will again; and would do any thing in the world, either for, or with any one, if they will but satisfy me there is no sin in it.

—But in saying this, surely I am commending the passion—not myself.

A FRAGMENT.

——THE town of Abdera, notwithstanding Democritus lived there, trying all the powers of irony and laughter to reclaim it, was the vilest and most profligate town in all Thrace. What for poisons, conspiracies, and assassinations——libels, pasquinades, and tumults, there was no going there by day——'twas worse by night.

Now, when things were at the worst, it came

to pass, that the Andromeda of Euripides being represented at Abdera, the whole orchestra was delighted with it: But of all the passages which delighted them, nothing operated more upon their imaginations, than the tender strokes of nature, which the poet had wrought up in that pathetic speech of Perseus,

O Cupid, prince of God and men, &c.

Every man almost spoke pure iambics the next day, and talk'd of nothing but Perseus his pathetic address "O Cupid! prince of God and men." In every street of Abdera, in every house "O "Cupid! Cupid!" In every mouth, like the natural notes of some sweet melody which drops from it, whether it will or no———nothing but "Cupid! Cupid! prince of God and men"—— The fire caught, and the whole city, like the heart of one man opened itself to love.

'No pharmacopolist could sell one grain of hellebore—not a single armorer had a heart to forge one instrument of death—Friendship and virtue met together, and kiss'd each other in the street—the golden age returned, and hung over the town of Abdera—every Abderite took his oaten pipe, and every Abderitish woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down and listen'd to the song.

'Twas only in the power, says the Fragment, of the God whose empire extendeth from heaven to earth, and even to the depths of the sea to have done this.

MONTRIUL.

WHEN all is ready, and every article is disputed and paid for in the inn, unless you are a little sour'd by the adventure, there is always a matter to compound at the door, before you can get into your chaise; and that is with the sons

and daughters of poverty, who surround you. Let no man say, "Let them go to the devil"——'tis a cruel journey to send a few miserables, and they have had sufferings enow without it: I always think it better to take a few sous out in my hand; and I would counsel every gentle traveller to do so likewise: He need not be so exact in setting down his motives for giving them—they will be register'd elsewhere.

For my own part there is no man gives so little as I do; for few that I know have so little to give: But as this was the first public act of my charity in France, I took the more notice of it.

A well-a-way, said I, I have but eight sous in the world, showing them in my hand, and there are eight poor men and eight poor women for 'em.

A poor tatter'd soul, without a shirt on, instantly withdrew his claim, by retiring two steps out of the circle and making a disqualifying bow on his part. Had the whole parterre cried out, *Place aux dames*, with one voice, it could not have conveyed the sentiment of a deference for the sex with half the effect.

Just heaven! for what wise reasons hast thou order'd it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?

—I insisted upon presenting him with a single sous, merely for his *politesse*.

A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who stood over against me in the circle, putting something first under his arm, which had once been a hat, took his snuff-box out of his pocket, and generously offered a pinch on both sides of him: It was a gift of consequence, and modestly declined—The poor little fellow press'd it upon them with a nod of welcomeness—*Prenez en—prenez*, said he, looking another way; so they each took a

pinch—Pity thy box should ever want one! said I to myself; so I put a couple of sous into it——taking a small pinch out of his box, to enhance their value as I did it—He felt the weight of the second obligation more than of the first——'twas doing him an honor—the other was only doing him a charity——and he made me a bow down to the ground for it.

—Here! said I, to an old soldier with one hand, who had been campaign'd and wore out to death in the service—here's a couple of sous for thee—*Vive le roi!* said the old soldier.

I had then but three sous left, so I gave one, simply *pour l'amour de Dieu*, which was the footing on which it was begg'd—The poor woman had a dislocated hip; so it could not be well upon any other motive.

Mon cher et tres charitable Monsieur—There's no opposing this, said I.

My Lord Anglois—the very sound was worth the money—so I gave *my last sous for it*. But in the eagerness of giving, I had overlook'd a *pauvre honteux*, who had no one to ask a sous for him, and who, I believed, would have perish'd ere he could have ask'd one for himself: He stood by the chaise a little without the circle, and wiped a tear from a face which I thought had seen better days—Good God! said I—and I have not a single sous left to give him—But you have a thousand! cried all the powers of nature stirring within me—so I gave him—no matter what—I am ashamed to say *how much*, now—and was ashamed to think how little then: So if the reader can form any conjecture of my disposition, as these two fixed points are given him, he may judge within a livre or two what was the precise sum.

I could afford nothing for the rest, but *Dieu vous benisse—Et le bon Dieu vous benisse encore*—said the old soldier, the dwarf, &c. The pauvre

honteux could say nothing—he pull'd out a little handkerchief, and wiped his face as he turned away—and I thought he thanked me more than them all.

THE BIDET.

HAVING settled all these little matters, I got into my post-chaise with more ease than ever I got into a post-chaise in my life; and La Fleur having got one large jack-boot on the far side of a little *bidet**, and another on this (for I count nothing of his legs)—he canter'd away before me as happy and as perpendicular as a prince.

—But what is happiness! what is grandeur, in this painted scene of life? A dead ass, before we had got a league, put a sudden stop to La Fleur's career—his bidet would not pass by it—a contention arose betwixt them, and the poor fellow was kick'd out of his jack-boots the very first kick.

La Fleur bore his fall like a French christian, saying neither more or less upon it, than Diable! so presently got up, and came to the charge again astride his bidet, beating him up to it as he would have beat his drum.

The bidet flew from one side of the road to the other, then back again—then this way—then that way, and, in short, every way but by the dead ass.—La Fleur insited upon the thing—and the bidet threw him.

What's the matter, La Fleur, said I, with this bidet of thine?—*Monsieur*, said he, *c'est un cheval le plus opiniatre du monde*—Nay, if he is a conceited beast he must go his own way, replied I—so La Fleur got off him, and giving him a good sound lash, the bidet took me at my word, and away he scamper'd back to Montriul—*Peste!* said *La Fleur.*

* *Post-horse.*

It is not *mal a propos* to take notice here, that tho' La Fleur availed himself but of two different terms of exclamation in this encounter,—namely, *Diable !* and *Peste !* that there are nevertheless three in the French language; like the positive, comparative, and superlative, one or the other of which serve for every unexpected throw of the dice in life.

Le Diable ! which is the first and positive degree, is generally used upon ordinary emotions of the mind, where small things only fall out contrary to your expectations—such as the throwing once doublets—La Fleur's being kick'd off his horse and so forth—cuckoldom, for the same reason, is always—*Le Diable !*

But in cases where the cast has something provoking in it, as in that of the bidet's running away after, and leaving La Fleur aground in jack-boots—'tis the second degree.

'Tis then *Peste !*

And for the third——

But here my heart is rung with pity and fellow-feeling, when I reflect what miseries must have been their lot, and how bitterly so refined a people must have smarted, to have forced them upon the use of it.

Grant me, O ye powers which touch the tongue with eloquence in distress ?—whatever is my cast, grant me but decent words to exclaim in, and I will give my nature way.

But as these were not to be had in France, I resolved to take every evil just as it befel me, without any exclamation at all.

La Fleur, who had made no such covenant with himself, followed the bidet with his eyes, till it was got out of sight, and then you may imagine, if you please, with what word he closed the whole affair.

As there was no hunting down a frighten'd

horse in jack-boots, there remained no alter
tive, but taking La Fleur either behind the cha
or into it—

I preferred the latter, and in half an hour,
got to the the post-house at Nampont.

NAMPONT.

THE DEAD ASS.

—AND this, said he, putting the remains
a crust into his wallet—and this sho
have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou be
alive to have shared it with me. I thought by t
accent it had been an apostrophe to his child ; b
'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had se
dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleu
misadventure. The man seemed to lament
much ; and it instantly brought into my mi
Sancho's lamentation for his ; but he did it wi
more touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench
the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle
one side, which he took up from time to time
then laid them down—look'd at them, and sho
his head. He then took his crust of bread out
his wallet again, as if to eat it ; held it some ti
in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his as
bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangeme
he had made, then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers abo
him, and La Fleur amongst the rest, whilst t
horses were getting ready ; as I continued sitti
in the post chaise, I could see and hear ov
their heads.

—He said he had come last from Spain, whe
he had been from the farthest borders of Fra
conia ; and had got so far on his return hom
when his ass died. Every one seem'd desiro

to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude, to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got this far on his story, he stopp'd to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money.—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him.—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time, the ass, had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.....Alas! said the mourner, I thought so, when he was alive.....but now that he is dead, I think otherwise,—I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.

Shame on the world ! said I to myself—Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass —'twould be something.———

NAMPONT.

THE POSTILLION.

THE concern which the poor fellow's story threw me into, required some attention : The postillion paid not the least to it, but set off upon the *pave* in a full gallop.

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water, than mine did for grave and quiet movements ; and I should have had an high opinion of the postillion, had he but stolen off with me in something like a pensive pace. On the contrary, as the mourner finished his lamentation the fellow gave an unfeeling lash to each of his beasts, and set off clattering like a thousand devils.

I called to him as loud as I could, for heaven's sake to go slower—and the louder I called, the more unmercifully he galloped. The duce take him and his galloping too—said I—he'll go on tearing my nerves to pieces till he has worked me into a foolish passion, and then he'll go slow, that I may enjoy the sweets of it.

The postillion managed the point to a miracle : By the time he had got to the foot of a steep hill about half a league from Nampont,—he had put me out of temper with him—and then with myself for being so.

My case then required a different treatment ; and a good rattling gallop would have been of real service to me———

—Then prithee get on—get on, my good lad, *said* I.

The postillion pointed to the hill———I then

tried to return back to the story of the poor German and his ass———but I had broke the clue ———and could no more get into it again, than the postillion could into a trot———

—The duce go, said I, with it all! Here am I setting as candidly disposed to make the best of the worst, as ever wight was, and all runs counter.

There is one sweet lenitive at least for evils, which nature holds out to us; so I took it kindly at her hands, and fell asleep; and the first word which roused me was *Amiens*.

———Bless me! said I, rubbing my eyes——— this is the very town where my poor lady is to come.

AMIENS.

THE words were scarce out of my mouth, when the Count de L***'s post-chaise, with his sister in it, drove hastily by; she had just time to make me a bow of recognition——— and of that particular kind of it, which told me she had not yet done with me. She was as good as her look; for, before I had quite finished my supper, her brother's servant came into the room with a billet, in which, he said, she had taken the liberty to charge me with a letter, which I was to present myself to madame R*** the first morning I had nothing to do at Paris. There was only added, she was sorry, but from what *penchant* she had not considered, that she had been prevented telling me her story——that she still owed it me; and if my route should ever lie through Brussels, and I had not by then forgot the name of madame de L***—that madame de L*** would be glad to discharge her obligation.

Then I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! at Brussels—'tis only returning from Italy through Germany to Holland, by the route of Flanders, home—'twill scarce be ten posts out of my way;

but were it ten thousand ! and with what a moral delight will it crowd my journey, in sharing in the sickening incidents of a tale of misery told to me by such a sufferer ! to see her weep ! and though I cannot dry up the fountain of her tears, what an exquisite sensation is there still left, in wiping them away from off the cheeks of the first and fairest of women, as I'm sitting with my handkerchief in my hand in silence the whole night beside her ?

There was nothing wrong in the sentiment ; and yet I instantly reproached my heart with it in the bitterest and most reprobate of expressions.

It had ever, as I told the reader, been one of the singular blessings of my life, to be, almost every hour at it, miserably in love with some one ; and my last flame happening to be blown out by a whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza but about three months before——swearing as I did it, that it should last me thro' the whole journey——Why should I dissemble the matter ? I had sworn to her eternal fidelity——she had a right to my whole heart——to divide my affections, was to lessen them——to expose them, was to risk them ; where there is risk, there may be loss :——And what wilt thou have, Yorick ! to answer to a heart so full of trust and confidence —so good, so gentle and unreproaching !

—I will not go to Brussels, replied I, interrupting myself—but my imagination went on——recalled her looks at that crisis of our separation, when neither of us had power to say adieu ! I look'd at the picture she had tied in a black riband about my neck—and blush'd as I look'd at it —I would have given the world to have kiss'd it —but was ashamed. And shall this tender flower, said I, pressing it between my hands—shall it be smitten to its very root——and smitten, Yo-

rick! by thee, who hast promised to shelter it in thy breast?

Eternal fountain of happiness! said I, kneeling down upon the ground——be thou my witness—and every pure spirit which tastes it, be my witness also, That I would not travel to Brussels, unless Eliza went along with me, did the road lead me towards heaven.

In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much.

THE LETTER.

AMIENS.

FORTUNE had not smiled upon La Fleur; for he had been unsuccessful in his feats of chivalry——and not one thing had offer'd to signalize his zeal for my service, from the time he had enter'd into it, which was almost four and twenty hours. The poor soul burnt with impatience; and the Count de L***'s servant's coming with the letter, being the first practicable occasion which offered, La Fleur had laid hold of it; and in order to do honor to his master, had taken him into a back parlor in the Auberge, and treated him with a cup or two of the best wine in Picardy; and the Count de L***'s servant in return, and not to be behind-hand in politeness with La Fleur, had taken him back with him to the Count's hotel. La Fleur's *prevenancy* (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and as a Frenchman, whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in showing them, La Fleur, in less than five minutes, had pulled out his fife, and leading off the dance himself with the first note, set the *fille de chambre*, the *maitre d'hotel*, the cook, the scullion, and all the houshold dogs and cats, be-

sides an old monkey a-dancing : I suppose there never was a merrier kitchen since the flood.

Madame de L***, in passing from her brother's apartments to her own, hearing so much jollity below stairs, rung up her *fille de chambre* to ask about it ; and hearing it was the English gentleman's servant who had set the whole house merry with his pipe, she ordered him up.

As the poor fellow could not present himself empty, he had loaden'd himself in going up stairs with a thousand compliments to Madame de L*** on the part of his master———added a long apocrypha of inquiries after Madame de L***'s health———told her, that Monsieur his master was *au desespoir* for her re-establishment from the fatigues of her journey———and, to close all, that Monsieur had received the letter which Madame had done him the honor———And he has done me the honor, said Madame de L***, interrupting La Fleur, to send a billet in return.

Madame de L*** had said this with such a tone of reliance upon the fact, that La Fleur had not power to disappoint her expectation——he trembled for my honor——and possibly might not altogether be unconcerned for his own, as a man capable of being attached to a master who could be wanting *en egards vis a vis d'une femme !* so that when Madame de L*** asked La Fleur if he had brought a letter———*O qu'oui*, said La Fleur : So, laying down his hat upon the ground, and taking hold of the flap of his right-side pocket with his left hand, he began to search for the letter with his right——then contrariwise—*Diable !*——then sought every pocket——pocket by pocket, round, not forgetting his fob———*Peste !*——then La Fleur emptied them upon the floor——pulled out a dirty cravat——a handkerchief——a comb——whip-lash——a night-cap—then gave a peep into his hat——*Quelle etourderie*,

He had left the letter upon the table in the Auberge——he would run for it, and be back with it in three minutes.

I had just finished my supper when La Fleur came in to give me an account of his adventure: He told the whole story simply as it was; and only added that if Monsieur had forgot *(par hazard)* to answer Madame's letter, the arrangement gave him an opportunity to recover the *faux pas*—— and if not, that things were only as they were.

Now I was not altogether sure of my *etiquette*, whether I ought to have wrote or no; but if I had——a devil himself could not have been angry: 'Twas but the officious zeal of a well-meaning creature for my honor; and, however he might have mistook the road——or embarrassed me in so doing—his heart was in no fault——I was under no necessity to write—and, what weighed more than all—he did not look as if he had done amiss.

—'Tis all very well, La Fleur, said I.——— 'Twas sufficient. La Fleur flew out of the room like lightning, and return'd with pen, ink, and paper, in his hand; and coming up to the table, laid them close before me, with such a delight in his countenance, that I could not help taking up the pen.

I begun, and begun again; and though I had nothing to say, and that nothing might have been express'd in half a dozen lines, I made half a dozen different beginnings, and could no way please myself.

In short I was in no mood to write.

La Fleur stept out and brought a little water in a glass to dilute my ink—then fetch'd sand and seal-wax—It was all one: I wrote, and blotted, and tore off, and burnt, and wrote again——*Le Diable l'emporte!* said I half to myself—I cannot write this self-same letter; throwing the pen down despairing as I said it.

As soon as I had cast down the pen, La Fleur advanced with the most respectful carriage up to the table, and making a thousand apologies for the liberty he was going to take, told me he had a letter in his pocket, wrote by a drummer in his regiment to a corporal's wife, which, he durst say, would suit the occasion.

I had a mind to let the poor fellow have his humor—Then, prithee, said I, let me see it.

La Fleur instantly pull'd out a little dirty pocket-book cramm'd full of small letters and billet-doux in a sad condition, and laying it upon the table and then untying the string which held them all together, run them over one by one, till he came to the letter in question—*La voila !* said he clapping his hands ; so unfolding it first, he laid it before me, and retired three steps from the table whilst I read it.

THE LETTER.

MADAME,

JE suis penetre de la douleur la plus vive, et reduit en meme temps au desespoir par ce retour imprevu du Corporal, qui rend notre entrevue de ce soir la chose du monde la plus impossible.

Mais vive la joie ! et toute la mienne sera de penser a vous.

L'amour n'est *rien* sans sentiment.

Et le sentiment est encore *moins* sans amour.

On dit qu'on ne doit jamais se desesperer.

On dit aussi que Monsieur le Corporal monte la gardeMercredi : Alors ce sera mon tour.

Chacun a son tour.

En attendant—Vive l'amour ! et vive la bagatelle !

Je suis, MADAME,

Avec tous les sentiments les plus respectueux et les plus tendres, tout a vous, JAQUES ROQUE.

It was but changing the Corporal into the Count —and saying nothing about mounting guard on Wednesday—and the letter was neither right or wrong—so, to gratify the poor fellow, who stood trembling for my honor, his own, and the honor of his letter—I took the cream gently off it, and whipping it up in my own way——I seal'd it up, and sent him to madame de L***—and the next morning we pursued our journey to Paris.

PARIS.

WHEN a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry all floundering before him with half a dozen lackies and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in such a place as Paris—he may drive it at which end of the street he will.

A poor prince who is weak in cavalry, and whose whole infantry does not exceed a single man, had best quit the field, and signalize himself in the cabinet, if he can get up into it—I say, *up into it*—for there is no descending perpendicular amongst 'em with a "*Me voici! mes enfans.*"—here I am—whatever many may think.

I own, my first sensations, as soon as I was left solitary and alone in my own chamber in the hotel, were far from being so flattering as I had prefigured them. I walked up gravely to the window in my dusty black coat, and, looking through the glass, saw all the world in yellow, blue, and green, running at the ring of pleasure—The old with broken lances, and helmets which had lost their vizards—the young in armor bright which shone like gold, be-plumed with each gay feather of the east—all—all tilting at it like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love——

Alas, poor Yorick! cried I, what art thou doing

here? On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom—seek—seek some winding alley with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled or flambeau shot its rays—there thou may'st solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind *grisset* of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!—

—May I perish! if I do, said I, pulling out the letter which I had to present to madame de R***.—I'll wait upon this lady the very first thing I do. So I called La Fleur to go seek me a barber directly—and come back and brush my coat.

THE WIG.

PARIS.

WHEN the barber came, he absolutely refused to have any thing to do with my wig: 'Twas either above or below his art: I had nothing to do, but take one ready made of his own recommendation.

—But I fear, friend, said I, this buckle won't stand——You may emerge it, replied he, into the ocean, and it will stand——

What a great scale is every thing upon in this city! thought I—the utmost stretch of an English perriwig-maker's ideas could have gone no farther than to have "dipped it into a pail of water."—What difference! 'tis like time to eternity.

I confess I do hate all cold conceptions, as I do the puny ideas which engender them; and am generally so struck with the great works of nature, that, for my own part, if I could help it, I never would make a comparison less than a mountain at least. All that can be said against the French sublime in this instance of it, is this—that the grandeur is *more* in the *word*, and *less* in the *thing*. No doubt, the ocean fills the mind with the vast

ideas ; but Paris being so far inland, it was not likely I should run post a hundred miles out of it, to try the experiment—the Parisian barber meant nothing.——

The pail of water standing beside the great deep, makes certainly but a sorry figure in speech —but 'twill be said—it has one advantage—'tis in the next room, and the truth of the buckle may be tried in it without more ado, in a single moment.

In honest truth, and upon a more candid revision of the matter, *The French expression professes more than it performs.*

I think I can see the precise and distinguishing marks of national characters more in these nonsensical *minutiæ*, than in the most important matters of state ; where great men of all nations talk and stalk so much alike, that I would not give ninepence to choose amongst them.

I was so long in getting from under my barber's hands, that it was too late to think of going with my letter to Madame R*** that night ; but when a man is once dressed at all points for going out, his reflections turn to little account : So taking down the name of the Hotel de Modene, where I lodged, I walk forth without any determination where to go—I shall consider of that, said I, as I walked along ;

THE PULSE.

PARIS.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it ! like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight : 'Tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

—Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to

tell me which way I must turn to go to the *opera comique*:—Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.——

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption; till at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat in a low chair, on the far side of the shop, facing the door——

—*Tres volontiers*; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement, and so cheerful a look, that had I been laying out fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said—"This woman is grateful."

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take—you must turn first to your left hand—*mais prenez garde*—there are two turns: And be so good as to take the second ——then go down a little way, and you will see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of *pont neuf*, which you must cross—and there, any one will do himself the pleasure to show you——

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first—and, if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out——she seem'd really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest grisset, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with his sense I had of her courtesy; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her,

that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said—so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not—I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left—for that I had absolutely forgot,——Is it possible! said she, half laughing—'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman, than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth—she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

——*Attendez!* said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter, and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place———So I walk'd in with her to the far side of the shop, and taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly set myself down beside her.

—He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment——and in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is in the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist) I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world—feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So laying

down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery——

———Would to heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lack-a-day-sical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion, as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever—How wouldst thou have laugh'd and moralized upon my new profession!—and thou shouldst have laugh'd and moralized on—Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, "there are worse occupations "in this world *than feeling a woman's pulse*"—— But a grisset's! thou wouldst have said——and in an open shop! Yorick——

——So much the better: For when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

PARIS.

I HAD counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband coming unexpectedly from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out in my reckoning—'Twas nobody but her husband, she said——so I began a fresh score—Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he pass'd by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse——The husband took off his hat, and making me a bow said, I did him too much honor—and having said that, he put on his hat and walk'd out.

Good God! said I to myself as he went out—and can this man be the husband of this woman?

Let it not torment the few, who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh: In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, sometimes the other has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different: For the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there—in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum night-cap, the same rough son of nature that nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique*, have ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women——by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes, from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together, in a bag, by amicable collisions they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant—Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot——

—Surely——surely man! it is not good for thee to sit alone——thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greetings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

—And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she.—With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected——She was going to say something civil in return—but the lad came into the shop with the gloves——*A propos*, said I; I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

PARIS.

THE beautiful Grisset rose up when I said this, and going behind the counter, reach'd down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her; they were all too large. The beautiful Grisset measured them one by one across my hand—It would not alter the dimensions——She begg'd I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least——She held it open —my hand slipp'd into it at once——It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little—No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtilty——where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense are so blended, that all the languages of Babel set loose together, could not express them—they are communicated and caught so instantaneously, that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to you men of words to swell pages about it——it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do; so folding our hands within our arms, we both loll'd upon the counter—it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful grisset look'd sometimes at the gloves, then side-ways to the window, then at the gloves——and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence—I follow'd her example: So I look'd at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her——and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack—— she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eye-lashes with such penetration, that she look'd into my very heart and reins——It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did——

It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful grisset had not ask'd above a single livre above the price——I wish'd she had ask'd a livre more; and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about——Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a *sous* too much of a stranger—and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honor to lay himself at my mercy? *M'en croyez capable?*—Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome——so counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shop-keeper's wife, I went out, and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE TRANSLATION.

PARIS.

THERE was no body in the box I was let into, but a kindly old French officer. I love the character, not only because I honor the man whose manners are softened by a profession which makes bad men worse; but that I once knew one ——for he is no more——and why should I not rescue one page from violation, by writing his name in it and telling the world it was Captain Tobias Shandy, the dearest of my flock and friends, whose philanthropy I never think of at this long distance from his death—but my eyes gush out with tears. For his sake, I have a predilection for the whole corps of veterans; and so I strode over the two back rows of benches, and placed myself beside him.

The old officer was reading attentively a small pamphlet—it might be the book of the opera, with

a large pair of spectacles. As soon as I sat down, he took his spectacles off, and putting them into a shagreen case, returned them and the book into his pocket together. I half rose up, and made him a bow.

Translate this into any civilized language in the world the sense is this:

"Here's a poor stranger come into the box—
"he seems as if he knew nobody: And is never
"likely, was he to be seven years in Paris, if eve-
"ry man he comes near keeps his spectacles
"upon his nose—'tis shutting the door of con-
"versation absolutely in his face——and using
"him worse than a German."

The French officer might as well have said it all aloud; and if he had, I should, in course, have put the bow I made him into French too, and told him, "I was sensible of his attention, and re-
"turn'd him a thousand thanks for it."

There is not a secret so aiding to the progress of sociality, as to get master of this *short hand*, and to be quick in rendering the several turns of looks and limbs, with all their inflections and delineations, into plain words. For my own part, by long habitude, I do it so mechanically, that when I walk the streets of London I go translating all the way; and have more than once stood behind the circle, where not three words have been said, and have brought off twenty different dialogues with me, which I could have fairly wrote down and sworn to.

I was going one evening to Martin's concert at Milan, and was just entering the door of the hall, when Marquisina di F*** was coming out in a sort of hurry——she was almost upon me before I saw her; so I gave a spring to one side, to let her pass—She had done the same, and on the same side too; so we ran our heads together: She instantly got to the other side to get out; I was

just as unfortunate as she had been, for I had sprung to that side, and opposed her passage again——We both flew together to the other side, and then back——and so on:—It was ridiculous; we both blush'd intolerably; so I did at last, the thing I should have done at first—I stood stock still, and the Marquisina had no more difficulty. I had no power to go into the room, till I had made her so much reparation, as to wait and follow her with my eye to the end of the passage—She look'd back twice, and walk'd along it rather side-ways, as if she would make room for any one coming up stairs to pass her—No, said I—that's a vile translation: The Marquisina has a right to the best apology I can make her: And that opening is left for me to do it in—so I ran and begged pardon for the embarrassment I had given her, saying it was my intention to have made her way. She answered, she was guided by the same intention towards me——so we reciprocally thank'd each other. She was at the top of the stairs; and seeing no *chichesbee* near her, I begg'd to hand her to her coach——so we went down the stairs, stopping at every third step to talk of the concert and the adventure———Upon my word, madame, said I when I had handed her in, I made six different efforts to let you go out——And I made six efforts, replied she, to let you enter———I wish to heaven you would make a seventh, said I——With all my heart,—said she, making room—Life is too short to be long about the forms of it—so I instantly stepp'd in, and she carried me home with her—And what became of the concert, St. Cecilia, who, I suppose, was at it, knows more than I.

I will only add, that the connection which arose out of the translation, gave me more pleasure than any one I had the honor to make in Italy.

THE DWARF.

PARIS.

I HAD never heard the remark made by any one in my life except by one; and who that was, will probably come out in this chapter; so that being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*——and that was, the unaccountable sport of Nature, in forming such numbers of dwarfs——No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world; but in Paris, there is no end to her amusements—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *opera comique* with me, I measured every body I saw walking in the streets by it——Melancholy application! especially where the size was extremely little——the face extremely dark——the eyes quick—the nose long—the teeth white—the jaw prominent—to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down——every third man a pigmy!——some by rickety heads and hump backs—others by bandy legs—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth—a fourth in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A medical traveller might say, 'tis owing to undue bandages—a splenetic one, to want of air—and an inquisitive traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such num-

bers of the *Bourgeoise* eat and sleep together; but I remember Mr. Shandy the elder, who accounted for nothing like any body else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred, that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world; but the misery was the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up, that they had not actually room enough to get them—I do not call it getting any thing, said he—'tis getting nothing——Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty, or five and twenty years of the tenderest care, and most nutricious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at least be as high as my leg. Now Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carousal to the Palais Royal, and observing a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter, which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and help'd him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty——Never mind said I; some good body will do as much for me, when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size or strength to get up in the world—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer ere the disgust was exercised, by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade,

left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Tho' you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor defenceless being of this order had got thrust somehow or other into this luckless place;—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides; but the thing which incommoded him most, was a tall corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first one side, then the other; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris; so he civilly reach'd up his hand to the German's sleeve, and told him his distress—The German turn'd his head back, look'd down upon him as Goliah did upon David—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn box———And how would thy meek and merciful spirit, my dear monk! so temper'd to *bear and forbear!*———how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint!

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with an emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter—I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable had told the German he would cut off

his long queue with his knife——The German look'd back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury, sharpen'd by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party : I could have leaped out of the box, to have redressed it—The old French officer did it with much less confusion ; for leaning a little over, and nodding to a centinel, and pointing at the same time with his finger at the distress——the centinel made his way to it.——There was no occasion to tell the grievance, the thing told itself ; so thrusting back the German instantly with his musket——he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him—This is noble ! said I, clapping my hands together—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

——In England, dear sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity with myself in case I had been at variance, —by saying it was a *bon mot*—and as a *bon mot* is always worth something at Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

THE ROSE.

PARIS.

IT was now my turn to ask the old French officer, "What was the matter ?" for a cry of "*Haussez les mains, Monsieur l'Abbe,*" re-echoed from a dozen different parts of the *parterre*, was as uninatelligible to me, as my apostrophe to the monk had been to him.

He told me, is was some poor Abbe in one of the upper *loges*, who he supposed had got planted *perdu* behind a couple of grissets, in order to see the opera, and that the *parterre* espying him, were

insisting upon his holding up both his hands during the representation.—And can it be supposed, said I, that an ecclesiastic would pick the grisset's pockets? The old French officer smiled, and whispering in my ear, open'd a door of knowledge which I had no idea of——

Good God! said I, turning pale with astonishment——is it possible, that a people so smit with sentiment, should at the same time be so unclean, and so unlike themselves—*Quelle grossierte!* added I.

The French officer told me, it was an illiberal sarcasm at the church, which had begun in the theatre about the time that the Tartuffe was given in it, by Moliere—but, like other remains of Gothic manners, was declining—Every nation, continued he, have their refinements and *grossieretes*, in which they take the lead, and lose it of one another by turns——that he had been in most countries, but never in one where he found not some delicacies, which others seemed to want: *Le* POUR *et le* CONTRE *se trouvent chaque nation*; there is a balance, said he, of good and bad every where; and nothing but the knowing it is so, can emancipate one half of the world from the prepossession which it holds against the other—that the advantage of travel, as it is regarded the *scavoir vivre*, was by seeing a great deal both of men and manners; it taught us mutual toleration; and mutual toleration, concluded he, making me a bow, taught us mutual love.

The old French officer delivered this with an air of such candor and good sense, as coincided with my first favorable impressions of his character——I thought I loved the man; but I fear I mistook the object—'twas my own way of thinking——the difference was, I could not have expressed it half so well.

It is alike troublesome to both the rider and

his beast—if the latter goes pricking up his ears, and starting all the way at every object which he never saw before—I have as little torment of this kind, as any creature alive; and yet I honestly confess, that many a thing gave me pain, and that I blush'd at many a word the first month—which I found inconsequent and perfectly innocent the second.

Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaintance of about six weeks with her, had done me the honor to take me in her coach about two leagues out of town——Of all women, madame de Rambouillet is the most correct; and I never wish to see one of more virtues and purity of heart——In our return back, madame de Rambouillet desired me to pull the cord——I ask'd her if she wanted any thing——*Rien que pour pisser*, said madame de Rambouillet——

Grieve not, gentle traveller, to let madame de Rambouillet p-ss on———And, ye fair mystic nymphs! go each one *pluck your rose*, and scatter them in your path—for madame de Rambouillet did no more—I handed madame de Rambouillet out of the coach; and had I been the priest of the chaste CASTALIA, I could not have served at her fountain with a more respectful decorum.

THE FILLE DE CHAMBRE.

PARIS.

WHAT the old French officer had delivered upon travelling, bringing Polonius's advice to his son upon the same subject into my head——and that bringing in Hamlet, and Hamlet the rest of Shakespeare's works, I stopped at the Quai de Conti in my return home, to purchase the whole set.

The bookseller said he had not a set in the

world—*Comment!* said I; taking one up out of a set which lay upon the counter betwixt us—He said, they were sent him only to be got bound, and were to be sent back to Versailles in the morning to the Count de B———.

—And does the Count de B———, said I, read Shakespeare? *C'est un Esprit fort;* replied the bookseller.——He loves English books, and, what is more to his honor, Monsieur, he loves the English too. You speak this so civilly, said I, that it is enough to oblige an Englishman to lay out a louis d'or or two at your shop——The bookseller made a bow, and was going to say something, when a young decent girl of about twenty, who by her air and dress seemed to be *fille de chambre* to some devout woman of fashion, came into the shop and asked for *Les Egarements du Cœur & de l'Esprit:* The bookseller gave her the book directly; she pulled out a little green satin purse, run round with a riband of the same color, and putting her finger and thumb into it, she took out the money, and paid for it. As I had nothing more to stay me in the shop, we both walked out of the door together.

—And what have you to do, my dear, said, I, with *The Wanderings of the Heart*, who scarce know yet you have one? nor, till love has first told you it, or some faithless shepherd has made it ache, canst thou ever be sure it is so.——*Le Dieu m'en garde!* said the girl. With reason, said I,—for if it is a good one, 'tis a pity it should be stolen: It is a little treasure to thee, and gives a better air to your face, than if it was dressed out with pearls.

The young girl listened with a submissive attention, holding her satin purse by its riband in her hand all the time.——It is a very small one, said I, taking hold of the bottom of it—she held it towards me—and there is very little in it, my dear, said I; but be but as good as thou art hand-

some, and heaven will fill it: I had a parcel of crowns in my hand to pay for Shakespeare; and as she had let go the purse entirely, I put a single one in; and, tying up the riband in a bow-knot, returned it to her.

The young girl made me more an humble courtesy than a low one——it was one of those quiet, thankful sinkings, where the spirit bows itself down——the body does no more than tell it. I never gave a crown in my life which gave me half the pleasure.

My advice, my dear, would not have been worth a pin to you, said I, if I had not given this along with it: But now, when you see the crown; you will remember it—so do not, my dear, lay it out in ribands.

Upon my word, sir, said the girl, earnestly, I am incapable——in saying which, as is usual in little bargains of honor, she gave me her hand—*En verite, Monsieur, je mettrai cet argent apart* said she.

When a virtuous convention is made betwixt man and woman, it sanctifies their most private walks: So notwithstanding it was dusky, yet as both our roads lay the same way, we made no scruple of walking along the Quai de Conti together.

She made me a second courtesy in setting off, and before we got twenty yards from the door, as if she had not done enough before, she made a sort of a little stop, to tell me again——she thanked me.

It was a small tribute, I told her, which I could not avoid paying to virtue, and would not be mistaken in the person I had been rendering it to for the world—but I see innocence, my dear, in your face—and foul befal the man who ever lays a snare in its way!

The girl seemed affected some way or other

with what I said—she gave a low sigh—I found I was not empowered to inquire at all after it—so said nothing more till I got to the corner of the Rue de Nevers, where we were to part.

— But is this the way, my dear, said I, to the hotel de Modene ? she told me it was—or that I might go by the Rue de Guenegault, which was the next turn——Then I will go, my dear, by the Rue de Guenegault, said I, for two reasons ; first I shall please myself,and next I shall give you the protection of my company as far on your way as I can. The girl was sensible I was civil—and said, she wished the hotel de Modene was in the Rue de St. Pierre.——You live there ? said I.—She told me she was *fille de chambre* to madame R . . . .——Good God ! said I, it is the very lady for whom I have brought a letter from Amiens —The girl told me, that madame de R . . . .,she believed, expected a stranger with a letter, and was impatient to see him—so I desired the girl to present my compliments to madame R . . . ., and say I would certainly wait upon her in the morning.

We stood still at the corner of the Rue de Nevers whilst this passed——We then stopped a moment, whilst she disposed of her *Egarements du Cœur, &c.* more commodiously than carrying them in her hand—they were two volumes ; so I held the second for her, whilst she put the first into her pocket ; and then she held her pocket, and I put in the other after it.

It is sweet to feel by what fine-spun threads our affections are drawn together.

We set off afresh, and as she took her third step, the girl put her hand within my arm——I was just bidding her—but she did it of herself,with that undeliberating simplicity, which showed it was out of her head that she had never seen me before. For my own part, I felt the conviction

of consangunity so strongly, that I could not help turning half round to look in her face, and see if I could trace out any thing in it of a family likeness——Tut ! said I, are we not all relations ?

When we arrived at the turning up the Rue de Guenegault, I stopped to bid her adieu for good and all : The girl would thank me again for my company and kindness——She bid me adieu twice——I repeated it as often ; and so cordial was the parting between us, that, had it happened any where else, I am not sure but I should have signed it with a kiss of charity, as warm and holy as an apostle.

But in Paris, as none kiss each other but the men——I did, what amounted to the same thing ——I bid God bless her.

THE PASSPORT.

PARIS.

WHEN I got home to my hotel, La Fleur told me I had been inquired after by the Lieutenant de Police——The deuce take it, said I——I know the reason. It is time the reader should know it ; for, in the order of things in which it happened, it was omitted ; not that it was out of my head, but that, had I told it then, it might have been forgot now——and now is the time I want it.

I had left London with so much precipitation that it never entered into my mind that we were at war with France, and had reached Dover, and looked through my glass at the hills beyond Boulogne, before the idea presented itself; and with this in its train, that there was no getting there without a passport. Go but to the end of a street, I have a mortal aversion for returning back no wiser than I set out ; and as this was one of the

greatest efforts I had ever made for knowledge, I could less bear the thoughts of it: So hearing the Count de **** had hired the packet, I begged he would take me in his *suite*. The Count had some little knowledge of me, so made little or no difficulty—only said, his inclination to serve me could reach no farther than Calais, as he was to return by way of Brussels to Paris: However, when I had once passed there, I might get to Paris without interruption; but that in Paris, I must make friends, and shift for myself—Let me get to Paris, Monsieur le Count, said I—and I shall do very well. So I embarked, and never thought more of the matter.

When La Fleur told me the Lieutenant de Police had been inquiring after me—the thing instantly recurred—and by the time La Fleur had well told me, the master of the hotel came into my room to tell me the same thing, with this addition to it, that my passport had been particularly asked after: The master of the hotel concluded with saying, He hoped I had one—Not I, faith! said I.

The master of the hotel retired three steps from me, as from an infected person, as I declared this—and poor La Fleur advanced three steps towards me, and with that sort of movement which a good soul makes to succor a distressed one—the fellow won my heart by it; and from that single *trait*, I knew his character as perfectly, and could rely upon it as firmly as if he had served me with fidelity for seven years.

Mon Seigneur! cried the master of the hotel—but recollecting himself as he made the exclamation, he instantly changed the tone of it———If Monsieur, said he, has not a passport *(apparemment)* in all likelihood, he has friends in Paris who can procure him one———Not that I know of, quoth I, with an air of indifference. Then *certes*,

replied he, you will be sent to the Bastile, or the Chatelet, *au moins*. Poo! said I, the king of France is a good-natured soul——he will hurt nobody—*Cela n'empeche pas*, said he—you will certainly be sent to the Bastile to-morrow morning.—But I have taken your lodgings for a month, answered I, and I will not quit them a day before the time, for all the kings of France in the world. La Fleur whispered in my ear, That nobody could oppose the king of France.

Pardi! said my host, *ces Messieurs Anglois sont des gens tres extraordinaires*—and having both said and sworn it—he went out.

THE PASSPORT.

THE HOTEL AT PARIS.

I COULD not find in my heart to torture La Fleur with a serious look upon the subject of my embarrassment, which was the reason I had treated it so cavalierly—and to show him how light it lay upon my mind, I dropt the subject entirely; and whilst he waited upon me at supper, talked to him with more than usual gaiety about Paris, and of the *opera comique*.—La Fleur had been there himself, and had followed me through the streets as far as the bookseller's shop; but seeing me come up with the young *fille de chambre*, and that we walked down the Quai de Conti together, La Fleur deemed it unnecessary to follow me a step farther—so making his own reflections upon it, he took a shorter cut—and got to the hotel in time to be informed of the affair of the Police against my arrival.

As soon as the honest creature had taken away, and gone down to sup himself, I then began to think a little seriously about my situation.——And here, I know, Eugenius, thou wilt smile

at the remembrance of a short dialogue which passed betwixt us the moment I was going to set out—I must tell it here.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aside, to interrogate me how much I had taken care for: Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head, and said, it would not do; so pulled out his purse, in order to empty it into mine.—I have enough, in conscience, Eugenius, said I.—Indeed, Yorick, you have not, replied Eugenius—I know France and Italy better than you.—But you do not consider, Eugenius, said I, refusing his offer, that, before I have been three days in Paris, I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up in the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the king of France's expense—I beg pardon, said Eugenius, drily: Really I had forgot that resource.

Now, the event I treated gaily, came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or nonchalance, or philosophy, or pertinacity———or what is it in me, that, after all, when La Fleur had gone down stairs, and I was quite alone, that I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius!

—And as for the Bastile! the terror is in the word——Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you cannot get out of———Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year—but, with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man cannot get out, he may do very well within———at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, *his innocence* appears, and he comes out a better *and wiser* man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forgot what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walked down stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning——Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly——for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: Reduce them to a proper size and hue, she overlooks them——It is true, said I, correcting the proposition——the Bastile is not an evil to be despised;——but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse——unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose it is some tyrant of a distemper——and not of a man which holds you in it——the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, or child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back thro' the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage. —"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: And to every person who came thro' the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity——"I "can't get out," said the starling——God help thee! said I; but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage, to get the door; it was twisted, and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the *cage to pieces*—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head thro' the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow, I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile: And I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I——still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands of all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—— It is thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to LIBERTY, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till NATURE herself shall change ——no *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—— with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled————Gracious heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it; and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

PARIS.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me———

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood——he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice:——His children———

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there——he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap.

As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted

up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down——shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle——He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul——I burst into tears ——I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn——I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

——I will go directly, said I, myself, to Monsieur Le Duc de Choiseul.

La Fleur would have put me to bed; but not willing he should see any thing upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heart-ache —I told him I would go to bed by myself—and bid him go do the same.

THE STARLING.

ROAD TO VERSAILLES.

I GOT into my *remise* the hour I proposed: La Fleur got up behind, and I bid the coachman make the best of his way to Versailles.

As there was nothing in this road, or rather nothing which I look for in travelling, I cannot fill up the blank better than with a short history of this self-same bird, which became the subject of the last chapter.

Whilst the honorable Mr. * * * * was waiting for a wind at Dover, it had been caught upon the cliffs before it could well fly, by an English lad who was his groom; who, not caring to destroy it, had taken it in his breast into the packet —and by course of feeding it, and taking it once *under his protection*, in a day or two grew fond of it, and got it safe along with him to Paris.

At Paris the lad had laid out a livre in a little cage for the starling; and as he had little to do better the five months his master staid there, he taught it, in his mother's tongue, the four simple words—(and no more)—to which I owned myself so much its debtor.

Upon his master's going on for Italy—the lad had given it to the master of the hotel—But his little song for liberty being in an *unknown* language at Paris—the bird had little or no store set by him—so La Fleur bought both him and his cage for me for a bottle of Burgundy.

In my return from Italy, I brought him with me to the country in whose language he had learned his notes—and telling the story of him to Lord A—Lord A begged the bird of me;—in a week, Lord A gave him to Lord B—Lord B made a present of him to Lord C—and Lord C's gentleman sold him to Lord D's for a shilling——Lord D gave him to Lord E——and so on—half round the alphabet——From that rank he passed into the lower house, and passed the hands of as many commoners—But as all these wanted to *get in* ——and my bird wanted to *get out*——he has almost as little store set by him in London as in Paris.

It is impossible but many of my readers must have heard of him; and if any, by mere chance, have ever seen him—I beg leave to inform them, that that bird was my bird—or some vile copy set up to represent him.

I have nothing farther to add upon him, but that from that time to this, I have borne this poor starling as the crest to my arms———— Thus :

——And let the herald's officers twist his neck about, if they dare.

THE ADDRESS.

VERSAILLES.

I SHOULD not like to have my enemy take a view of my mind, when I am going to ask protection of any man; for which reason, I generally endeavor to protect myself; but this going to Monsieur Le Duc de C**** was an act of compulsion—had it been an act of choice, I should *have done it*, I suppose like other people.

How many mean plans of dirty address, as I

went alone, did my servile heart form! I deserved the Bastile for every one of them.

Then nothing would serve me, when I got within sight of Versailles, but putting words and sentences together, and conceiving attitudes and tones to wreath myself into Monsieur Le Duc de C * * * *'s good graces——This will do—said I—Just as well, retorted I again, as a coat carried up to him by an adventurous taylor, without taking his measure—Fool! continuedI—see Monsieur Le Duc's face first—observe what character is written in it; take notice in what posture he stands to hear you—mark the turns and expressions of his body and limbs——And for the tone—the first sound whch comes from his lips will give it you; and from all these together, you will compound an address at once upon the spot, which cannot disgust the Duke—the ingredients are his own, and most likely to go down.

Well! said I, I wish it were over——Coward again! as if man to man was not equal throughout the whole surface of the globe; and if in the field——why not face to face in the cabinet too? And trust me, Yorick, whenever it is not so, man is false to himself; and betrays his own succors ten times where Nature does it once. Go to the Duc de C..... with the Bastile in thy looks—My life for it thou wilt be sent back to Paris in half an hour with an escort.

I believe so, said I—Then I will go to the Duke, by heaven! with all the gaiety and debonairness in the world.——

—And there you are wrong again, replied I—A heart at ease, Yorick, flies into no extremes—it is ever on its centre—Well! well! cried I, as the coachman turned in at the gates—I find I shall do very well: And by the time he had wheeled round the court, and brought me up to the door, I *found* myself so much the better for

my own lecture, that I neither ascended the steps like a victim to justice, who was to part with life upon the topmost,—nor did I mount them with a skip and a couple of strides, as I do when I fly up, Eliza! to thee to meet it.

As I entered the door of the saloon, I was met by a person who possibly might be the *maitre d' hotel*, but had more the air of one of the under secretaries, who told me the Duc de C.... was busy—I am utterly ignorant, said I, of the forms of obtaining an audience, being an absolute stranger, and, what is worse in the present conjuncture of affairs, being an Egnlishman too—He replied, that did not increase the difficulty.—I made him a slight bow, and told him I had something of importance to say to Monsieur Le Duc. The secretary looked towards the stairs, as if he was about to leave me to carry up this account to some one—But I must not mislead you, said I—for what I have to say is of no manner of importance to Monsieur Le Duc de C.... ——but of great importance to myself.—*C'est une autre affaire*, replied he—Not at all, said I, to a man of gallantry.——But pray, good sir, continued I, when can a stranger hope to have *accesse?* In not less than two hours, said he, looking at his watch. The number of equipages in the court-yard seemed to justify the calculation, that I could have no nearer a prospect—and as walking backwards and forwards in the saloon, without a soul to commune with, was for the time as bad as being in the Bastile itself, I instantly went back to my *remise*, and bid the coachman drive me to the *cordon bleu*, which was the nearest hotel.

I think there is a fatality in it—I seldom go to the place I set out for.

LE PATISSER.

VERSAILLES.

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind: As I am at Versailles thought I, I might as well take a view of the town; so I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets —I suppose the town is not very large? said I.—The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes and marquisses and counts had hotels—The Count de B....,of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoken so handsomely the night before came instantly into my mind—And why should I not go, thought I, to the Count de B...., who has so high an idea of English books, and English men—and tell him my story? so I changed my mind a second time —In truth it was the third: For I had intended that day for madame de R.... in the Rue St. Pierre, and had devoutly sent her word by her *fille de chambre* that I would assuredly wait upon her :——But I am governed by circumstances ——I cannot govern them; so seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him, and inquire for the Count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a Chevalier de St. Louis selling *pates*—— It is impossible, La Fleur! said I—La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: He had seen the croix set in gold with its red riband, he said, tied to his button-hole—and had looked into the basket and seen the *pates* which the chevalier was selling; so could not be mistaken in that.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity : I could not help looking for some time at him, as I sat in the *remise*—the more I looked at him—his croix and his basket, the stronger they wove themselves into my brain ———I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bi b that went half-way up his breast ; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his croix. His basket of little *pates* was covered over with a white damask napkin ; another of the same kind was spread at the bottom ; and there was such a look of *proprete*, and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *pates* of him, as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither ; but stood still with them at the corner of a hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder.—I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *pates* into my hand—I begged he would explain the appearance that affected me.

He told me in a few words, that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company and the croix with it ; but that at the conclusion of the last peace, his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without any provision—he found himself in a wide world, without friends, without a livre—and indeed said he, without any thing but this—(pointing, as he said it, to his croix) —The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said was the most generous of

princes, but his generosity could neither relieve or reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie;* and added, he felt no dishonor in defending her and himself from want in this way—unless providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good in passing over what happened to this poor Chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which lead up to the palace; and as his croix had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done—He had told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ears—who hearing the Chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment as a man of honor and integrity———he broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another out of its order to please myself;——the two stories reflect light upon each other,——and it is a pity they should be parted.

THE SWORD.

RENNES.

WHEN states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is—I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of d'E.... in Britany into decay——The Marquis d'E.... had fought up against his condition with great firmness: Wishing to preserve and still show to

the world, some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity*——But he had two boys who looked up to him for *light*—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword——it could not open the way——the *mounting* was too expensive——and simple economy was not a match for it——there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France, save Britany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see reblossom—But in Britany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it ; and taking an occasion, when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court ; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side——Here——said he———take it ; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he stayed a few minutes to see it deposited in the archieves of the house——and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlook'd for bequests from distant branches of his house——returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune, which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition : I call it solemn——it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family : He supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the

other extreme of the line next his mother——he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family —he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when, observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place : I could not be deceived, by what followed.

"I shall find, said he, some *other way*, to get "it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I FOUND no difficulty in getting admittance to Monsieur Le Compte de B.... The set of Shakespeare's was laid upon the table, and he was tumbling them over. I walked up close to the table, and giving first such a look at the books as to make him conceive I knew what they were—I told him I had come without any one to present me, knowing I should meet with a friend in his apartment, who, I trusted, would do it for me—— it is my countryman, the great Shakespeare, said

I, pointing to his works——*et ayez la bonte, mon cher ami*, apostrophizing his spirit, added I, *de me faire cet honneur la.*——

The Count smiled at the singularity of the introduction; and seeing I looked a little pale and sickly, insisted upon my taking an arm-chair: So I sat down; and to save him conjectures upon a visit so out of all rule, I told him simply of the incident in the bookseller's shop, and how that had impelled me rather to go to him with the story of a little embarrassment I was under, than to any other man in France—And what is your embarrassment? let me hear it, said the Count. So I told him the story just as I have told it the reader.——

And the master of the hotel, said I, as I concluded it, will needs have it, Monsieur le Compte, that I should be sent to the Bastile—but I have no apprehensions, continued I——for in falling into the hands of the most polished people in the world, and being conscious I was a true man, and not come to spy the nakedness of the land, I scarce thought I lay at their mercy. It does not suit the gallantry of the French, Monsieur le Compte, said I, to show it against invalids.

An animated blush came into the Count de B . . . .'s cheeks, as I spoke this——*Ne craignez rien*——Do not fear, said he—Indeed I do not, replied I again——Besides, continued I, a little sportingly—I have come laughing all the way from London to Paris, and I do not think Monsieur le Duc de Choiseul is such an enemy to mirth, as to send me back crying for my pains.

—My application to you, Monsieur le Compte de B . . . . (making him a low bow) is to desire he will not.

The Count heard me with great good-nature, or I had not said half as much—and once or twice said—*C'est bien dit.* So I rested my cause there—and determined to say no more about it.

The Count led the discourse: We talked of indifferent things—of books and politics, and men—and then of women—God bless them all! said I, after much discourse about them—there is not a man upon earth who loves them so much as I do: After all the foibles I have seen, and all the satires I have read against them, still I love them, being firmly persuaded, that a man, who has not a sort of an affection for the whole sex, is incapable of ever loving a single one as he ought.

He bien! Monsieur l'Anglois, said the Count, gaily——You are not come to spy the nakedness of the land———I believe you—*ni encore*, I dare say, *that* of our women———But, permit me to conjecture—if, *par hazard*, they fell into your way ——that the prospect would not affect you.

I have something within me which cannot bear the shock of the least indecent insinuation: In the sportability of chit-chat, I have often endeavored to conquer it, and, with infinite pain, have hazarded a thousand things to a dozen of the sex together———the least of which I could not venture to a single one, to gain heaven.

Excuse me, Monsieur Le Compte, said I—as for the nakedness of your land, if I saw it, I should cast my eyes over it with tears in them—and for that of your women (blushing at the idea he had excited in me) I am so evangelical in this, and have such a fellow-feeling for whatever is *weak* about them, that I would cover it with a garment, if I knew how to throw it on—But I could wish continued I, to spy the *nakedness* of their hearts, and thro' the different disguises of customs, climates and religion, find out what is good in them, to fashion my own by—and therefore am I come.

It is for this reason, Monsieur le Compte, continued I, that I have not seen the Palais Royal—nor the Luxembourg———nor the Facade of the Louvre—nor have attempted to swell the cata-

logues we have of pictures, statues, and churches ——I conceive every fair being as a temple, and would rather enter in, and see the original drawings and loose sketches hung up in it, than the transfiguration of Raphael itself.

The thirst of this, continued I, as impatient as that which inflames the breast of the connoisseur, has led me from my own home into France—and from France will lead me through Italy——it is a quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of NATURE, and those affections which arise out of her, which makes us love each other——and the world, better than we do.

The Count said a great many civil things to me upon the occasion: And added, very politely, how much he stood obliged to Shakespeare, for making me known to him—but, *a propos*, said he —Shakespeare is full of great things—He forgot a small punctilio of announcing your name——it puts you under a necessity of doing it yourself.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

THERE is not a more perplexing affair in life to me, than to set about telling any one who I am—for there is scarce any body I cannot give a better account of than of myself; and I have often wished I could do it in a single word—and have an end of it. It was the only time and occasion in my life, I could accomplish this to any purpose, for Shakespeare lying upon the table, and recollecting I was in his books, I took up Hamlet, and turning immediately to the grave-diggers scene in the fifth act, I laid my finger upon YORICK, and, advancing the book to the Count, with my finger all the way over the name——*Me! Voici!* said I.

Now, whether the idea of poor Yorick's scull was put out of the Count's mind, by the reality of my own, or by what magic he could drop a period of seven or eight hundred years, makes nothing in this account—it is certain the French conceive better than they combine—I wonder at nothing in this world, and the less at this; inasmuch as one of the first of our own church, for whose candor and paternal sentiments I have the highest veneration, fell into the same mistake in the very same case.——"He could not bear, he said, to look into sermons wrote by the king of Denmark's jester."——Good, my Lord, said I ——but there are two Yorick's. The Yorick your lordship thinks of, has been dead and buried eight hundred years ago; he flourished in Horwendillus's court——the other Yorick is myself, who have flourished, my Lord, in no court—— He shook his head——Good God! said I, you might as well confound Alexander the great, with Alexander the Coppersmith, my Lord—— It was all one, he replied——

—If Alexander king of Macedon could have translated your lordship, said I——I am sure your lordship would not have said so.

The poor Count de B.... fell but into the same *error*.....

.....*Et, Monsieur, est il Yorick?* cried the Count. ——*Je le suis*, said I——*Vous?*——*Moi*——*moi qui ai l'honneur de vous parler, Monsieur le Compte* ——*Mon Dieu!* said he, embracing me——*vous etes Yorick!*

The Count instantly put the Shakespeare into his pocket——and left me alone in his room.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

I COULD not conceive why the count de B.... had gone so abruptly out of the room, any more than I could conceive why he had put the Shakespeare into his pocket——*Mysteries which must explain themselves, are not worth the loss of time which a conjecture about them takes up:* It was better to read Shakespeare; so taking up "*Much ado about nothing*," I transported myself instantly from the chair I sat in, to Messina in Sicily, and got so busy with Don Pedro and Benedict and Beatrice, that I thought not of Versailles, the Count, or the passport.

Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!——long—long since had ye numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them upon this enchanted ground: When my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rose-buds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthened and refreshed——When evils press sore upon me, (and there is no retreat from them in this world), then I take a new course——I leave it—and as I have a clearer idea of the Elysian fields than I have of heaven, I force myself, like Æneas, into them—I see him meet the pensive shade of his forsaken Dido——and wish to recognise it—I see the injured spirit wave her head, and turn off silent from the author of her miseries and dishonors—I lose the feelings for myself in hers—and in those affections which were wont to make me mourn for her when I was at school.

Surely this is not walking in a vain shadow—nor

does man disquiet himself in vain *by it*—he oftener does so in trusting the issue of his commotions to reason only.——I can safely say for myself, I was never able to conquer any one single bad sensation in my heart so decisively, as by beating up as fast as I could for some kindly and gentle sensation, to fight it upon its own ground.

When I had got to the end of the third act, the Count de B .... entered, with my passport in his hand. Mons. le Duc de C...., said the Count, is as good a prophet, I dare say, as he is a statesman——*Un homme qui rit*, said the Duke, *ne sera jamais dangereux*——Had it been for any one but the king's jester, added the Count, I could not have got it these two hours.——*Pardonnez moi*, Mons. Le Compte, said I——I am not the king's jester——But you are Yorick?——Yes.——*Et vous plaisantez ?*——I answered, indeed I did jest ——but was not paid for it——It was entirely at my own expense.

We have no jester at court, Mons. Le Compte, said I; the last we had was in the licentious reign of Charles II.——since which time, our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is so full of patriots, who wish for *nothing* but the honors and wealth of their country——and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout——there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of———

Voila un presistage! cried the Count.

THE PASSPORT.

VERSAILLES.

AS the passport was directed to all lieutenant-governor's, governors, and commandants of cities, generals of armies, justiciaries, and all officers of justice, to let Mr. Yorick, the king's jester,

and his baggage, travel quietly along—I own the triumph of obtaining the passport was not a little tarnished by the figure I cut in it——but there is nothing unmixed in this world; and some of the gravest of our divines have carried it so far, as to affirm, that enjoyment itself was attended even with a sigh——and that the greatest *they knew of*, terminated, *in a general way*, in little better than a convulsion.

I remember the grave and leared Bevoriskius, in his commentary upon the generations from Adam, very naturally brakes off in the middle of a note, to give an account to the world of a couple of sparrows upon the out-edge of his window, which had incommoded him all the time he wrote, and at last had entirely taken him off from his genealogy.

——It is strange! writes Bevoriskius: But the facts are certain, for I have had the curiosity to mark them down one by one with my pen—but the cocksparrow, during the little time that I could have finished the other half of this note, has actually interrupted me with the reiteration of his caresses three-and-twenty times and a half.

How merciful, adds Bevoriskius, is heaven to his creatures!

Ill-fated Yorick! that the gravest of thy brethren should be able to write that to the world, which stains thy face with crimson, to copy even in thy study.

But this is nothing to my travels——So I twice ——————twice beg pardon for it.

CHARACTER.

VERSAILLES.

AND how do you find the French? said the Count de B...., after he had given me the passport.

The reader may suppose, that, after so obliging a proof of courtesy, I could not be at a loss to say something handsome to the inquiry.

——*Mais passe, pour cela*——Speaking frankly, said he; do you find all the urbanity in the French, which the world give us the honor of?——I had found every thing, I said, which confirmed it——*Vraiment*, said the Count——*les Francois sont polis*——To an excess, replied I.

The Count took notice of the word *excesse*; and would have it I meant more than I said. I defended myself a long time, as well as I could, against it—he insisted I had a reserve, and that I would speak my opinion frankly.

I believe, Mons. Le Compte, said I, that man has a certain compass, as well as an instrument; and that the social, and other calls, have occasion, by turns, for every key in him; so that if you begin a note too high or too low, there must be a want, either in the upper or under part, to fill up the system of harmony—The Count de B. . . . did not understand music, so desired me to explain it some other way. A polished nation, my dear Count, said I, makes every one its debtor; and besides, urbanity itself, like the fair sex, has so many charms, it goes against the heart to say it can do ill; and yet, I believe, there is but a certain line of perfection, that man, take him all together, is empowered to arrive at——if he gets beyond, he rather exchanges qualities, than gets them. I must not presume to say how far this has affected the French in the subject we are speaking of——but, should it ever be the case of the English, in the progress of their refinements to arrive at the same polish which distinguishes the French, if we did not lose the *politesse du cœur*, which inclines men more to humane actions than courteous ones——we should at least lose that distinct variety and originality of character, which

distinguishes them, not only from each other, but from all the world besides.

I had a few king William's shillings, as smooth as glass, in my pocket: And foreseeing they would be of use in the illustration of my hypothesis, I had got them into my hand, when I had proceeded so far———

See, Mons. Le Compte, said I, rising up, and laying them before him upon the table—by jingling and rubbing one against another for seventy years together in one body's pocket or another's, they are become so much alike, you can scarce distinguish one shilling from another.

The English, like ancient medals, kept more apart, and passing but few peoples hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible, that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear.—But the French, Monsieur Le Compte, added I, wishing to soften what I had said, have so many excellencies, they can the better spare this—they are a loyal, a gallant, a generous, an ingenious, and good-temper'd people as is under heaven—if they have a fault—they are too *serious*.

Mon Dieu! cried the Count, rising out of his chair.

Mais vous plaisantez, said he, correcting his exclamation.——I laid my hand upon my breast, and with earnest gravity assured him, it was my most settled opinion.

The Count said, he was mortified he could not stay to hear my reasons, being engaged to go that moment to dine with the Duc du C....

But, if it is not too far to come to Versailles to eat your soup with me, I beg, before you leave France, I may have the pleasure of knowing you retract your opinion——or, in what manner you

support it.——But if you do support it, Monsieur Anglois, said he, you must do it with all your powers, because you have the whole world against you.——I promised the Count I would do myself the honor of dining with him before I set out for Italy——so took my leave.

THE TEMPTATION.

PARIS.

WHEN I alighted at the hotel, the porter told me a young woman with a band-box had been that moment inquiring for me.——I do not know, said the porter, whether she is gone away or no. I took the key of my chamber of him, and went up stairs; and when I had got within ten steps of the top of the landing before my door, I met her coming easily down.

It was the fair *fille de chambre* I had walked along the Quai de Conti with: Madame de R..... had sent her upon some commission to a *marchand de modes*, within a step or two of the hotel de Modene; and, as I had failed in waiting upon her, had bid her inquire if I had left Paris; and if so, whether I had not left a letter addressed to her.

As the fair *fille de chambre* was so near my door, she returned back, and went into the room with me for a moment or two, whilst I wrote a card.

It was a fine still evening, in the latter end of the month of May——the crimson window curtains (which were of the same color of those of the bed) were drawn close—the sun was setting, and reflected through them so warm a tint into the fair *fille de chambre*'s face——I thought she blushed—the idea of it made me blush myself—we were quite alone; and that superinduced a second blush, before the first could get off.

There is a sort of a pleasing half-guilty blush,

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where the blood is more in the fault than the man——it is sent impetuous from the heart, and virtue flies after it———not to call it back, but to make the sensation of it more delicious to the nerves——it is associated——

But I will not describe it—I felt something at first within me, which was not in strict unison with the lesson of virtue I had given her the night before—I sought five minutes for a card—I knew I had not one—I took a pen up—I laid it down again—my hand trembled—the devil was in me.

I know as well as any one, he is an adversary, whom, if we resist, he will fly from us——but I seldom resist him at all, from a terror, that though I may conquer, I may still get a hurt in the combat——so I give up the triumph for security; and in stead of thinking to make him fly, I generally fly myself.

The fair *fille de chambre* came close up to the bureau where I was looking for a card—took up first the pen I had cast down, then offered to hold me the ink: She offered it so sweetly, I was going to accept it—but I durst not—I have nothing my dear, said I, to write it upon——Write it, said she, simply, upon any thing.———

I was just going to cry out, Then I will write it, fair girl! upon thy lips.———

If I do, said I, I shall perish—so I took her by the hand and led her to the door, and begged she would not forget the lesson I had given her——She said, indeed she would not——and as she uttered it with some earnestness, she turned about and gave me both her hands, closed together, into mine——it was impossible not to compress them in that situation.——I wished to let them go; and all the time I held them, I kept arguing within myself against it—and still I held them on.——In two minutes I found I had all the battle to fight over again——and I felt my legs and every limb about me tremble at the idea.

The foot of the bed was within a yard and a half of the place where we were standing——I had still hold of her hands—and how it happened I can give no account, but I neither asked her—nor drew her—nor did I think of the bed—but so it did happen, we both sat down.

I will just show you, said the fair *fille de chambre*, the little purse I have been making to-day, to hold your crown. So she put her hand into her right pocket, which was next me, and felt for it some time—then into the left——"She had lost it."——I never bore expectation more quietly—it was in her right pocket at last—she pulled it out; it was of green taffeta, lined with a little bit of white quilted satin, and just big enough to hold the crown—she put it into my hand—it was pretty; and I held it ten minutes, with the back of my hand resting upon her lap—looking sometimes at the purse, sometimes on one side of it.

A stitch or two had broke out in the gathers of my stock——the fair *fille de chambre*, without saying a word, took out her little hussive, threaded a small needle, and sewed it up——I foresaw it would hazard the glory of the day; and as she passed her hand in silence across and across my neck in the manœuvre, I felt the laurels shake which fancy had wreathed about my head.

A strap had given way in her walk, and the buckle of her shoe was just falling off—See, said the *fille de chambre*, holding up her foot——I could not for my soul but fasten the buckle in return; and putting in the strap——and lifting up the other foot with it, when I had done, to see both were right——in doing it too suddenly—it unavoidably threw the fair *fille de chambre* off her centre——and then——

THE CONQUEST.

PARIS.

YES——and then——Ye, whose clay-cold heads, and luke-warm hearts, can argue down or mask your passions——tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of spirits, but for his conduct under them?

If Nature has so wove her web of kindness, that some threads of love and desire are entangled with the piece——must the whole web be rent in drawing them out?——Whip me such stoics, great governor of Nature! said I to myself——Wherever thy providence shall place me for the trials of my virtue——whatever is my danger——whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man——and if I govern them as a good one——I will trust the issues to thy justice, for thou hast made us——and not we ourselves.

As I finished my address, I raised the fair *fille de chambre* up by the hand and led her out of the room—she stood by me till I locked the door and put the key into my pocket—*and then*—the victory being quite decisive——and not till then I pressed my lips to her cheek, and taking her by the hand again, led her safe to the gate of the hotel.

THE MYSTERY.

PARIS.

IF a man knows the heart, he will know it was impossible to go back instantly to my chamber——it was touching a cold key with a flat third to it, upon the close of a piece of music which had called forth my affections——therefore, when

I let go the hand of the *fille de chambre*, I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time, looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed upon a single object, which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall figure of a philosophic, serious adult look, which passed and repassed sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel——the man was about fifty-two——had a small cane under his arm——was dressed in a dark drab-color'd coat, waist-coat and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service——they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal *propreté* throughout him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity; so I got a sous or two out of my pocket, ready to give him, as he took me in his turn—he passed by me without asking anything—and yet did not go five steps farther before he asked charity of a little woman——I was much more likely to have given of the two—— He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled his hat off to another who was coming the same way.——An ancient gentleman came slowly——and, after him, a young smart one——He let them both pass, and asked nothing: I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this, which set my brain to work, and to no purpose ——the first was, why the man should only tell his story to the sex——and secondly——what kind of a story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the hearts of the women, which he knew it was to no purpose to practise upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery——the one was, he told every woman what he had to say in her ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition;—the other was, it was always successful—he never stopped a woman, but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

PARIS.

I WAS immediately followed up by the master of the hotel, who came into my room to tell me I must provide lodgings elsewhere—How so, friend? said I.—He answered, I had had a young woman locked up with me two hours that evening in my bed-chamber, and it was against the rules of his house.—Very well, said I, we will all part friends then—for the girl is no worse——and I am no worse——and you will be just as I found you——It was enough, he said to overthrow the credit of his hotel——*Voyez vous, Monsieur?* said he, pointing to the foot of the bed we had been sitting upon——I own it had something of the appearance of an evidence; but my pride not suffering me to enter into any detail of the case, I exhorted him to let his soul sleep in peace, as I resolved to let mine do that night, and that I would discharge what I owed him at breakfast.

I should not have minded, *Monsieur*, said he, if *you had had* twenty girls—It is a score more, to-

plied I, interrupting him, than I ever reckoned upon—Provided, added he, it had been but in a morning——And does the difference of the time of day at Paris, make a difference in the sin?—It made a difference, he said, in the scandal.—I like a good distinction in my heart; and cannot say I was intolerably out of temper with the man—I own it is necessary, resumed the master of the hotel, that a stranger at Paris should have the opportunities presented to him of buying lace and silk stockings and ruffles, *et tout cela*——and it is nothing if a woman comes with a band-box.—O' my conscience, said I, she had one; but I never looked into it.——Then, *Monsieur*, said he, has bought nothing?——Not one earthly thing, replied I.—Because, said he, I could recommend you to one who would use you *en conscience*——But I must see her this night, said I——He made me a low bow, and walked down.

Now shall I triumph over this *maitre d'hotel*, cried I—and what then?——Then I shall let him see I know he is a dirty fellow.—And what then?——What then!——I was too near myself to say it was for the sake of others.—I had no good answer left——there was more of spleen than principle in my project, and I was sick of it before the execution.

In a few minutes the grisset came in with her box of lace——I will buy nothing, however, said I, within myself.

The grisset would show me every thing—I was hard to please: She would not seem to see it; she opened her little magazine, and laid all her laces one after another before me—unfolded and folded them up again, one by one, with the most patient sweetness——I might buy—or not—she would let me have every thing at my own price—the poor creature seemed anxious to get a penny, and laid herself out to win me, and not so much

in a manner which seemed artful, as in one I felt simple and caressing.

If there is not a fund of honest cullibility in man, so much the worse—my heart relented, and I give up my second resolution as quietly as the first——Why should I chastise one for the trespass of another? if thou art tributary to this tyrant of an host, thought I, looking up in her face so much harder is thy bread.

If I had not had more than four *Louis d'ors* in my purse, there was no such thing as rising up and showing her the door, till I had first laid three of them out in a pair of ruffles.

———The master of the hotel will share the profit with her——no matter———then I have only paid, as many a poor soul has *paid* before me, for an act he *could* not do, or think of.

THE RIDDLE.

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up to wait upon me at supper, he told me how sorry the master of the hotel was for his affront to me in bidding me change my lodgings.

A man who values a good night's rest will not lie down with enmity in his heart, if he can help it——So I bid La Fleur tell the master of the hotel, that I was sorry, on my side, for the occasion I had given him——and you may tell him, if you will, La Fleur, added I, that if the young woman should call again, I shall not see her.

This was a sacrifice, not to him, but myself, having resolved, after so narrow an escape, to run no more risks, but to leave Paris, if it was possible, with all the virtue I entered it.

C'est deroger a noblesse, Monsieur, said La Fleur, *making me* a bow down to the ground as he said

it——*Et encore Monsieur*, said he, may change his sentiments——and if *(par hazard)* he should like to amuse himself——I find no amusement in it, said I, interrupting him————

Mon Dieu ! said La Fleur——and took away.

In an hour's time he came to put me to bed, and was more than commonly officious——something hung upon his lips to say to me, or ask me, which he could not get off; I could not conceive what it was; and indeed gave myself little trouble to find it out, as I had another riddle so much more interesting upon my mind, which was that of the man's asking charity before the door of the hotel——I would have given any thing to have got to the bottom of it; and that, not out of curiosity——it is so low a principle of inquiry, in general, I would not purchase the gratification of it with a two-sous piece————but a secret, I thought, which so soon and so certainly softened the heart of every woman you came near, was a secret at least equal to the philosopher's stone; had I had both the Indies, I would have given up one to have been master of it.

I tossed and turned it almost all night long in my brains, to no manner of purpose; and when I awoke in the morning, I found my spirits as much troubled with my *dreams*, as ever the king of Babylon had been with his; and I will not hesitate to affirm, it would have puzzled all the wise men of Paris, as much as those of Chaldea, to have given its interpretation.

LE DIMANCHE.

PARIS.

IT was Sunday; and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, *he had got himself so gallantly arrayed, I scarce knew him.*

I had covenanted at Montriul to give him a new hat with silver button and loop, and four louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing—I wished him hanged for telling me—they looked so fresh, that tho' I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow, than that they had come out of the *Rue de Friperie*.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue satin waiscoat, fancifully enough embroidered—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but it was clean scoured—the gold had been touched up, and upon the whole was rather showy than otherwise—and as the blue was not violent, it suited with the coat and breeches very well: He had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a solitaire, and had insisted with the *fripier*, upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches knees———He had purchased muslin ruffles, *bien brodees*, with four livres of his own money——and a pair of white silk stockings for five more, and, to top all, Nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sous.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair dressed in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast———in a word, there was that look of festivity in every thing about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and by combining both together, it instantly struck me, that the favor he wished to ask of me

the night before, was to spend the day, as every body in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day *pour faire le galant vis a vis de sa maitresse.*

Now it was the very thing I intended to do myself *vis a vis* madam de R****—I had retained the *remise* on purpose for it, and it would not have mortified my vanity to have had a servant so well dressed as La Fleur was, to have got up behind it: I never could have worse spared him.

But we must *feel*, not argue in these embarrassments—the sons and daughters of service part with liberty, but not with Nature, in their contracts; they are flesh and blood, and have their little vanities and wishes in the midst of the house of bondage, as well as their task-masters——no doubt, they have set their self-denials at a price—and their expectations are so unreasonable, that I would often disappoint them, but that their condition puts it so much in my power to do it.

Behold—Behold, I am the servant——disarms me at once of the powers of a master———

———Thou shalt go, La Fleur! said I.

—And what mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris? La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said, it was a *petite demoiselle* at Monsieur Le Compte de B****'s—La Fleur had a heart made for society; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master—so that, somehow or other—but how—heaven knows—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle* upon the landing of the stair-case, during the time I was taken up with my passport; and, as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his——the family, it seems, was

to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's houshold, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people! that, once a week at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth!

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

LA FLEUR had left me something to amuse myself with for the day more than I had bargained for, or could have entered either into his head or mine.

He had brought the little print of butter upon a currant leaf; and as the morning was warm, and he had a good step to bring it, he had begged a sheet of waste paper to put betwixt the currant leaf and his hand—As that was plate sufficient, I bade him lay it upon the table as it was; and as I resolved to stay within all day, I ordered him to call upon the *traiteur*, to bespeak my dinner, and leave me to breakfast by myself.

When I had finished the butter, I threw the currant leaf out of the window, and was going to do the same by the waste paper—but stopping to read a line first, and that drawing me on to a second and third——I thought it better worth; so I shut the window, and drawing a chair up to it, I sat down to read it.

It was in the old French of Rabelais's time, and for aught I know, might have been wrote by him—It was, moreover, in a Gothic letter, and that so faded and gone off by damps and length of time, it cost me infinite trouble to make any thing of it——I threw it down; and then wrote a letter

to Eugenius—then I took it up again, and embroiled my patience with it afresh—and then, to cure that, I wrote a letter to Eliza—Still it kept hold of me; and the difficulty of understanding it, increased but the desire.

I got my dinner; and, after I had enlightened my mind with a bottle of Burgundy, I at it again ——and after two or three hours poring upon it, with almost as deep attention as ever Gruter or Jacob Spon did upon a nonsensical incription, I thought I made sense of it; but, to make sure of it, the best way I imagined was to turn it into English, and see how it would look then—so I went on leisurely as a trifling man does, sometimes writing a sentence—then taking a turn or two—and then looking how the world went, out of the window; so that it was nine o'clock at night before I had done—I then began and read it as follows.

THE FRAGMENT.

PARIS.

—NOW as the notary's wife disputed the point with the notary with too much heat ——I wish, said the notary, throwing down the parchment, that there was another notary here, only to set down and attest all this——

——And what would you do then, Monsieur? said she, rising hastily up—the notary's wife was a little fume of a woman, and the notary thought it well to avoid a hurricane by a mild reply——I would go, answered he, to bed.—You may go to the devil, answered the notary's wife.

Now, there happening to be but one bed in the house, the other two rooms being unfurnished, as is the custom at Paris, and the notary not caring to lie in the same bed with a woman who had but

that moment sent him pell-mell to the devil, went forth with his hat and cane and short cloak, the night being very windy, and walked out ill at ease towards the *Pont Neuf*.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have passed over the *Pont Neuf*, must own, that it is the noblest—the finest—the grandest—the lightest—the longest—the broadest that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe.

By this, it seems as if the author of the fragment had not been a Frenchman.

The worst fault which divines and the doctors of the Sorbonne can alledge against it, is, that if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, it is more blasphemously *sacre-Dieu*'d there, than in any other aperture of the whole city—and with reason good and cogent, Messieurs; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs, that, of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazards two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

The poor notary, just as he was passing by the sentry, instinctively clapped his cane to the side of it, but in raising it up, the point of his cane catching hold of the loop of the sentinel's hat, hoisted it over the spikes of the ballustrade clear into the Seine———

—*It is an ill wind*, said a boatman, who catched it, *which blows nobody any good.*

The sentry, being a Gascon, incontinently twirled up his whiskers, and levelled his harquebuss.

Harquebusses, in those days, went off with matches; and an old woman's paper lantern at the end of the bridge happening to be blown out, she had borrowed the sentry's match to light it—it gave a moment's time for the Gascon's blood to run cool, and turn the accident better to his ad-

vantage—*It is an ill wind*, said he, catching off the notary's castor, and legitimating the capture with the boatman's adage.

The poor notary crossed the bridge, and passing along the Rue de Dauphine into the Fauxbourg of St. Germain, lamented himself, as he walked along, in this manner:

Luckless man that I am! said the notary, to be the sport of hurricanes all my days—to be born to have the storm of ill language levelled against me and my profession wherever I go—to be forced into marriage by the thunder of the church to a tempest of a woman—to be driven forth out of my house by domestic winds, and despoiled of my castor by pontific ones——to be here, bareheaded, in a windy night, at the mercy of the ebbs and flows of accidents—where am I to lay my head?——miserable man! what wind in the two-and-thirty points of the whole compass can blow unto thee, as it does to the rest of thy fellow-creatures, good!

As the notary was passing on by a dark passage complaining in this sort, a voice called out to a girl, to bid her run for the next notary—now the notary being the next, and availing himself of his situation, walked up the passage to the door, and passing through an old sort of a saloon, was ushered into a large chamber, dismantled of every thing but a long military pike—a breast-plate—a rusty old sword, and bandoleer, hung up equi-distant in four different places against the wall.

An old personage, who had heretofore been a gentleman, and, unless decay of fortune taints the blood along with it, was a gentleman at that time, lay supporting his head upon his hand in his bed; a little table with a taper burning was set close beside it, and close by the table was placed a chair—the notary sat him down in it; and pulling out his ink-horn and a sheet or two of paper which he

had in his pocket, he placed them before him, and dipping his pen in his ink, and leaning his breast over the table, he disposed every thing to make the gentleman's last will and testament.

Alas! Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, raising himself up a little, I have nothing to bequeath, which will pay the expense of bequeathing, except the history of myself, which I could not die in peace, unless I left it as a legacy to the world; the profits arising out of it, I bequeath to you for the pains of taking it from me——it is a story so uncommon, it must be read by all mankind—it will make the fortunes of your house—the notary dipped his pen into his ink-horn—Almighty director of every event in my life! said the old gentleman, looking up earnestly, and raising his hands towards heaven—thou whose hand has led me on through such a labyrinth of strange passages down into this scene of desolation, assist the decaying memory of an old, infirm, and broken hearted man——direct my tongue by the spirit of thy eternal truth, that this stranger may set down nought but what is written in that Book, from whose records, said he, clasping his hands together, I am to be condemned or acquitted!—the notary held up the point of his pen betwixt the taper and his eye——

It is a story, Monsieur le Notaire, said the gentleman, which will rouse up every affection in nature——it will kill the humane, and touch the heart of cruelty herself with pity.——

—The notary was inflamed with a desire to begin, and put his pen a third time into his ink-horn——and the old gentleman turning a little more towards the notary, began to dictate his story in these words——

—And where is the rest of it, La Fleur? said I, as he just then entered the room.

THE FRAGMENT,

*AND THE *BOUQUET.*

PARIS.

WHEN La Fleur came up close to the table and was made to comprehend what I wanted, he told me there were only two other sheets of it, which he had wrapt round the stalks of a *bouquet*, to keep it together, which he had presented to the *demoiselle* upon the *boulevards*——— Then, prithee, La Fleur, said I, step back to her to the Count de B****'s hotel, *and see if thou canst get it*——There is no doubt of it, said La Fleur ———and away he flew.

In a very little time the poor fellow came back quite out of breath, with deeper marks of disappointment in his looks than could arise from the simple irreparability of the fragment—*Juste ciel!* in less than two minutes that the poor fellow had taken his last tender farewell of her——his faithless mistress had given his *gage d'amour* to one of the Count's footmen——the footman to a young sempstress—and the sempstress to a fiddler, with my fragment at the end of it—Our misfortunes were involved together——I gave a sigh——and La Fleur echoed it back again to my ear——

—How perfidious! cried La Fleur—How unlucky! said I.———

—I should not have been mortified, Monsieur, quoth La Fleur, if she had lost it.——Nor I, La Fleur, said I, had I found it.

Whether I did or no, will be seen hereafter.

* *Nosegay.*

THE ACT OF CHARITY.

PARIS.

THE man who either disdains or fears to walk up a dark entry may be an excellent good man, and fit for an hundred things: But he will not do to make a good sentimental traveller. I count little of the many things I see pass at broad noon-day, in large and open streets—Nature is shy, and hates to act before spectators; but in such an unobservable corner, you sometimes see a single short scene of her's, worth all the sentiments of a dozen French plays compounded together—and yet they are *absolutely* fine—and whenever I have a more brilliant affair upon my hands than common, as they suit a preacher just as well as a hero, I generally make my sermon out of them—and for the text—"Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia"—is as good as any one in the bible.

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the *opera comique* into a narrow street; it is trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre**, or wish to get off quietly o'foot when the opera is done. At the end of it, towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almos lost before you get half-way down, but near the door: —It is more for ornament than use: You see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns—but does little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along this passage, I discerned, as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall, waiting, as I imagined, for a *fiacre*—as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black, and scarce seen.

* *Hackney coach.*

The lady next me was a tall lean figure of a woman, of about thirty-six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of wife or widow in any one part of either of them ——they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroke in upon by tender salutations: I could have wished to have made them happy—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve-sous piece betwixt them, for the love of heaven. I thought it singular, that a beggar should fix the quota of an alms——and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed astonished at it as much as myself—Twelve sous! said one——A twelve-sous piece! said the other ——and made no reply.

The poor man said, He knew not how to ask less of ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poo! said they——we have no money.

The beggar remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

Do not, my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me——Upon my word, honest man; said the younger, we have no change—— Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!——I observed the elder sister put her hand into her pocket——I will see, said she, if I have a sous.—A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; Nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable! said he, addressing himself to the elder—what is it but your goodness and

humanity which make your bright eyes so sweet that they outshine the morning even in this dark passage? and what was it which made the Marquis de Santerre and his brother say so much of you both, as they just passed by?

The two ladies seemed much affected; and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands into their pockets, and each took out a twelve-sous piece.

The contest betwixt them and the poor supplicant was no more——it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve-sous piece in charity——and, to end the dispute, they both give it together, and the man went away.

The RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

PARIS.

I STEPPED hastily after him; it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the woman before the door of the hotel had so puzzled me—and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—it was flattery.

Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

The poor man, as he was not straitened for time, had given it here in a larger dose: It is certain he had a way of bringing it into less form for the many sudden causes he had to do with in the streets; but how he contrived to correct, sweeten, concentre, and qualify it—I vex not my spirit with the inquiry——it is enough, the beggar gained two twelve-sous pieces—and they can best tell the rest, who have gained much greater *matters by it.*

PARIS.

WE get forwards in the world not so much by doing services, as receiving them; you take a withering twig, and put it in the ground; and then you water it, because you have planted it.

Monsieur Le Compte de B****, merely because he had done me one kindness in the affair of my passport, would go on and do me another, the few days he was at Paris, in making me known to a few people of rank; and they were to present me to others, and so on.

I had got master of my *secret*, just in time to turn these honors to some little account; otherwise, as is commonly the case, I should have dined or supped a single time or two round, and then by *translating* French looks and attitudes into plain English, I should presently have seen that I had got hold of the *couvert** of some more entertaining guest; and in course should have resigned all my places one after another, merely upon the principle that I could not keep them.—As it was, things did not go much amiss.

I had the honor of being introduced to the old Marquis de B———: In days of yore he had signalized himself by some small feats of chivalry in the *Cour d'amour*, and had dressed himself out to the idea of tilts and tournaments ever since—The Marquis de B——— wished to have it thought the affair was somewhere else than in his brain. "He could like to take a trip to England," and asked much of the English ladies. Stay where you are, I beseech you, Mons. le Marquise, said I—Les Messrs. Anglois can scarce get a kind look from them as it is,——The Marquis invited me to supper.

* *Plate napkin, knife, fork and spoon.*

Mons. P——, the farmer-general, was just as inquisitive about our taxes,—They were very considerable, he heard—If we knew but how to collect them, said I, making him a low bow.

I could never have been invited to Monsieur P———'s concerts upon any other terms.

I had been misrepresented to madame de Q— as an *esprit*——madame de Q——was an *esprit* herself; she burnt with impatience to see me, and hear me talk. I had not taken my seat before I saw she did not care a sous whether I had any wit or no—I was let in, to be convinced she had. —I call haven to witness I never once opened the door of my lips.

Madame de V——— vowed to every creature she met, "She had never had a more improving conversation with a man in her life."

There are three epochas in the empire of a French woman——She is coquette—then deist—then *devote:* The empire during these is never lost—she only changes her subjects: When thirty-five years and more have unpeopled her dominion of the slaves of love, she repeoples it with slaves of infidelity——and then with the slaves of the church.

Madame de V*** was vibrating betwixt the first of these epochas; the color of the rose was fading fast away—she ought to have been a deist five years before the time I had the honor to pay my first visit.

She placed me upon the same sopha with her, for the sake of disputing the point of religion more closely—In short, madame de V***told me, she believed nothing.

I told madame de V*** it might be her principle; but I was sure it could not be her interest to level the outworks, without which I could not conceive, how such a citadel as hers could be defended——that there was not a more dangerous

thing in the world, than for a beauty to be a deist ——that it was a debt I owed my creed, not to conceal it from her——that I had not been five minutes sat upon the sopha beside her, but I had begun to form designs—and what is it, but the sentiments of religion, and the persuasion they had existed in her breast, which could have checked them as they rose up?

We are not adamant, said I, taking hold of her hand—and there is need of all restraints, till age in her own time steals in, and lays them on us—but, my dear lady, said I, kissing her hand—it is too—too soon.

I declare I had the credit all over Paris, of unperverting madame de V***—she affirmed to Monsieur D*** and the Abbe M*** that in one half hour I had said more for revealed religion than all their Encyclopedia had said against it—I was listed directly into madame de V**o's *Coterie*——and she put off the epocha of deism for two years.

I remember it was in this *Coterie*, in the middle of a discourse, in which I was showing the necessity of a *first cause*, that the young Count de Faineant took me by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell me my *solitaire* was pinned too strait about my neck—It should be *plus badinant*, said the Count, looking down upon his own—*but a word*, Mons. Yorick, *to the wise*——

—And *from the wise*, Mons. Le Compte, replied I, making him a bow—*is enough*.

The Count de Faineant embraced me with more ardor than ever I was embraced by mortal man.

For three weeks together, I was of every man's opinion I met—*Pardi! ce Mons. Yorick a autant d'esprit que nous autres.—Il raisonne bien*, said another. *C'est un bon enfant*, said a third—And at this price I could have eaten and drank, and been merry all the days of my life at Paris; but it was

a dishonest *reckoning*—I grew ashamed of it—it was the gain of a slave—every sentiment of honor revolted against it—the higher I got, the more was I forced upon my *beggarly system*—the better the *Coterie*—the more children of Art—I languished for those of Nature: And one night, after a most vile prostitution of myself to half a dozen different people, I grew sick—went to bed—ordered La Fleur to get me horses in the morning to set out for Italy.

MARIA.

MOULINES.

I NEVER felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now.—To travel it thro' the Bourbonnois, the sweetest part of France—in the hey-day of the vintage, when Nature is pouring her abundance into every one's lap, and every eye is lifted up——a journey, thro' each step of which, music beats time to *labor*, and all her children are rejoicing as they carry in their clusters—to pass thro' this with my affections flying out, and kindling at every group before me—and every one of them was pregnant with adventures——

Just heaven! it would fill up twenty volumes—and, alas! I have but a few small pages left of this to crowd it into—and half of these must be taken up with the poor Maria, my friend Mr. Shandy met with near Moulines.

The story he had told of that disordered maid, affected me not a little in the reading; but when I got within the neighborhood where she lived, it returned so strong into my mind, that I could not resist an impulse which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

It is going, I own, like the Knight of the Wo-

ful Countenance, in quest of melancholy adventures—but I know not how it is, but I am never so perfectly conscious of the existence of a soul within me, as when I am intangled in them.

The old mother came to the door: Her looks told me the story before she opened her mouth—She had lost her husband; he had died, she said, of anguish for the loss of Maria's senses, about a month before—she had feared, at first, she added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little understanding was left——but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herself—still she could not rest—her poor daughter, she said, crying, was wandering somewhere about the road.

—Why does my pulse beat languid, as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whose heart seemed only to be tuned to joy, to pass the back of his hand twice across his eyes, as the woman stood and told it? I beckoned to the postillion to turn back into the road.

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulines—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net.—She had, superadded likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithless as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she had kept tied by a string to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the

string——"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or her little goat; for as she uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief:—I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, ever convince me to the contrary.

M A R I A.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said she was much unsettled at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beat him for the theft—she had washed it she said in the brook and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him, in case she should ever see him again, which she added, he had half promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it; she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that she told me, strayed, as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once——and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appenines—had travelled over all Lom-

bardy without money——and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes:——How she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but *God tempers the wind* said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee: Thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee, and bring thee back;—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play thy evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted, for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I——I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I.

I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I——She said, to Moulines—Let us go, said I, together.——Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

M A R I A.

M O U L I N E S.

THOUGH I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, tho' not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms——affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should *not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup*, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee, can only bind them up for ever.

T H E B O U R B O N N O I S.

THERE was nothing from which I had painted out for myself so joyous a riot of the affections, as in this journey in the vintage, thro' this part of France; but pressing thro' the gate of sorrow to it, my sufferings have totally unfitted me: In every scene of festivity I saw Maria in the back-ground of the piece, sitting pensive under her poplar; and I had got almost to Lyons before I was able to cast a shade across her.

—Dear sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw——and it is thou who lifts him up,

to HEAVEN—Eternal fountain of our feelings!—it is here I trace thee—and this is thy "*divinity* "*which stirs within me*"—not that in some sad and sickening moments, "*my soul shrinks back upon* "*herself, and startles at destruction*"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself——All comes from thee, great——great SENSORIUM of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation——Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish—hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—This moment I behold him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it—Oh! had I come one moment sooner!——it bleeds to death——his gentle heart bleeds with it——.

Peace to thee, generous swain!——I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the sharer of it—and happy are the lambs which sport about thee.

THE SUPPER.

A SHOE coming loose from the fore-foot of the thill-horse, at the beginning of the ascent of Mount Taurira, the postillion dismounted, twisted the shoe off, and put it in his pocket; as the ascent was of five or six miles, and that horse our main dependance, I made a point of having the shoe fastened on again, as well as we could; but the postillion had thrown away the nails, and the hammer in the chaise-box being of no great use without them, I submitted to go on.

He had not mounted half a mile higher, when coming to a flinty piece of road, the poor devil lost a second shoe, and from off his other fore-foot; I then got out of the chaise in good earnest; and seeing a house about a quarter of a mile to the left hand, with a great deal to do I prevailed upon the postillion to turn up to it. The look of the house, and of every thing about it, as we drew nearer, soon reconciled me to the disaster.——It was a little farm-house, surrounded with about twenty acres of vineyard, about as much corn—and close to the house, on one side, was a *potagerie* of an acre and a half, full of every thing which could make plenty in a French peasant's house—and on the other side was a little wood which furnished wherewithal to dress it. It was about eight in the evening when I got to the house—so I left the postillion to manage his point as he could—and for mine, I walked directly into the house.

The family consisted of an old grey headed man and his wife, with five or six sons and sons-in-law, and their several wives, and a joyous genealogy out of them.

They were all sitting down together to their lentil soup; a large wheaten loaf was in the middle of the table; and a flagon of wine at each end of it promised joy through the stages of the repast—'twas a feast of love.

The old man rose up to meet me, and with a respectful cordiality would have me sit down at the table; my heart was sat down the moment I entered the room; so I sat down at once like a son of the family; and to invest myself in the character as speedily as I could, I instantly borrowed the old man's knife, and taking up the loaf, cut myself a hearty luncheon; and, as I did it, I saw a testimony in every eye, not only of an honest welcome, but of a welcome mixed with thanks that I had not seemed to doubt it.

Was it this—or tell me, Nature, what else it was, that made this morsel so sweet——and to what magic I owe it, that the draught I took of their flagon was so delicious with it, that they remain upon my palate to this hour?

If the supper was to my taste—the grace which followed it was much more so.

THE GRACE.

WHEN supper was over, the old man gave a knock upon the table with the haft of his knife—to bid them prepare for the dance: The moment the signal was given, the women and girls ran all together into a back apartment to tie up their hair——and the young men to the door to wash their faces, and change their sabots; and in three minutes, every soul was ready upon a little esplanade before the house, to begin—The old man and his wife came out last, and, placing me betwixt them, sat down upon a sopha of turf by the door.

The old man had some fifty years ago been no mean performer upon the *vielle*—and at the age he was then of, touched well enough for the purpose. His wife sung now and then a little to the tune—then intermitted—and joined her old man again, as their children and grandchildren danced before them.

It was not till the middle of the second dance, when, from some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, I fancied I could distinguish an elevation of spirit different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity.—In a word, I thought I beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but, as I had never seen her so engaged, I should have looked upon it now as one of the illusions of an imagination, which is eternally misleading me, had not the old man, as soon

as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance and rejoice: Believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven, that an illiterate peasant could pay———

—Or a learned prelate either, said I.

THE CASE OF DELICACY.

WHEN you have gained the top of Mount Taurira, you run presently down to Lyons—Adieu then to all rapid movements! it is a journey of caution; and it fares better with sentiments, not to be in a hurry with them; so I contracted with a Voiturin to take his time with a couple of mules, and convey me in my own chaise safe to Turin through Savoy.

Poor, patient, quiet, honest people! fear not; your poverty, the treasury of your simple virtues, will not be envied you by the world, nor will your vallies be invaded by it.—Nature! in the midst of thy disorders, thou art still friendly to the scantiness thou hast created—with all thy great works about thee, little hast thou left to give, either to the scythe or to the sickle—but to that little, thou grantest safety and protection! and sweet are the dwellings which stand so sheltered.

Let the way-worn traveller vent his complaints upon the sudden turns and dangers of your roads—your rocks—your precipices—the difficulties of getting up—the horrors of getting down—mountains impracticable—and cataracts, which roll down great stones from their summits, and block up his road——The peasants had been all day at work in removing a fragment of this kind between St. Michael and Madane; and by the time my Voiturin got to the place, it wanted full two hours of completing, before a passage could any

how be gained: There was nothing but to wait with patience——it was a wet and tempestuous night; so that, by the delay, and that together, the Voiturin found himself obliged to take up, five miles short of his stage, at a little decent kind of an inn by the road side.

I forthwith took possession of my bed-chamber ——got a good fire——ordered supper; and was thanking heaven it was no worse——when a voiture arrived with a lady in it and her servant-maid.

As there was no other bed-chamber in the house the hostess, without much nicety, led them into mine, telling them, as she ushered them in, that there was nobody in it but an English gentleman——that there were two good beds in it, and a closet within the room, which held another ——the accent in which she spoke of this third bed, did not say much for it——however, she said, there were three beds, and but three people ——and she durst say, the gentleman would do any thing to accommodate matters.—I left not the lady a moment to make a conjecture about it —so instantly made a declaration I would do any thing in my power.

As this did not amount to an absolute surrender of my bed chamber, I still felt myself so much the proprietor, as to have a right to do the honors of it—so I desired the lady to sit down—pressed her into the warmest seat—called for more wood—desired the hostess to enlarge the plan of the supper, and to favor us with the very best wine.

The lady had scarce warmed herself five minutes at the fire before she began to turn her head back, and give a look at the beds; and the oftener she cast her eyes that way the more they returned perplexed.—I felt for her—and for myself; so in a few minutes, what by her looks and the case itself, I found myself as much embarrassed *as it was possible* the lady could be herself.

That the beds we were to lie in were in one and the same room, was enough simply by itself to have excited all this——but the position of them, for they stood parallel, and so very close to each other as only to allow space for a small wicker chair betwixt them, rendered the affair still more oppressive to us—they were fixed up moreover near the fire, and the protection of the chimney on one side, and a large beam which crossed the room on the other, formed a kind of recess for them, that was no way favorable to the nicety of our sensations :——If any thing could have added to it, it was, that the two beds were both of them so very small, as to cut us off from every idea of the lady and the maid laying together ; which in either of them, could it have been feasible my laying beside them, though a thing not to be wished, yet there was nothing in it so terrible which the imagination might not have passed over without torment.

As for the little room within, it offered little or no consolation to us ; it was a damp cold closet, with a half dismantled window-shutter, and with a window which had neither glass or oil paper in it to keep out the tempest of the night. I did not endeavor to stifle my cough when the lady gave a peep into it ; so it reduced the case in course to this alternative——that the lady should sacrifice her health to her feelings, and take up with the closet herself, and abandon the bed next mine to her maid—or that the girl should take the closet, &c. &c.

The lady was a Piedmontoise of about thirty, with a glow of health in her cheeks—The maid was a Lyonoise of twenty, and as brisk and lively a French girl as ever moved.——There were difficulties every way, and the obstacle of the stone in the road which brought us into the distress, great as it appeared whilst the peasants were re-

moving it, was but a pebble to what lay in our way now—I have only to add, that it did not lessen the weight which hung upon our spirits, that we were both too delicate to communicate what we felt, to each other, upon the occasion.

We sat down to supper; and had we not had more generous wine to it than a little inn in Savoy could have furnished, our tongues had been tied up, till Necessity herself had set them at liberty—but the lady having a few bottles of Burgundy in her voiture, sent down her *fille de chambre* for a couple of them; so that by the time supper was over, and we were left alone, we felt ourselves inspired with a strength of mind sufficient to talk, at least, without reserve, upon our situation. We turned it every way, and debated and considered it in all kinds of lights, in the course of a two hours negotiation; at the end of which, the articles were settled finally betwixt us, and stipulated for, in form and manner of a treaty of peace——and, I believe, with as much religion and good faith on both sides, as in any treaty which has yet had the honor of being handed down to posterity.

They were as follow:

First. As the right of the bed chamber is in Monsieur——and he thinking the bed next to the fire to be the warmest, he insists upon the concession on the lady's side of taking up with it.

Granted, on the part of madame; with a proviso, That as the curtains of that bed are of a flimsy transparent cotton, and appear likewise too scanty to draw close, that the *fille de chambre* shall fasten up the opening, either by corking pins, or needle and thread, in such manner as shall be deemed a sufficient barrier on the side of Monsieur.

2dly. It is required on the part of madame, that Monsieur shall lie the whole night through in his *robe de chambre*.

Rejected: Inasmuch as Monsieur is not worth a *robe de chambre;* he having nothing in his portmanteau, but six shirts, and a black silk pair of breeches.

The mentioning the silk pair of breeches made an entire change of the article—for the breeches were accepted as an equivalent for the *robe de chambre*, and so it was stipulated and agreed upon, that I should lie in my black silk breeches all night.

3dly. It was insisted upon, and stipulated for, by the lady, that after Monsieur was got to bed, and the candle and fire extinguished, that Monsieur should not speak one single word the whole night.

Granted; provided Monsieur's saying his prayers might not be deemed an infraction of the treaty.

There was but one point forgot in this treaty, and that was, the manner in which the lady and myself should be obliged to undress and get to bed——there was one way of doing it, and that I leave to the reader to devise; protesting as I do it, that if it is not the most delicate in Nature, it is the fault of his own imagination——against which this is not my first complaint.

Now, when we were got to bed, whether it was the novelty of the situation, or what it was, I know not; but so it was, I could not shut my eyes: I tried this side and that, and turned and turned again, till a full hour after midnight; when nature and patience both wearing out——O my God! said I———

——You have broke the treaty, Monsieur, said the lady, who had no more slept than myself.—I begged a thousand pardons, but insisted it was no more than an ejaculation—she maintained it *was an entire* infraction of the treaty——I main-

tained it was provided for in the clause of the third article.

The lady would by no means give up the point, tho' she weakened her barrier by it; for in the warmth of the dispute, I could hear two or three corking pins fall out of the curtain to the gound.

Upon my word and honor, madame, said I—— stretching my arm out of bed, by way of asseveration——

—(I was going to have added, that I would not have trespassed against the remotest idea of decorum for the world)——

——But the *fille de chambre* hearing there were words between us, and fearing that hostilities would ensue in course, had crept silently out of her closet, and it being totally dark, had stolen so close to our beds, that she had got herself into the narrow passage which separated them, and had advanced so far up as to be in a line betwixt her mistress and me——

So that when I stretched out my hand, I caught hold of the *fille de chambre*'s——

YORICK'S

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

CONTINUED,

BY

EUGENIUS.

VOL. 2.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following sheets are not presented to the public, as the offspring of Mr. Sterne's pen.

The Editor has, however, compiled this continuation of his Sentimental Journey, from motives, and upon such authority, as, he flatters himself, will form a sufficient apology to his readers for its publication.

The abrupt manner in which the second volume concluded, seemed forcibly to claim a sequel; and doubtless, if the author's life had been spared, the world would have received it from his own hand, as he had materials already prepared. The intimacy which subsisted between Mr. Sterne and the editor, gave the latter frequent occasion of hearing him relate the most remarkable incidents of the latter part of his last journey, which made such an impression on him, that he thinks he has retained them so perfectly, as to be able to commit them to paper. In doing this, he has endeavoured to imitate his friend's style and manner; but how far he has been successful in this respect, he leaves the reader to determine. The work may now, however, be considered as complete; and the remaining curiosity of the readers of Yorick's Sentimental Journey, will at least be gratified with respect to facts, *events*, and observations.

YORICK's

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY CONTINUED.

THE CASE OF DELICACY COMPLETED.

——CAUGHT hold of the *the fille de chambre's*——

"What?" says the critic.

Hand.

"No, no, a plain subterfuge, Mr. Yorick," cries the casuist.

"Yes, 'tis indeed but too plain," says the priest.

Now, I'll venture my black silk breeches, that have never been worn, but upon this occasion, against a dozen of Burgundy, such as we drank last night—for I mean to lay with the lady—that their worships are all in the wrong.

"'Tis scarcely possible, reply these sagacious "gentlemen; the consequence is too obvious to "be mistaken."

Now I think, that if we consider the occasion ——notwithstanding the *fille de chambre* was as lively a French girl as ever moved, and scarce twenty—if we consider that she would naturally have turned her front towards her mistress, by way of covering the breach occasioned by the removal of the corking pins——it would puzzle all the geometricians that ever existed, to point out the section my arm must have formed to have caught hold of the *fille de chambre's*——

But we will allow them the *position*——Was it criminal in me? was I apprised of her being so situated? could I imagine she would come without covering? for what, alas! is a *shift only* upon such an occasion?

Had she, indeed, been as much disposed for taciturnity, as my Parisian *fille de chambre*, whom I first met with her *Egaremens du Cœur*, all would have been well: But this loquacious *Lyonoise* no sooner felt my hand, than she screamed like a stuck pig. Had it contained a poinard, and had I been making an attempt upon her life as well as her virtue, she could not have been more vociferous. *A Monseigneur!——Ah Madame!——Monsieur l'Anglois——il y est! il y est!*

Such repeated exclamations soon brought together the hostess and the two voiturins; for as they thought nothing less than bloodshed was going on, their consciences would not let them remain absent.—The hostess, in a tremulous situation, was imploring St. *Ignace*, whilst she crossed herself with the greatest swiftness. The voiturins had forgot even their breeches in the hurry, and therefore had a less claim to decency in appearance than myself; for I had by this time jumped out of bed, and was standing bolt-upright, close to the lady, when we received this visit.

After the first testimonies of surprise had subsided, the *fille de chambre* was ordered to explain the cause of her outcry, and whether any robbers had broke into the inner room. To this she made no reply, but had presence of mind enough to make a precipitate retreat into the closet.

As the explanation rested upon her, and she was unwilling to make it, I should have escaped all censure of suspicion, had I not, most unfortunately, in my tossing and tumbling in bed for want of rest, worked off a very material button upon my black silk breeches; and, by some ac-

cident, the other button having slipped its hole, the stipulated article of the breeches seemed to have been entirely infringed upon.

I saw the Piedmontoise lady's eye catch the object; and mine pursuing the course of her direction, I beheld what put me more to the blush, tho' in breeches, than the nakedness of the two voiturins, the hostess's tatter'd shift, or even her ladyships dismantled charms.

I was standing, Eugenius, bolt-upright, close to her, when she made this discovery.——It brought back her recollection—she jumped into bed, and covered herself over with the clothes, ordering breakfast to be got immediately.

Upon this signal our visitors retired, and we had an opportunity of conferring upon the articles of our treaty.

THE NEGOTIATION.

AS the security of the corking-pins had been ineffectual for some time, the Piedmontoise lady, like an able negotiator, armed herself at all points, before she resumed the conference. She well knew the powers of dress, as well as address;—though, believe me, I thought every argument of her revealed rhetoric insurmountable. But here comes the *caffe au lait*, and I have scarce time to huddle on my things.

At Breakfast.

Lady. I wonder not, sir, that the misunderstandings between France and England are so frequent, when your nation are so often, and without provocation, guilty of the infraction of treaties.

Yor. Bless me! madame, recollect yourself; it was stipulated by the third article, that Monsieur might say his prayers;—and I have to this mo-

ment done nothing more than ejaculate, though your *fille de chambre*, by her extraordinary, and, as yet, unintelligible outcries, threw me into violent convulsions, and such as were very far from being of the pleasantest sort.

Lady. Pardon me, sir, you have infringed upon every article, except the first, which was dictated by external politeness; but even here, the barrier stipulation was broke down.

Yor. Your ladyship will please to observe, that the barrier part of the treaty was broke down by yourself, in the warmth of your argument concerning the third article.

Lady. But then, sir, the breeches?

Yor. There, indeed, madam, you touch me to the quick.——I acknowledge the default;—but it was the effect of accident.

Lady. But it was not the effect of accident that occasioned you to lay violent hands upon my *fille de chambre*.

Yor. Violent hands, madam!——I touched her but with one hand; and a jury of virgins, madam, could have brought it in nothing more than the chance-medley of sensation.

After this congress, a new treaty was entered into, by which all possible care was taken for the exigencies of inns, beds, corking-pins, naked *filles de chambres*, unlucky breeches, buttons, &c. &c. &c. So that if we had planned a new convention for the demolition of the harbor of Dunkirk, and that of Mardyke, it could not have been done with more political circumspection; nor could one have thought it possible to have been evaded, either by design or accident.

A PROVISION FOR THE POOR.

NATURE! whatever shape thou wearest, whether on the mountains of Nova Zem-

Vila, or on the parched soil of the torrid tropics, still thou art amiable! still shalt thou guide my footsteps! With thy help, the life allotted to this weak, this tender fabric, shall be rational and just. Those gentle emotions which thou inspirest by an organized congeniality in all thy parts, teach me to feel;—instruct me to participate another's woes, to sympathize at distress, and find an uncommon glow of satisfaction at felicity. How then can the temporary, transient misfortunes of an hour cloud this brow, where Serenity was wont to fix her reign?——No;——avaunt ye wayward jaundice spleens!——seize on the hypocrite, whose heart recoils at every forged puritanic face;——assail the miser, who sighs even when he beholds his treasures, and thinks of the instability of bolts and locks.——Reflect, wretch! on the still greater instability of life itself; calculate, caitiff, the days thou hast to live——some ten years, or less;——allot the portion thou now spendest for that period, and give the rest to the truly needy.

Could my prayers prevail, with zeal and reason joined, misery would be banished from earth, and every month be a vintage to the poor!

FRIENDSHIP.

SOME over-rigid priest may perhaps imagine my prayer should have preceded breakfast and business, and that then my negotiation with the fair Piedmontoise might have been more successful.——It might so.

My life had been a tissue of incidents, interwoven by the hand of Fortune, after a whimsical but not distasteful pattern: The ground is light and cheerful, but the flowers are so variegated, that scarce any weaver of fancy will be able to *imitate it.*

A letter from Paris, from London, from you, Eugenius!—Oh, my friend! I'll be with thee, at the Hotel de Saxe, ere you have tarried the double rotation of diurnal reckoning.

THE CONFLICT.

"THEN I will meet thee, said I, fair spirit! "at Brussels.——'Tis only returning from "Italy thro' Germany to Holland, by the route of "Flanders." What a conflict between love and friendship! Ah madam de L———! the remise door hath ruined my peace of mind.—The monk's horn-box recals you every moment in my sight; ——and these eyes, which view thy fair form in fancy, realize a stream that involuntarily flows.

If ever I wished for an inflexible heart, callous to anxiety, and equally insensible to pleasure and to pain, 'tis now: But this is blasphemy against the religion of sentiment, and I will expiate my crime.——How? I will pay that tribute which is due to friendship, though it cost my affections the toll even of life.

THE CASE OF FALSE DELICACY.

WHEN I had embraced this resolution, I began to think what apology I could politely make to the Piedmontoise lady for my abrupt departure, and non-performance of the treaty I had entered into, as far as Turin. If any part of our former connection had the appearance of being infringed upon, the incidents and accidents which occasioned the seeming infraction, might in some measure palliate the circumstances; but here is a direct violation of our second treaty, that was so religiously ratified. How then can the potentates of the earth be considered as culpable for the renewal of a war, after a *definitive*

treaty of peace, considering the many unforeseen and unexpected events by which the temple of Janus may be thrown open !——Whilst I was in this soliloquy, she entered the room, and told me, that the voiturins were ready, and the mules harnessed——Eugenius, if a blush be a mark of innate modesty, or shame, and not of guilt, I will confess to thee, that whilst my face was crimsoned o'er with the tinge of conscious impropriety, my tongue faultered, and refused its office.—— "Madam, said I, a letter"——and here I stopt ; She saw my confusion, but could not account for it.

"We can stay, sir, till you have wrote your "letter."—My confusion increased ;—and it was not till after a pause of some minutes, when I summoned to my aid the powers of resolution and friendship, that I was able to tell her, "I "must be the bearer of it myself."

Didst thou ever, when in want of money, apply to a dubious friend to assist thee ? What then were thy feelings, whilst thou wast viewing the agitations of his muscles, the terror or compassion of his eye ; or, sinking the tender emotions of the heart, and turning to thee with a malicious sneer, he asked thee,—"What security ?" Or, wert thou ever enamored with an imperious haughty fair one, on whom thou hadst lavished all thy wishes, hopes, and joys ; when having at length marshalled thy resolution to declare thy passion, catching her eyes at the first opening of thy soul, thou sawest indignation and contempt lurking in each pupil arming for thy destruction :—— Then, Eugenius, figure to yourself the beauteous Piedmontoise collecting all her pride and vanity into one *focus*, with female resentment for their engineers.

C'est la politesse Anglois : mais cela ne convient pas a des honnetes gens.

"This is English politeness; but it should not "be exercised upon decent people."

Why, in the name of fate, or chance, or fatal sway, or what you will, should the incidents of my life, the wayward shades of my canvas, draw upon a whole nation such an imputation?

'Twere injurious, fair Piedmontoise! But thou art gone, and may the cherubims of felicity attend thee!

OBSTINACY.

THIS was not the only difficulty I experienced from the alteration in my plan of operations. The voiturin, with whom I had agreed to carry me to Turin, would not wheel about to St. Michael, before he had completed his journey, as he there expected a returning traveller to defray the expense back. I in vain pleaded the advantage he would receive by so short a post, and that he would most probably find somebody there destined to Turin. No;——he was as obstinate as the mules he drove, and there seemed a congeniality of sentiment between them, which might perhaps be ascribed to their constant acquaintance and conversation. All my rhetoric, all my reasoning, made as little impression as the excommunications and anathemas religiously and devoutly pronounced by the French clergy against the intruding rats and caterpillars.

Finding there was no other alternative than paying the double fare back, I at length consented; and with my usual philanthropy, began to impute this thirst of gain, so universally prevalent to some latent cause in our frame, or to some invisible particles of air which we suck in with our first breath, as soon as we are ushered into the world, with a scream of disapprobation at the journey we are compelled to perform.

The CHANCE-MEDLEY OF EXISTENCE.

"THE scream of disapprobation at the jour-
"ney we are compelled to perform."——
This conceit pleased me, and I thought it both new and apposite to my present situation; so getting into the chaise, with a smile of complacency at the mules, who for once seemed to have conferred all their perverse disposition on their driver, I revolved in my mind some strange unconnected conclusions from the premises of my conceit.

If then, said I, we are forced upon this journey of life; if we are brought into it without our knowledge or consent; and if, had it not been for the fortuitous concourse of atoms, we might have been a tobacco-pipe, or even a tobacco-stopper—a goose, or a monkey——why are we accountable for our passions, our follies, and our caprices? Were you or I, Eugenius, by some tyrant, compelled to be a courtier, ere we had learn'd to dance, should he punish us for the awkwardness of our bow? Or, having learned to dance, should know nothing of the etiquettes of courts; wherefore make me, against my will, a master of the ceremonies, to be impaled for my ignorance?——Heroes and emperors, have been lost in nocturnal imagery, and Alexander and Cæsar might have been bleached from existence.

Consider this, Eugenius, and laugh at the boasted self-importance of the greatest monarchs of the earth.

MARIA.

UPON my arrival at Moulines, I inquired after this disconsolate maid, and was informed she had breathed her last, ten days after I had seen her. I informed myself of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a stone to tell where she lay.

However, by the freshness of the surface of the earth which had been removed, I soon traced out her grave,——where I paid the last tribute due to virtue;——nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, sweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whose fair representative thou wast upon earth.——Thy cup of bitterness was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.——There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the sweets, the purest sweets of immortal felicity.

THE POINT OF HONOR.

AFTER having paid these sincere obsequies to the manes of Maria, I resumed my chaise, and fell into a train of thinking on the happiness and misery of mankind: This reverie, however, was presently interrupted by the clashing of swords in a thicket adjoining to the road. I ordered the postillion to stop, and, getting out, repaired to the spot from whence the noise issued. It was with some difficulty I reached the place, as the path which led to it was meandering and intricate.

The first object which presented itself to my view, was a handsome young man, who appeared to be expiring, in consequence of a wound he had just received from another not much older, who stood weeping over him, whilst he held the bloody instrument of destruction reeking in his hand.—I stood aghast for some moments, on seeing this melancholy spectacle. When I had recovered myself from the surprise into which it had thrown me, I inquired the cause of this bloody conflict; *but received* no other answer than a fresh stream *of tears.*

At length, wiping away the briny flood which watered his cheek, with a sigh he uttered, "My "honor, sir, compelled me to the deed; my "conscience condemned it;——but all remon- "strance was vain; and through the bosom of "my friend I have pierced my own heart, whose "wounds will never heal." Here a fresh gush of woe issued from the source of sorrow, which seemed inexhaustible.

What is this phantom, Honor! that plunges a dagger where it should offer balsam? Traitor, perfidious traitor! thou that stalkest at large under the habit of ridiculous custom, or more ridiculous fashion, which, united by caprice, have become a law—a code of laws!——Equally unknown to our forefathers, unknown to those we style unpolished and barbarous, you are reserved for this age of luxury, learning, and refinement; for the seat of the Muses, the residence of the graces.——Ah! is it possible? Are ye not the fair representatives of gratitude, which so often runs counter to honor, and her fallacious blandishments?

GRATITUDE,

A FRAGMENT.

——GRATITUDE being a fruit which cannot be produced by any other tree than Beneficence, must necessarily, from having so noble an origin, so divine a descent, be a perfect virtue.

I shall not, for my part, says *Multifarius Secundus*, hesitate to place it at the head of all the other virtues; especially as the Omnipotent himself requires no other at our hand;——this alone affording all the others necessary for salvation.

Even the Pagans held this virtue in such high

esteem, that, in honor of it, they imaged three divinities, under the name of the graces, whom they distinguised by the names of *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphrosyne*. These three goddesses presided over Gratitude, judging, that one alone was not sufficient to do honor to so rare a virtue. It is to be observed, that the poets have represented them naked, in order to point out, that, in cases of beneficence and acknowledgment, we should act with the utmost sincerity, and without the least disguise. They were depicted Vestals, and in the bloom of youth; to inculcate, that good offices should ever be remembered in their most verdant freshness; that our gratitude ought never to slaken or sink under the weight of time; and that it behoves us to search for every possible occasion to testify our sensibility of benefits received. They were represented with a soft and smiling mien, to signify the joy we should feel, when we can express our sense of the obligations we owe; their numbers were fixed to three, to teach us that acknowledgments should be threefold, in proportion to the benefit received; and they were described as holding each other by the hand, to instruct us, that obligations and gratitude should be inseparable.

Thus have we been taught by the Pagans, whom we condemn!—Christians, remember you are their superiors;——show your superiority in virtue.

THE FELLOW TRAVELLER.

WHILST the unfortunate stranger was lamenting the destruction of his friend, he forgot his own safety.——Perceiving some horsemen at a distance, and conjecturing, that, having gained intelligence of the intended duel, they might, perhaps, be coming in search of the com-

batants, I intreated him to get into my chaise, which would carry him with all possible speed to Paris, where he could either conceal himself till the affair was settled in his favor, or escape to any part of Europe.

My remonstrances had their proper effect, and, with little farther entreaty, I prevailed on him to be my companion and fellow-traveller.

By the time we had got about a league from the fatal spot, I observed the moisture of his eyes diminished, his bosom throbbed with less energy, and his whole frame began to tranquilize. We had not yet broke silence since my resuming the chaise; when, finding his propensity to make me acquainted with the cause of his misfortune increase, I politely, though not impertinently, urged him to the task.

THE STORY.

"I AM, said he, the son of a member of the parliament of Languedoc. Having finished my studies, I went to reside for some months at Paris, where I formed an acquaintance with a gentleman somewhat younger than myself, who was a man of rank, and the heir to a considerable fortune, and who had been sent thither by his relations, as well for improvement, as to estrange him from a young lady of inferior rank and fortune, who seemed too much to have engrossed his attention.

"He revealed to me his passion for this young lady, who, he said, had made so great an impression on him, that it was not in the power of time or absence to obliterate her dear image from his bosom. They kept up a constant correspondence by letters: Those from her seemed to breathe the purest accents of sympathetic love. He consulted me how he should act, and I advised him always

to the best of my judgment. I could not pretend to dissuade him from loving the lady, whose form, he told me, was the representation of Venus: And, if it is possible to be enamored with a portrait drawn by such a warm admirer, that, surely, had the power of exciting all the emotions of the tender passion. I therefore applauded his choice; and, as our sentiments entirely agreed upon the impotence of wealth and grandeur, when placed in competition with happiness, we considered the tyranny of parents, in compelling their children to marry against their inclinations, as the greatest of all temporal evils.

"About this time, I received a letter from my father, ordering me to return home. As there was something very positive in the command, without any reason being assigned, I was apprehensive that some of my little gallantries, which, you know are inevitable at Paris, had reached his ears; and therefore prepared myself for the journey with a contrite heart, and a penitential aspect. I had indeed the more reason for this gloominess, as my last remittance, which was to have served me three months, was exhausted at the end of the first, and there was no possibility of travelling without money. But my generous friend anticipated even a hint upon the occasion; and, presenting me with a small box, which he begged I would keep for his sake, I found in it a draught upon a banker for a larger sum than I required to perform the journey.

"As he never omitted any opportunity of writing to his dear Angelica, he begged I would deliver a letter to her, as she resided in my father's neighborhood, and also his picture, which had been executed by one of the most celebrated artists in Paris, and was richly set with brilliants, for a bracelet.

THE PRODIGAL's RETURN.

"IT was with the greatest reluctance I left Paris, and its various amusements; but they did not affect me nearly so much as the loss of my friend's company, as we had lived together upon the footing of brothers, and were, by some, called Pylades and Orestes. On my way, every stage brought me nearer, I thought, to parental reproach for my follies and extravagance, and I prepared myself to receive the severest castigation with the humility and respect due from a son (a prodigal son) to his father.

"But what was my surprize, when, running to meet me at the gate, with joy depicted in his countenance, he exclaimed, "My son, this mark "of your ready obedience endears you still more "to me, and renders you worthy the good for-"tune that awaits you." I thanked him for the kindness he expressed for me, but testified my surprize at this good fortune he talked of. "Walk "in, said he, and that mystery will be revealed." Saying this, he introduced me to an elderly gentleman, and a young lady; adding, "sir, this is to be your wife."

"There was an honest sincerity and friendly bluntness in my father, very different from the fawning of court sycophants, a species of beings he had ever been estranged from.

"The young lady blushed, whilst I stood motionless: My tongue was deprived of the powers of utterance, my hands forgot their office, and my legs tottered under me. Surprized at the sight of so much beauty and innocence, I had not time to reflect, but found a thousand Cupids at once seize upon my heart, and force it into inevitable captivity.

"As *soon as I* recovered myself from the con*sternation this* unexpected event had thrown me

into, I paid my respects to the company in the best manner I was able, and was wished joy upon my happy alliance, as if the nuptials had really taken place. It is true, it was impossible to view so divine an object without being enamored; or not to have judged my lot completely happy, when my father's approbation had forerun my own.

THE INTERVIEW.

"DINNER was served, when mirth and festivity reigned in every countenance, except that of my intended bride: This I ascribed to her modesty and bashfulness at my sudden arrival, and abrupt introduction. I took the earliest opportunity of being alone with her, to unfold my sentiments, and acquaint her with the deep impression she had made upon my heart.

"Soon after dinner this opportunity occurred. Walking in the garden, we found ourselves sequestered from the rest of the company, in a little grove, which Nature in her kindest hours, seemed to have destined for the retreat of lovers: "Madam, said I, after the declaration which has "been made, and our happy introduction, with "the consent of both our father's, I flatter myself "I shall not offend you, when I tell you, that "there is nothing wanting to complete my feli- "city, and make me the happiest of beings, but "your telling me that the alliance which is going "to take place, is as agreeable to you as it seems "to every one else. Oh! tell me, my angel, "that I am not forced upon you:———Say, at "least, I may hope to enjoy some small share of "your affections;——for the most earnest assi- "duity, and the most constant desire of pleasing "*you, shall* be the task of my whole life."

"*Sir,* replied she, there is a noble candor in

" your countenance, which must abhor deception. " Were I to tell you I could ever love you, I " should be guilty of the greatest deception. It " is impossible.

" Heaven ! what do I hear ?——Impossible to " love me !——Am I then so hideous, so mon- " strous a form ?——Hath Nature cast me in so " barbarous a mould, that I am repugnant to the " sight, and detestable to the fairest and most " amiable of the creation ?——If so"——

" No, sir, you wrong Nature, and injure your- " self————your mien is graceful, your per- " son elegant, your countenance pleasing, and " every embellishment of art seems exhausted " upon you ;——but it is my cruel lot"———— Here a stream of tears stopt her farther utter- ance.———

" Oh ! madam, said I, kneeling, I beseech you " to hear the prayer of the most earnest of your " suppliants—It is not because the mandates of " a parent may seem to entitle me to your " hand :—I scorn to force it, or have it without " your heart ;—but I beseech you to endeavor to " let me merit you, and convince you of the real- " ity of my passion, which is ardent, as it is in- " surmountable."——

" Heaven ! what was my surprize, when, utter- ing these last words, I perceived my friend, my honored friend, rushing from behind the thicket, and drawing his sword——

——" Villain exclaimed he, thou shalt pay for " thy treachery."

" The lady fainting, he sheathed his sword to assist her. When she was carried into the house, he bid me follow him. Unknowing how I had offended, or by what magic he could be at my fa- ther's house, when I thought him in Paris, I ac- *companied him.* As we walked on toward the *forest, he thus* explained himself :

" Sir, your treachery to me I was acquainted " with a few hours after your departure from Pa- " ris ; though you thought proper to conceal " the subject of your journey from me, the whole " city echoed with your nuptials before night. I " accordingly set out post directly, and, as you " find, have come in time to prevent your union " with Angelica."

" Angelica ! said I———Heaven knows how " unjustly you accuse me :—I was ignorant that " this was Angelica."

" Childish evasion ! said he : This may impose " on fools and drivellers,—but I must have other " satisfaction.—Have you delivered my letter " and picture ?"——

" No ;——it was impossible."———

" Villain, villain !——No——you thought it " more prudent to recommend your own suit—I " heard every word that passed, and therefore it " is needless to add to your guilt, by the viola- " tion of truth."

" In vain did I expostulate with him, to prove my innocence ;—in vain did I promise to give up all my pretensions to Angelica, and travel to the most distant parts of the world to forget her ;—he was inexorable—It was impossible for me to convince him that I had not deceived him at Paris, or that I had not known it was Angelica to whom I promised paying my addresses. In a word, we reached the spot where you found us, when, with the greatest reluctance, I drew to defend myself, after being branded with the repeated epithets of *dastardly coward*, and *infamous poltron*. ——You know the rest."

Here a flood of tears concluded my fellow traveller's narration, and seemed a very pertinent epilogue.

THE INN.

THIS affecting story had preyed so much upon my spirits, and I had entered so deep into the circumstances, that I was very glad to see a little inn on the side of the road, as I stood in great need of some refreshment.

The hostess, who welcomed us soon after we entered, was a comely well-looking woman, *embonpoint*, neither old nor young; or, as the French express it, *d'un certain age;* which, by the way, is a very uncertain method of determining it: I shall therefore class her about thirty-eight. A Cordelier was taking his leave of her; and there was reason to judge, from the sanctity with which she eyed him, she had been at confession. Her handkerchief was somewhat rumpled, and deficient in a few pins; the centre of her cap was also not directly upon the centre of her head; but this may be attributed to the fervor of her devotion, and the hurry in which she was called to salute her new guests.

We called for a bottle of champaign, when she told me, "She had some of the best in all France: "That she perceived I was an Englishman; and "though the two nations were at war, she would al- "ways do justice to individuals, and must own, that "*My Lords Anglois* were the most generous *Seig-* "*neurs* in Europe; that she should therefore think "herself guilty of much injustice, if she were to "offer an Englishman a glass of wine which was "not fit for the *Grand Monarque*."

There was no disputing with a female upon so delicate a subject; and therefore, though my companion, with myself, judged it the worst bottle of champaign we had ever tasted, I highly applauded it, as highly paid for it, and as highly complimented my landlady for her *politesse*.

On our arrival at Paris, I set down my fellow traveller at his old lodgings in *La Rue Guenigaud*,

where he proposed disguising himself in the habit of an Abbe, a character the least taken notice of in that city, except they are professed wits, or determined critics. He promised to meet me at the *Caffe Anglais*, over-against the *Pont Neuf*, at nine, that we might sup together, and deliberate on the steps necessary to be taken for his security. It was now five, so that I had four hours of lounging and lodging-hunting :—How then could I better employ my time, than in a short (perhaps a long) conference with the agreeable *Marchande de Gands ?*

In the first place, no woman in the whole city was better informed where lodgings were to be let ; her shop was a kind of *bureau d'addresse* for empty hotels. This indeed, I did not know, when I entered her shop :——But why should the circumstance be less in my favor, because I was not preacquainted with it ? In the second place, no female had more early intelligence with respect to the news of the day, and it was necessary I should know if my friend's affair had yet reached the capital : But this I was to learn with caution and address ; it was therefore necessary we should retire into the back-shop.

THE TILT OF ARMS.

PARIS AND LONDON.

PARIS—thy emblem is a ship ;——yet thy Seine is not navigable.—Take London's cross —(you may drop the bloody dagger in the straits of Dover and Calais, to cleanse its sanguinary blade) and with it emblazon *Notre Dame* ; whilst thy ship with the tide sails up the Thames, and casts anchor in the port of commerce.

In which of the nine hundred streets—I mean lanes——of this capital of the world——(for who can dispute a Parisian's word, who never has excursed beyond the gates ?)—I say, in which shall I take up my lodging ?—But softly :——There

lives my beautiful *Marchande de Gands*.——— Those silken eye-lashes! there she is at the door ———the nets of love fabled by poets are surely realized by them.——"*Madame, la fortune m'a* "*jette encore une fois dans votre quartier sans y* "*penser*.——*Comment se porte, Madame?*"—— "*A merville, Monsieur*;———*charmee de vous* "*voir*."

What urbanity in a stranger!——what a polite language! and how happily expressed by a glover's wife!

THE BACK SHOP.

WE had not made this retreat many minutes before my beautiful *Marchande* had run over all the news of the day. I was presently informed of every fresh connection between the opera-dancers, *les filles d'honneur, et les filles de joye, avec My Lords Anglois, les Barons Allemands, et les Marquis Italiens*. The rapidity with which she dispatched these connections, could be compared to nothing but the torrent of the Rhone, or the fall of Niagara. I had sucked in more scandal in the space of ten minutes, than would have furnished a modern Atalantis writer with memoirs for a couple of volumes. "But, said she, *a pro-* "*pos*;——have you seen any of our new manu- "facture of gloves?"———"What are they?" I asked—Upon which she took down a band-box, and produced a very curious collection. "These, "said she, are *les gands d'amour*: They were in- "vented *par Mr. le Duc de*—— The cause was "singular, and worth mentioning. *Madame La* "*Duchesse* had for her cicisbeo a Scotch officer, "who had some eruptions of a particular kind. "You know, sir, that that nation has a disor- "der peculiar to themselves, as well as we;—— "all countries have their misfortunes. Ma- "dame's *valet de chambre* told his master in "confidence, that he was afraid *Mr. le Capitaine*

" had communicated something to her ladyship " that he did not dare mention.——*Qui est ce que* " *c'est?* What is it, said the Duke.——*Ce n'est* " *pas la gale?* It is not the itch? The valet " shrugged up his shoulders, and the Duchess en- " tered. *La politesse* would not allow the Duke to " proceed upon an eclaircissement with his lady; he " therefore set about divining a means to avoid the " infection. He had heard of an English colonel " who had hit upon a lucky expedient, in a case not " unsimilar; but his name, which the manufacture " bore, was so barbarous, that it could never be pro- " nounced with decency; he therefore called his " device *les gands d'amour*, and now they are in great " esteem throughout Paris. But I should have in- " formed you, the Duchess was never inoculated, " and that she died of the small pox a few months " after. Her physicians, it is said, mistook her dis- " order; and having never been in your country, " and forgot that *la gale*, or any other disorder, whe- " ther cutaneous or not, might be transplanted hith- " er, I hope," continued she, casting a most amorous leer through those beautiful eye-lashes, which pene- trated farther than I thought it possible for a single look to perforate, " that you'll be a customer!—— " you'll certainly wear them when they are so uni- " versally the fashion."

Saying this, she produced some of various sizes and patterns; but I objected to most of them, as be- ing too large for my hand. At length she produc- ed a pair which I thought were near the mark: " I'll " try them on, sir;—but your hand must be very " small to fit these." It is rather warm now, ma- dame; so that I believe you may try a size larger. She placed herself on my side, and with both her hands had almost effected the design, when her hus- band passed thro' the parlor;—who nodding his head as he passed, said, " *Faites——faites——ne* " *bougez pas.*"

THE EFFECT.

I KNOW not how to account for it; but I always found something of a tremor come over me, when I was detected by a lady's husband in private conversation with her, though in the most innocent attitude.——That ours was the most innocent in the world at this time, cannot possibly be controverted:——Besides, it was a matter of business. Who could blame a female vender of gloves for trying them on in the back-shop?

But, be this as it may, the unexpected arrival of the *bon homme* had almost rendered the gloves useless.—My hand shook so (by what kind of sympathy I know not) that it was unable to do its office;—it slipt through the glove and fell from the fair one's hand. "*Mon dieu!* said she; *qui est ce* "*que vous avez?*" To which I replied with much propriety——"*Ma foi, Madame, je n'ai rien.*" You are ill, sir——take a drop of "*liqueur*;" which she immediately produced from an adjoining closet. The cordial was of some efficacy; but not sufficient to remove the perturbation of my spirits, occasioned solely by the entrance of the husband; so that I had not resolution sufficient to undergo a second trial of the gloves from her fair hand; but I desired her to put up a couple of pair of the smaller size. She asked me what color.——I replied, black.——"*Comment*, said she, *avec des rubans noir*, "*sans etre en deuil.*" But I cleared up this, by telling her, a clergyman, though not in mourning, could not in decency wear any gloves (even *gands d'amour*) of a gay color.

The subject of my first entrance into this lady's shop, may be thought to have evaporated in the trying on the gloves, and the fright from the host.—But the truth is, I had taken my measures in the *fore-shop* before our retreat. I mean, I had *secured a lodging*; and as to the intelligence concerning my unfortunate fellow-traveller, it did not

come within the compass of her knowledge. This much I thought due to myself, and to my new acquaintance.

SLANDER.

I DOUBT not, from the good-nature and candor of my former critics, that the last chapter will be subpœna'd against me, in the monthly Trials of Authors *without jury:* And that I shall be pronounced by that bench of Judges, such as they are, guilty of high treason against the kingdom of decency, for penning the same, though there is not therein a dash, star, or asterisk, which in my work have constantly alarmed their virtue. But as I shall be among my peers, I enter the following protest.

"I do not agree to the said resolution, because "I am thoroughly convinced they do not understand "the said chapter; and because, without they en- "ter into a complete explanation thereof, I must "be of opinion, that it is above their comprehen- "sion. YORICK."

THE OPERA GIRL.

IT hath ever been a rule with me, to think the pleasures of this world of no benefit, unless enjoyed. I had two pair of *gands d'amour* in my pocket scarcely tried on—I went to the opera, finding, my dear Eugenius, that you were not arrived, and saw Mademoiselle *De La Cour* dance *a marveille*.—I beheld the finest limbs from the parterre that could possibly have been chisseled by a Protogenes or Praxiteles. I conversed with the abbe de M——upon the subject——He said he would introduce me to her. I waited upon her to her coach, and had the honor of handing her into it. She gave my hand such a squeeze, upon being informed that I was an Englishman, that I felt an emotion immediately at my heart commu-

nicated from the extremity of my fingers, which may be better imagined than described.

She gave us an elegant *petit souper*, and the Abbe hastily retired after drinking a single glass. The conversation had already taken a turn towards the tender passion: I was expatiating upon sentimental felicity, and setting forth all the blandishments of Platonic love, when she burst into a loud laugh —saying, she frankly owned she was not a professed disciple to my system, and thought it would go down much better with a sprinkling of the practical.

At any other time I should have been disgusted with the grossness of the thought in a female; but at present I was disposed for a frolic, and gave her a bumper to *Vive la bagatelle*. I showed her my new purchase, and asked her whether I should be in the fashion. She said they were of a scanty pattern, though *a la græc*; but recommended me for the future always to have my gloves *a la mousquetaire*.

Just as we had come to a final resolution upon this interesting subject, sir Thomas G—— was announced. The servant attempted to open the door; but finding it made some resistance, as it was by accident bolted on the inside, his confusion was greater than ours.—He imagining the knight at his heels, did not dare turn to inform him of the impediment, but whispered through the key-hole. "*Madame, le chevalier, s'y trouve:*" the *gands d'amour*, however were come into play, and she was pulling one on *plus badinant* than even the *Merchande* herself. It was when she had brought herself to approve of the fitting——that this fatal whisper once more disconcerted the trial of the duke's noble invention, "*Ca-*" *chez vous sous le lit*," said Mademoiselle La Cour.

Was ever ecclesiastic in such a piteous predicament! Sir Thomas G—— would have been very glad to have seen Yorick in any other situation; but Mademoiselle La Cour had pursuaded him she never had any male visitors except himself: And

to prove he believed her, he flung an hundred louis d'ors into her lap every Sunday morning.

My mortification would not have been so very great, if an early retreat into the bed-chamber, had not rendered my situation almost intolerable. My rival triumphed over me, without knowing it: And I was compelled to perform the character of Mercury under all these disadvantages, in spite of my teeth.

THE RETREAT.

IT was finely said of the Duke of Marlborough that the only part of his generalship he was unacquainted with, was retreating. Love has often been compared to war, and with much propriety. When I thought to have carried La Cour by a *coup de main*, armed with *les gands d'amour*, the commander in chief made a sally, and compelled me to a most disgraceful capitulation. "How dissimilar "to the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough! said "I——Can this ever be told in my Sentimental "Journey!—but I've not abandoned the place."—Just as I had made these reflections, La Cour put her hand down to the side of the bed, and I had an opportunity of kissing it without being perceived.

Sir Thomas having, as he thought, secured the garrison, retired from his poste.——To quit the metaphor———I had an opportunity of making a decent retreat, without danger, about four in the morning.

NOTHING.

"*ABOUT four in the morning!* says the ill-na-"tured reader.—What then were you doing till "that hour—with an opera-dancer, a *fille de joye?*" "To which I answer literally, *Nothing*. No!—Mr. "Yorick, this imposition is too gross to pass upon "us even from the pulpit. What did you do with

"the *gands d'amour*—invented to avoid infection? "Did not Mademoiselle La Cour resume her appli- "cation to try them on, and make them sit close?— "If so, what was the event?"—Once more I reply—*Nothing.*

How hard it is, my dear Eugenius, to be pressed to divulge an imaginary truth, or rather a falsity? If I were to be interrogated these ten years—I could add nothing to the reply—but *nothing! nothing!—nothing!*

"Poor Mademoiselle La Cour!" says the satirist;—"you had reason then to wish Monsieur Yo- "rick had been *retrousse a mousquetaire.*" But Mr. critic, this is *nothing*, *nothing* at all to the purpose. ——"No more is this chapter," says the *Snarler.*

Why then here is an end of it.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

TURNING the corner of the *Rue La Harpe*, upon my retreat from Madame La Cour, the morning beginning to dawn, I heard a voice from a *fiacre* crying *hist, hist, hist.* This to a theatric performer, or a dramatic writer, would perhaps have been a very grating sound; indeed, were he inclined to superstition, he might have considered it as a forboder of future d—na—n; but as I never exhibited upon the stage, or ever wrote a comedy, tragedy, or farce, the sounds were not so very dissonant to my ears as they otherwise might have been.

Turning about, I perceived my temporary Abbe popping his head out of the *fiacre* window, and beckoning to me. "Heaven! said I, what can this "mean!—He is taken up by the *Marechausse*, or "the *Chaussieurs*, and is conducting to the *Chatelet* "or *Bicetre.*"—Not so: His honest landlord having given him intelligence that these gentry were in search of him and advised him to make a retreat, early in the morning, to avoid the consequences, he was setting out for Flanders, to get beyond the jurisdiction of their power.

I was both happy and miserable on the occasion, —I was wretched to think this unfortunate young man was thus harrassed, for an event which he would have used his utmost endeavors to have prevented: But I was also pleased, to think he would in some hours, be beyond the frontiers of France, and out of the reach of her miscalled justice.

In taking my leave of him, after a very tender scene, I could not help hinting to him, that so precipitate a departure, and so long a journey, might exhaust his finances sooner than he expected; and that as money was the sinew of every thing which was vigorous, if he would borrow my purse, I would call upon him, in my return to England, and, if convenient to him, then accept of a reimbursement.

Had I gone through Flanders the cupidity of a recovery of the kind would the least have engaged my attention.

He replied, he had a sufficient sum to carry him to Nieuport, and from thence he would write to his friends.

Oh! Eugenius, thou knowest my feelings upon this occasion. I did not dare press him, for fear of offending a delicacy I myself was too susceptible of.——I retired with a flood of tears, as involuntary as they were sincere.

THE CONSUMMATION.

MY ideas were too scattered and eccentric to be composed in sleep——I took a *fiacre*, and drove all round Paris. It is strange that passions, which are the gales of life, and under a certain subordination, the only incentives to action, should at the same time create all our misery, all our misfortunes. I could not refrain repeating with Pope,

Why charge mankind on heaven their own offence,
And call their woes the crimes of Providence?
Blind, who themselves their miseries create,
And perish by their folly, not their fate.

Just as I had uttered these lines, (which, by the bye, would have been more sororous, and of course more affecting, in their original Greek, and in the words of my old friend Homer), I perceived an inscription over a door, which a good deal puzzled me.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

Whilst I was gazing at this uncommon information, my ears were regaled with some very pleasing music, which was playing to a set of convivial friends at a dance. I ordered the *fiacre* to stop, and inquired whether I might not *faire noces ici.*

I cannot help remarking in this place, that a *coachman* and his *coach* are looked upon in Paris to be so equally inanimate, that it is the same expense to draw upon and run through the one, as the other; and also, that the performance of the *nuptial rites*, though much boasted of by every married and unmarried man in Paris, prevails more upon the outside of the walls, than withinside of the houses.

L'ON FAIT NOCES ICI.

"*J'en suis bien aise*, said I; it suits the gloomy "habit of my soul, and love alone can remove it."

When the *Cocher* had brought the master of the house to the door, and informed him that an English gentleman proposed to *faire noces*,—the question he put was, how many *soupes*, how many *tourtes*, how many *fricassees*, and how much *music?*

To which I replied, None.

Monsieur l'Hote shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "*Pauvre Monsieur Anglois, il est gris.*"

THE TRAITEUR.

ALTHOUGH the price of running thro' a *cocher* or a *fiacre* (either animate or inanimate, is stipulated to a *liard*, the putting to death a *traiteur* is a very serious affair, and might be attended with very

serious consequences. The *etiquette* and *punctilio* of killing a man in France, form a science of themselves, and are as useful a kind of knowledge as quadrille or picquet. Having made some short study of these matters, I judged it prudent only to *diable*, *peste*, and *f—e* a little, and bid the coachman drive home to my lodgings.

LA FILLE DE JOYE.

SCARCE had I entered into *La Rue St. Jacques* before I perceived a party of the *Guet* hurrying a young woman into a coach, whilst she was weeping with great bitterness, and imploring their mercy.—Mercy thou divine attribute, estranged from the brutal beasts of such violators of humanity!

As my coach passed, she gave a look towards me, that pierced me to the heart.—I ordered my coachman to turn and follow the vehicle in which was the fair prisoner.

It being now near seven in the morning, they conducted her directly to the *Commissaire*. When they stopt my heart panted with secret joy, on finding the house belonged to Monsieur de L——, my intimate acquaintance. On alighting, and giving in my name, I was told he was not yet up. The young woman was conducted into a kind of office, whilst I was ushered into the closet of the *Commissaire*, which commanded a view of the office.

After an uncommon flood of tears, she wiped her face with her handkerchief; when I presently discovered the features (tho' much blotted with crying) of my pretty little *fille de chambre* whom I first met with her *egaremens du cœur*. "Heavens! said "I, is this possible! Do not my eyes deceive me? "No—it is she—My sympathetic heart involuntarily led me to her assistance; and if Mr. de L—— "hath the least susceptibility of sentiment in his, "this unfortunate young woman shall not fall a sa"crifice to——."

Just as I had come to this resolution, the *Commissaire* entered; and after many compliments and some professions of friendship, I seized upon the opportunity of telling him he had it now in his power to convince me of the sincerity of his assertions. He required an explanation, and I gave him one.

To this he replied, "It would be impossible to afford the young woman any relief till he had heard "the allegations against her; but that if there was "a possibility of mitigating her punishment without "losing sight of justice, he would certainly do it to "oblige me."

She was examined; and though I could perceive she gathered some confidence from my presence, there was so much innocence and unaffected simplicity in her countenance, that methought the *Commissaire* seemed somewhat prepossessed in her favor.

The *Guet* alledged against her, that there had been a riot at her lodgings, and that the neighborhood had been disturbed. She acknowledged there had been some disturbance, but said it was owing to her not admitting some troublesome visitors, who had come to pay their compliments to a lady, who had before her those lodgings. The air of truth with which she delivered this, made the *Commissaire* immediately commence her advocate, and he told the leader of the *Guet*, "he was liable to be punish-"ed, for forcing the lady out of her apartments "upon such a pretence; that the most virtuous wo-"men in Paris were liable to the same inconveni-"ence from troublesome visitors; and that if they "could not prove her to be a woman of disorderly "conduct in any other respect, they might think the "lady very merciful if she forgave them, upon their "asking her pardon." This they readily consented to, and they retired leaving the *Commissaire*, their late prisoner, and myself.

When they were gone, the *Commissaire* told me that "notwithstanding the step he had taken in "her favor, he was very sensible she was a *fille de*

"*joye*, her name being down upon his list; but that "she was a young practitioner, and the *Guet*, were "as yet ignorant of her profession, at the entreaty "of Mr. Yorick, he had released her; but strongly "recommended her to avoid coming before him, "upon that or any other occasion."

I was greatly surprised to find she was actually upon the *Commissarie's* list, and my curiosity was much excited to know her story. We retired, after paying Mr. De L—— all the compliments to which he was so justly entitled for his polite behavior, and I accompanied her back to her lodgings.

THE STORY.

AFTER she had returned me repeated thanks for my kind intercession, I entreated her to inform me by what accident she had come into that situation of life, in which, according to the *Commissaire*, she now unfortunately acted. A flood of tears prevented her immediate reply; but when she had recovered herself she gave me the following account.

"The day after the visit I paid you at your hotel, I was sent by madame R——, my mistress, to present her compliments to you, and desire to know when you proposed waiting on her with the letter you were entrusted with for her from Amiens, being surprised you had not yet transmitted it to her; when I was informed you had set out for the South of France, and it was uncertain when you would return. Having carried back this information to my mistress, she flew into a violent passion for having omitted bringing it with me the day before, when I was purposely sent for it, but then, by some unaccountable accident, we both forgot it. She hinted, that she imagined something had passed between us of a very singular nature; and went so far as to say it was no wonder we had not thought of her or the letter, when we were so differently engaged. Such an accusation, *innocent as I was*, greatly nettled me; and

I believe I made her some answer, which so much disgusted her, as to order me immediately to quit her service. This sudden discharge greatly confused me; and as I had no relations in Paris, I applied to a milliner who used to serve madame R—, to recommend me to a lodging till I could get a place. She perceived my anxiety and told me to make myself quite easy, as she at that time wanted a workwoman, & we should not disagree about terms. Accordingly I carried my cloaths to her house, and from this instant was considered as one of the family.

"My province was in the forenoon to carry home the goods. As she worked chiefly for gentlemen, and particularly foreigners, she always cautioned me to dress myself to the best advantage upon these occasions, as she said the men always paid the most generously, when they met with a *tidy* milliner. She also recommended me to be very complaisant, and never to contradict them; "And, continued she, I "do not know a more comely *fille* in all the *Rue St. "Honore*, or any that is more likely to make her for- "tune, if she minds her hits. For, added she, there "are but three female professions in Paris, which "promise promotion: These are, opera-dancers, "pretty bar keepers *aux caffes*, and milliners; but "we have the advantage, being considered as the "most modest, and the least exposed in public."

"Though I was not possessed of any great portion of vanity, I could not help being pleased to find my mistress thought I had some claim to make my fortune; and as I had been a *fille de chambre* near four years without one tolerable offer being made me, except it was from a *maitre perruquier*, in *Rue Guenigaud*, I began to think, that the loss of madame R—'s place might turn out a benefit to me."

I could not help interrupting her in this place, to inquire whether the *maitre perruquier* had proposed honorable terms; and if so, whether it was

pride, or personal distaste to him, which had made her refuse his offer.

To this she very ingeniously replied, "That "the terms he offered were nothing less than "marriage.; that he was considered as a man of "opulence, and she thought him a very good "match; that as to person, he was remarkably "handsome, having been *valet de chambre* to *La* "*Duchesse de L——*, and obliged to quit that la-"dy's service, on account of a discovery made by "*Monsieur le Duc*, who had been for some time "before jealous of him; but that, upon his dismis-"sion, his good lady, as an acknowledgment of past "services, had given him a sum of money to set "him up as a master *perruquier*."

When she had got thus far in her narration, she was interrupted by an accident, equally awful, alarming and tremendous.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

OF all the temporary misfortunes, calamities and accidents of civil life, the greatest is that of sudden fire.—Its effects are so rapid and astonishing, that they not only frequently deprive an alarmed neighborhood of all their property, and reduce them to a state of beggary, but often dispossess them of their reason, at least for the time, and render them incapable of affording themselves that assistance which they might otherwise have obtained.

At this instant all these horrors presented themselves to our view:—The whole range of houses opposite to us seemed entirely surrounded by flames. Outcries, shrieks, confusion and tumult, at once assailed our ears.

Oh! Eugenius what would have been the emotions of your sympathetic heart upon this occasion? —Might I judge by those of mine, they would have been too pungent for reason and philosophy to tem-

per with prudence. I rushed into the midst of the populace, and was giving all the assistance that my feeble frame could permit—exerted far beyond its natural strength—when perceiving at a two-pair-of-stairs a female almost naked, just risen from bed, rending her hair, tearing her beautiful tresses, and imploring the clemency of heaven,—I flew to her assistance, and, though the floor on which she lodged had already taken fire, brought her off without hurt. I conveyed her to the apartment from whence I issued, and there procured not only warm wine, and other restoratives, but also clothes to cover her; for at the time I conducted her thither, she had no other apparel than her shift. Her distresses had, however, made so strong an impression on her, that shame, which at another time, under such circumstances, would have overwhelmed her with blushes, crimsoned not her cheek, but left the lily to prevail with the utmost force of its pallid hue :—— Alas! too powerfully ;——Nature sunk beneath the oppression of calamity.—I ran for some drops, and, by a speedy application, restored her to life, and to herself.

"Where am I ?——Surely in another world.—— "All things round me are strange.——Are you in- "habitants of the earth——or spirits of departed "souls ?—or has it all been a dream, and am I still "in a *reverie ?*——No——this surely is a room—— "that is a bed——this is a chair——and that a ta- "ble : These too are clothes,—very different from "any I ever wore. All around seem in equal con- "sternation.——Tell me, I beseech you, sir, as you "appear in a human form, who are you, what are "you, and where am I ?"

Having said this, she fell again into a swoon ; and this relapse seemed more dangerous than her first attack. I could have gazed for ever upon her angelic countenance, which indeed resembled the picture of a heavenly resident, and seemed then with a most benignant smile to be taking a flight to the mansions

of her celestial abode. But this was no time for such divine meditations; her earthly part still required our assistance.

After having again somewhat recovered her, I thought it advisable to have her put to bed, and recommended to my female friend to take the greatest care of her. This she promised, and, I found afterwards, most religiously fulfilled; having taken my leave for the present, to endeavor at giving some farther assistance to the unhappy sufferers in the conflagration.

THE CASQUET.

FROM an upper window I was called to, and desired to hold my hat, in which I presently found a small casquet; when I retired, in order to return it to the proprietor, after the confusion occasioned by the present calamity was over. I carefully conveyed it to my apartment; and on opening it, found it to contain some very valuable jewels, with a picture that made a deep impression on my heart. —It was the miniature of that divine creature whom I had met with at Calais, and whom I had proposed meeting at Brussels.——"Heavens! said I, by "what accident came this picture here?—Surely "that charmig woman is not now perishing in the "flames! Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it, Love."

I had resolved upon retiring to rest after so many fatigues——and had already thrown off my coat, and put on my night-cap, before I had made this discovery: But I instantly quitted my apartment to fly to the spot where I had received the casquet, in order to obtain some intelligence of the proprietor, and, if possible, by what uncommon chance the portrait of this lady was in it.

The fire was by this time completely extinguished; but the agitations of my mind were still as great as ever.——If the original hath perished—— Perish that thought!——Distraction!—Oh! Eugenius, I flew, I ran, I knew not whither.

RUE TIRE BOUDIN.

MISTAKING my way, in my great confusion, instead of finding myself in the *Rue St. Jacques*, I found myself in the *Rue Tireboudin*.——"What a name!" said I—"It had a much worse, "sir, said my informer, before a great lady riding "thro' in her coach, and asking the name of it, was "told; which so shocked her delicacy, that, from "that period, it has bore this comparitively decent "one."——"*draw your pudding*, might, in England, "savor of a proper attention to baking and a Sun- "day's desert.—Oh the roast beef of Old England! "—but in a country where no puddings are either "made, baked, or eaten, it seems absurd."—— "Yes, sir, but *Tire V***t* was a great deal more "shocking; and that was its primitive name."

THE UNSUCCESSFUL INQUIRY.

AT length I reached the spot where the calamity had happened. Amidst the general confusion that still prevailed, I inquired if any lodger had lost a casket of jewels;——adding, that, upon giving a proper description of them, they should be restored. But no person would claim them. I then inquired, if a lady resembling the picture I had in my hand, was any where to be found; but this research was as ineffctual as the former. No such lady was known in the neighborhood. I could not point out the house from the window of which they were thrown; for the walls were all levelled, and it was impossible to discriminate one house from another.

In this perplexity, I went to my acquaintance Mademoiselle Laborde (for that was the name of my female acquaintance whom I have hitherto distinguished only by being a *fille de chambre* to madame R——). I acquainted her with the accident, and my distress at not being able to discover the propri-

etor of the casket, and the situation of the dear original of the miniature.

But, how great was my astonishment, on being informed, that the lady whom I had conveyed to Mademoiselle Laborde's lodging, had, as soon as she recovered from her terror and astonishment, expressed the greatest concern at the loss of a similar casket.

THE DEFINITION.

I WAS ruminating upon the absurdity of the name of that street which formerly bore a still more absurd appellation, whilst I unfolded half a dozen pair of silk stockings, which I had just purchased, and which were wrapt up in an old manuscript that seemed of very ancient date. It was written in old French, and upon a piece of paper that required some reparations to make it legible. I had at first conceived the thought of transcribing it; but recollecting it would cost me little more trouble to translate it, I set about it, and produced the following English translation.

TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT.

"JEAN FRANCOIS DE VANCOURT, of Franche "Comte, by the marriage articles with Marie "Louise Anne de Rochecoton, of Champagne, "doth agree, that, considering the disparity of "their years, he being now in his eighty-third, "and she in her sixteenth, and also the warmth of "her constitution, and the amorousness of her com- "plexion, to allow unto the Vicar of the said parish "all the rights of *cuisage* and *jambage* in their full "extent, agreeable to the just claims of the holy "church; and, moreover, doth permit him to "continue the same, in his absence, during the na- "tural life of him the said Jean Francois de Van- "court. Provided, nevertheless, that the said Vicar,

" upon the return of the said Jean Francois, should, " after the said Jean Francois had pronounced, in " an audible voice, at the door of the bed-chamber, " *Tire V——t*, three times, withdraw himself there- " from, and leave the said Jean Francois in the full " possession of Marie Louise Anne, his said wife, " any thing notwithstanding to the contrary that " may herein be contained.

" —Provided always, on the *part* of the said Marie " Louise Anne, that she hath a negative voice in fa- " vor of the Curate, when the said Vicar shall be " above the age of thirty-five, or otherwise, in her " opinion, disqualified for the rites of *cuisage* and " *jambage*, in their full extent, he the said Curate, in " case of such election on her part, submitting to " the same proviso, in favor of the said Jean Fran- " cois, upon his pronouncing in an audible voice, at " the said chamber-door, *Tire V——t* three times."

Having translated thus much of this Fragment, I shall leave the reader to make his own sentimental reflections, after observing, that the good queen who ordered the name to be changed, seemed to display more knowledge than delicacy :—— But it must be observed in her favor, that, according to the Salique Law, a queen of France never wields the sceptre in her widowhood, and is therefore glad of every opportunity of displaying her authority during the life of her husband.

If, this be not a sufficient apology for a queen, let any lady of any quality or fashion, from a dutchess down to a milk-maid, take both names (without the *Tire*) and make the most of them.

AN ANECDOTE.

WHEN Mr. G——— made his first trip to Paris, he had not studied so much of the rudiments of the French language, as always to be critically grammatical in his genders : He would confound them together, and blend the masculine

and the feminine in the most heterogeneous manner.

He was recounting to a lady at Versailles, remarkable for the smartness of her repartee, even at the expense of decency, the impositions he had met with upon the road from Calais, on account of his being an Englishman, and not speaking the language with the strictest propriety: And he particularized having paid a postillion twice, who asked him even a third time for the money. "*Est-il possible ?*" said she. "*Oui, Madame, j'avois decharge deux fois, sur mon vie.*"——"*Beaucoup mieux,*" replied she, *que sur mon con—te.* The division of the last word had the desired effect, and raised such a laugh in the gallery, that the king could not refrain asking what they tittered at, as he passed along.

THE DENOUEMENT.

THE reader, I believe, was not apprized, that Mademoiselle Laborde informed me, the lady whom I had saved from perishing, and had conducted to the apartment of Mademoiselle, was withdrawn from thence, and conveyed by her friends to another lodging, which had been provided for her; whereby I was frustrated in my hopes of obtaining an eclaircissement from that quarter, concerning the picture and the jewels.

Having discovered the lodging to which the frighted lady was carried, I was now flattered with the pleasing intelligence concerning the fair original.

The reader may perhaps fancy that he has anticipated the unravelling of this story, by pronouncing the lady, whom I was instrumental in assisting, the identical original herself. But, to prevent any such erroneous conclusions, I shall here inform him, that any such anticipation is a groundless mistake. Tho' there was a general resemblance in their features, their height and shape were very different.

I waited upon her with the casket, at the sight of which she expressed great satisfaction ; and after having more gratefully than politely thanked me for the care I had taken of her, by which I had probably prevented her perishing in the flames, she informed me, that the picture was her sister's, whose husband was expected at Paris in a few days ; and that he had sent his clothes with these jewels, and a great quantity of plate, consigned to her care, until his arrival ; but that, unfortunately, they must all be lost, except the jewels I had preserved, as she had not yet received any tidings of them, nor of her own clothes and furniture.

I condoled with her upon the occasion, whilst I expressed my satisfaction at having been instrumental in saving two such valuable objects—herself, and the portrait of her amiable sister.

I then told her, I believed I had the honor of seeing her sister at Calais ; and that, from the conversation which passed between us, I had reason to believe she was not then in the married state. To which the lady replied, " That she had not been married above six weeks ; and that her husband was coming to Paris, to compromise a suit which had been subsisting between his relations, and his present wife's ; this marriage having brought about a general reconciliation of the parties."

This information, I acknowledge, greatly mortified me ; and I could almost have wished that the litigation had still subsisted between the parties, and she had still been single.——But a moment's reflection told me, the wish was uncharitable, unworthy a sentimental breast.——Far distant, then, be it from my heart, to desire the continuation of another's misfortunes, even for my own satisfaction ! Oh ! the remise-door !—Heigh-ho !—I could not banish the thought ; and finding a gloominess seize on the conversation, I retired somewhat precipitately.

THE SEQUEL.

WHERE can a disturbed bosom find repose, when agitated by the tender passion? A forsaken swain hath but one solace,——another nymph more kind. My footsteps seemed by instinct to carry me to Mademoiselle Laborde's. I found her alone, and in tears. "Alas! said I, "why should Nature, in her fickle moods, thus make "the very centre of gaiety and pastime the scene of "misery!—How contradictory—how paradoxical! "—But why impute it to Nature? she cannot err."

"Mademoiselle, (said I, after this reverie), it were "perhaps an unwelcome office, to request the favor "of the continuation of your story, which was so "unexpectedly interrupted by the melancholy acci- "dent during my late visit."

"Indeed," said she, "Sir, it will indulge my "melancholy, which alone I could not sufficiently "gratify, with the strongest retrospect of my past "misfortunes; but now I am happy in having this "opportunity of giving vent to my affliction.

"My first excursion from the shop was to wait "upon an Italian Count, supposed to be as gene- "rous as he was magnificent. His *valet de chambre* "was rubbing his eyes, between eleven and twelve, "after waiting for his master's return to bed, not "having been home all night. The Count came to "the door, whilst I was conferring with his man, "who informing him I had brought him some ruf- "fles, I was desired to walk up stairs. Innocent "then of the design of such a customer, I readily "consented. The Count just glanced his eye upon "the ruffles, when, chucking me under the chin "with one hand, he thrust his other into my bosom; "this behavior I thought so great an insult, that, in "my passion, I gave him a slap on the face."—— "Oh, Miss," said he, "if you give yourself airs, I "shall teach you better manners."——"He rung "the bell, and his *valet de chambre* appeared."——

"Now, Miss," added he "take your choice——fair "means or foul."—"I fell upon my knees, and im- "plored mercy;—but he was inexorable to all my "entreaties. The ruffian *valet* held me, whilst he "—Oh spare me the blush of recollection!"——

"That I will, my little unfortunate! What a "villain!—To perpetrate a deed by violence, which "perhaps by solicitation he might have obtained "with your consent!"

"Oh no, sir," said she, weeping——"I never "would have consented."——

"That indeed alters the case—But then his ge- "nerosity——what recompence did he make "you?"——

"Why, I was just going to mention.—From the "character my mistress had given him, I imagin- "ed he could not possibly have presented me with "less than a hundred louis d'ors, considering the "difficulty he had, and the opposition I made.—I "dare say an English nobleman would have thought "it very trifling."——

"Very trifling, I can assure you; I have known "an English nobleman pay fifty times the sum for "such an affair, without having committed half so "good a rape as was committed upon you."

"Why, look ye there, so I thought;——and "considering what was past could not be recall- "ed, I thought I might as well accept the wages "of——

"Of iniquity——"

"Yes, iniquity, I think you call it, as go without "them."

"Every whit—quite orthodox reasoning."

"So I waited, and sobbed——and cried, and wait- "ed——expecting every moment a handsome re- "compence for such an insult——when at length he "asked me, if I was a maid?"——

"What an insult after such an attack!—But what "did you reply?"

" I told him I might have had some little *egare-*
" *mens du cœur* ; but that I never had been guilty of
" such a crime before."

" The guilt lay on his side, according to the opin-
" ion of all the casuists in the world."

" There was much to be said on both sides, but
" this I kept to myself."

" But the recompence ?"

" He ordered me to call to-morrow, when he
" should pay me for what ruffles he had occasion for
" —and would make me a present."

" Did you call ?"

" Yes, punctually."

" Was you not afraid ?"

" No—I thought he could not use me worse than
" he had done :—But in this I was mistaken :—For
" he had decamped the night before, with his *valet*
" *de chambre*, and in the hurry had forgot to pay
" his lodging."

" Amazing !"

" Not at all :—He was a gamester ; and the morn-
" ing I saw him, he had lost his last louis d'or at
" the Academy."

THE ACADEMY.

" THE Academy ! What, in the name of won-
" der, astonishment, and learning, do they allow
" in the seminaries of science, in such a polished
" nation, and such a well-regulated metropolis as
" Paris, where scarce an obvious vice goes unpun-
" ished ; I say, do they allow of gaming to a degree
" that can ruin a man ?"

" *Je ne vous entends pas !*"

" I do not understand you," said Miss Laborde.

" *Ni moi non plus, ce que vous voulez dire.*

" Nor I what you mean :"

" Did you not say, the Count had lost his money
" at the Academy ?"

" Well, and what astonishment can arise from

"that? Are not immense sums lost there every "night?"

"And are the Police acquainted with it?"

"It is under their immediate protection."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing more certain."

"And what say the professors?"

"The professed gamesters are very well pleased "with it;—sometimes a run of ill-luck may break "them, when they meet with one as knowing as "themselves; but this is such a phenomenon, "that the Count's precipitate departure astonished "all Paris."

"Pray explain to me the nature of this Acade-"my; for I believe, after all, we are in a state of "some misunderstanding concerning it.——By an "Academy, I should comprehend the seat of the "muses, the garden of science, and the vineyard of "learning."

"No, it is neither a seat, a garden, nor a vine-"yard, but a gaming-house licensed by the magis-"trates, where gamblers may cheat with impunity, "if they can do it with dexterity, and where the "credulous and unwary may be ruined, without re-"medy or relief."

"What a prostitution of names!"

"Not at all: *C'est l'Academie de Grece.*——It is "the Academy of Sharpers."

"If cheating be a privileged science, I acknow-"ledge the title is very proper;—but as it is one of "the occult sciences which I shall never study, I beg "we may leave this seminary, that you may pursue "your narration."

THE NARRATION.

"WHEN my mistress found the Count had defrauded her of the ruffles, she flew into a violent passion, upon all exotic noblemen, except the English, whom she allowed to be generous, honest,

and just. "Well, said she, you shall to-morrow "morning wait upon Lord Spindle; he pays like "a prince." A flood of tears prevented my answer for the present; but when I recovered myself, I told her I saw my doom; that I had already been ravished.

"*J'en suis ravie*, said she.

"But for nothing, said I.

"*C'est dommage.*"

"And perhaps I shall never recover my character "again as long as I live."

At this she fell into a violent laugh, and told me a woman's character was always well established, in proportion to the number of conquests she had made, and the number of gallants she had duped; that for her part, she had considered the whole male sex as her prey, and their fortunes as her property; and that if some of them had slipt thro' her hands, she had made sufficient amends to herself by those who had fallen into her power; that in these matters we were to take the good with the bad, as in all affairs of commerce: And tho' the Count had broke in my debt, she did not doubt but Lord Spindle would make me ample amends for my loss, as the circumstance of the rape was quite in my favor.

"*Est il possible qu'on puisse etre ravie si avan-*
"*tageusement ?*"

"*Oui, sans doute, il y a des coups a faire dans*
"*toutes occasions.*"

CANTHARIDES.

"THIS was a doctrine I could not comprehend. It was a newfangled logic, that seemed re-
"pugnant to common sense.

"I see, continued she, you do not understand
"me; but if you will step into my dressing-room
"while I put on a little *rouge*, I will explain the
"mystery."

"You must know," said she, as we were going

up stairs, "that Lord Spindle has for some time "taken Cantharides; and that they have now lost "all their effect. Now, said she, if you had not been "previously ravished"———opening the door of

THE DRESSING ROOM;

"I SAY, if this rape had not taken place, what "would have been the consequence?——Pro-"bably you would still have been in a vestal state. "——I only say *probably*, because I would not de-"sire to pry into any young woman's secrets; and "then, considering that Lord Spindle is entirely "emaciated, he could not possibly have taken so "much pains as a virgin's coyness would have re-"quired; no, nor——" [here she was interrupted by the entrance of the maid, to whom this part of her dress was an impenetrable secret]——"but as "it has so luckily happened, your fortune will in all "likelihood be made, if he does not die before he "has——" [another interruption] "made you a "handsome settlement."

"An *intail*, said I, you certainly meant."

"Doubtless."

"*Voila des coups certainement.*"

"*Oui*, said she, *certainement.*"

DOWN AGAIN.

THESE secrets being thus communicated in private, and the *rouge*, with a little *blanc* (but that is a greater secret than all the rest, which I should not have divulged), duly administered, we returned into the parlor.

The ups and down of life she told me, as we descended, were so numerous in our profession, that a woman of sense should always pay the greatest attention to them; but that she was in hopes, if I succeeded with Lord Spindle, my fortune would be made with very few of them.

THE BON MOT.

A FRENCHWOMAN, let her be of what rank she may, never omits any opportunity of saying a *double entendre*; and as the occasion was so very favorable, it was not in the least surprising, that this lady should thus display her genius.

A *Bon Mot* is literally a *good word*; with us it is a *good thing*; and, to say the truth, a good word and a good thing, often, with the French ladies, concentre in the same point. This is no quaint conceit——I have known a *Figurante*, at the *Opera Comique*, make four conquests with only *mon****——Here she lost a star, it is true, by the language; but four stars were the object, as they were every one chevaliers of the Holy Ghost.

I could expatiate a whole volume away on the shame attending knights of such an order being the knights-errant of a figure-dancer, as arrant a *****as ever wore petticoat.

But I scorn to be invidious against knights——even of the post—or the ladies, let their profession be what it will.

"The ladies are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Yo-
"rick; but what have you done with Lord Spin-
"dle?"——

"Oh! here he comes *in propria persona.*"

LORD SPINDLE.

WHO knew not Lord Spindle?——But if the reader should be so ignorant, I will give him a short, very short history of him.

His lordship was descended from an ancient family in the North of England, who possessed a very ample fortune. His uncle dying without heirs, whilst he was a minor, he succeeded to the title and estate, upon attaining the age of twenty-one. He had been previously his own master three years, hav-

ing no one to control him but a tutor, who accompanied him in his travels in the tour of Europe; but who instead of curbing any vicious or irregular inclinations in his pupil, constantly promoted them, as he had thereby an opportunity of indulging his own natural turn for debauchery; and moreover, found his account in the encouragement of these irregularities, not only by sharing the profits of all the extravagant charges of the tradespeople he employed, but by actually dividing the spoils with his lordship's mistresses.

Such a culture could not fail of producing all the fruits of licentiousness and debauchery. When his lordship came of age, he found he had already run upwards of an hundred thousand pounds in debt; and the first step he was obliged to take, was to mortgage his estate for the like sum.

His tutor, who by this time was transformed into his bottle companion, and nominal as well as real pander, advised him to marry, and thereby, repair the injury he had done to his fortune. An opportunity soon offered: A city-heiress was to be disposed of, and bartered for a title and a noble connection. A drysalter's daughter, with two hundred thousand pounds, had charms sufficient for Lord Spindle. The treaty was made, the match settled, and the consummation took place in less than three months.

His lordship had soon after, reason to find, that all the injury he had done by all his debaucheries, was not confined to his fortune, but that his constitution had more than propotionably been impaired. In a word, his physicians advised him to take a journey to Montpellier, as the only means left of recovery.

Dare we pretend to inquire how it fared with lady Spindle! She returned home to her father two hundred thousand pounds worse in pocket; and almost as many millions in constitution. A divorce soon after took place,——and his lordship

recovered ;——but not without some incisions and amputations, which made him all his life curse Italian concubines.

His *honest* tutor still attended him, and consoled him with all the rhetoric he was master of. He had adopted the system of predestination, tho' he had never taught it before, finding it the best suited to his present doctrine. He told his lordship, that every man was born to have a certain number of p——s, as every woman was to have a certain number of children ; and that therefore, the sooner they got them over the better.

Lord Spindle could not be accused of any great depth of understanding, or any great shrewdness in discovering the wrong or the right side of an argument.——A little sophistry passed upon him for profound logic ; and when he heard it dogmatically pronounced from his tutor, he could not pretend to dispute the justness of the premises ; so that the following syllogism made his lordship resume all his debaucheries, as far as he was able, in their greatest latitude.

Major. Every man is born to catch a certain number of p——s :

Minor. Your lordship has had more than any man of your years :

Ergo. You have the fewer to come in.

When a man sins with reason on his side, how sweet are the pecadilloes ! His lordship hardly wanted so much sophistry to urge him to the charge ; but he stood in need of many provocatives to enable him to be as wicked as he desired.

Pedagogus (for so I shall call this pander tutor) had skimmed the surface of most sciences ; and having in his youth been almost as abandoned as his late pupil and present master, had dipped into physic, at least that part of it which may be called *Venereal*. He had learned how to promote as well as cure all the diseases which attended the votaries of the Cyprian goddess :—He had formerly, and

perhaps did still administer the first to himself;—he now at least administered them to his lordship.

THE COMMON-COUNCILMAN AND THE TURTLE.

THE sensualist does not often consider how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health; and an alderman who swallows three pounds of callipash and callipee, seldom attends to the fatal effects of six ounces of Cayenne pepper which are administered in the dose. The nostrum, it is true, once saved a common-councilman from being a cuckold, and therefore is not without its virtues.

Mr. Skate had been married ten years;——he was a man of the world——understood commerce ——and upon 'Change was by every one styled a *good man.* Mrs. Skate here differed in opinon. She had brought him five thousand pounds (which indeed he had improved to thirty thousand), and she judged herself entitled to some attention. Mr. Skate being a money-getting man, frequently attended clubs, went to bed late and rose early.—"Less money and more love," was her constant expression. "Stay, my dear, till I make it a *plum;* then "I will retire, and shall have nothing to do but love "you."———Ay but, she would say then you will "be too old; and what signify riches, or any thing "'else, if one can't enjoy it?" This was good logic, almost as good as Pedagogus's, for a common councilman's wife.

Things were going on at this rate, and every vocation and avocation constantly attended to and punctually fulfilled by Mr. Skate——except one ——when Mrs. Skate after consulting the doctor respecting some doubts concerning adultry, had made an appointment with him for the next morning at ten, whilst Mr. Skate was at the custom-

house, to convince the doctor that he had convinced her. But luckily for Mr. Skate's honor and more luckily for Mrs. Skate's virtue, he assisted that day at a turtle-feast at the king's arms.

THE CONSEQUENCE.

I HAVE set apart a chapter for this very great consequence, as it is of the utmost importance to the common-councilmen of every ward within the walls, not forgetting Portsoken and Candlewick, who has a wife troubled with scruples of conscience without being a methodist. In that case, they are so speedily removed, there is not the least danger.

"*Mr. Skate assisted at a turtle-feast at the King's Arms.*"

That is my text, and I doubt not but the discourse will prove equally moral and practicable.

"It is well known, my worthy brethren, that turtle is very salacious food, and when heightened, improved or strengthened, which you please, by Cayenne pepper and strong sauces, may warm and invigorate the coldest constitution. When it is also considered, gentlemen of the common-council, how few of you are enemies to a glass (or two or three) of generous wine, and how much food of such a heating nature promotes the circulation of the bottle, it is not at all astonishing that every convivial assistant should go home cherry-merry, after having been a guest at such a repast.

"This was precisely the case with Mr. Skate:—He had forgot that bank stock had rose one eight that day, and he had sold out a thousand the day before; he had forgot the private intelligence he had received from the waiter at Lloyd's, of which he was to make his advantage before it had got into the papers: He had even forgot the report of a ship being lost—upon which he had underwrote fifteen hundred. The turtle, the Cayenne pepper, and the generous wine, operated so strongly, that his heart

was dilated, his spirits were exhilarated, and he thought of nothing but Mrs. Skate.

Mrs. Skate, by two in the morning, began to repent of having made an appointment with the doctor.——"Would Mr. Skate have realized this *plum*, "and I should consider adultery in as heinous a light "as ever!"

"Ten o'clock came, and so did the doctor.—— "Lord, my dear you'll oversleep yourself:——Do "you know what's o'clock!———'tis ten, I vow!"

"With these sentiments she fell asleep—yet she dreamed of the doctor;—she could think of nothing but his white hand—how soft!—and the neatness of his shirt-plaiting."

"What care I?—Fill about Mr. Allspice, this "is excellent wine."

"Good heaven!—he is dreaming; he will cer- "tainly forget himself."

"What did you wake me for?——I dreamed "I was worth a plum, and was as happy as a "prince."

"Mr. Skate got up but did not dress;——he "turned again upon his side, and lay till noon."

"The doctor was affronted at the imposition he thought was put upon him, and Mrs. Skate always entreats Mr. Skate not to miss a turtle-feast."

THE TUTOR.

HAVING dispatched the common-councilman, it is time I should attend to Pedagogus, or else, considering the dispositions and pursuits of him and my Lord, they may chance to slip thro' our fingers to the Elysian shades, before we have quite done with them.

I think we left him administering provocatives to his lordship, and from hence I derived the conclusion, That the sensual seldom considers how far the gratification of his appetites may injure his health.

It might be conjectured, that, considering the easy luxurious life Pedagogus led, as the bottle-companion of Lord Spindle, and as he was his sole dependance—which might, indeed have been mentioned before; it was somewhat astonishing he should broach systems, espouse doctrines, and administer remedies, so very pernicious to his lordship's tender fabric: To which I answer in *eleven* words.

"His lordship had bequeathed him three thousand "pounds in his will."

I am the more particular in specifying the number of words contained in this bequest, as the greatest critics are very apt to overlook these niceties; and I have known even a reviewer conclude, "*In a word*," and add *a score*. Every part of criticism is worthy the scholiast's attention.

MISS LABORDE's STORY CONCLUDED.

"THE very same Lord Spindle, I can assure "you." "I thought I was right in my man; "——pray proceed."

"I was introduced to his lordship by Mr. Pedagogus, who took me by the hand, and looking languishingly at me, gave it a gentle squeeze saying, "I do not know whether his lordship will be able "to see you to-day—If he does not want any of your "merchandise, I will purchase any thing you have "got."

"I said, I was sorry to hear his lordship was ill, "and if I could not see him, I would call another "time."

"No, my dear, said he, you may see him——all "that's left of him;——but as to any thing else, I "think it would be as cruel as interring a fine bloom-"ing girl like yourself with an Egyptian mummy, "that had been dead half a dozen centuries, restored "to view by the resurrection of antiquarians."

"His lordship now rang for chocolate, which he drank in bed; and being informed that I was come to wait upon him, he ordered me in———Pulling back the curtain, I saw a most ghastly figure, which seemed a better qualified lover for Queen Dido, than a Parisian milliner. He nevertheless, said some civil things to me,—bought my whole band-box,—and said he would purchase myself, if he were capable. Whereupon he took his purse out of his breeches-pocket, presented me with it, and then———

———I shall only add, I was as well qualified to keep in the vestal fire after leaving his lordship, as I was upon entering his apartment.

"He desired me to call three days after—when he was dead. Pedagogus now made love in form, took this apartment for me, and gave me a decent allowance, till within these ten days, when he was taken up on suspicion of poisoning Lord Spindle, and is now in the *Bicetre*.

"After his provision ceased, I was obliged to have recourse to other means, which I need not explain, and which have entitled me to a place upon the Commissary's list."

A REFLECTION.

THE reader, I doubt not, expected a very dull, trite story, from the moment he heard of Miss Laborde's whimpering.—I hope he has been greatly disappointed; if not, he may take up the Pilgrim's Progress, or any pathetic novel that has been published within these ten years, and make himself ample amends for the time he has lost in the perusal of these pages.

N. B. If he be a tutor, I prescribe him an ounce of cantharides.

VENDREDI SAINT, OR GOOD FRIDAY.

THOUGH no man holds the ceremonies of religion in higher veneration than myself, and tho' I would not for a *mitre* ridicule the mysteries, even of popery, in a Romish country, still there are some things so obviously ridiculous in its pageantry and exercise, that one must be almost a stone, not to raise a risible muscle at many of their officials. I have no objection to bowing or kneeling whilst the wafer passes in solemn procession, and have myself soiled a pair of new breeches sooner than *(faire scandale)* give scandal. I have no objection to the tinkling of the little bell, or their beating their breasts at the elevation of the host; and permit the inhabitants of Paris to pay *un petit ecu* each, to kneel and kiss a wooden cross *le Vendredi Saint;* but I will not allow a professed *fille de joye* to consider it as inevitable damnation, beyond the power of all the orders of all the priests, the conclave of cardinals, and even the pope himself, to absolve her for eating the wing of a chicken on that day, and yet not refuse to exercise all the functions of her profession for six livres.

I paid Mademoiselle Laborde a visit on Good-Friday; and being somewhat fatigued upon returning from Versailles, I desired her to send to the *Traiteur*'s for a pullet and sallad, as I could not reach my own apartments without some refreshment.

FROGS NEWLY CLASSED.

"COMMENT, *Monsieur, munges vous la viande le Vendredi Saint?*"

"What, sir, do you eat meat on Good-Friday?"

"I should have no objection to fish, for that matter, if there were any good; carp and tench I have been already surfeited with this Lent; and as to your *morue*, it can be equalled by nothing but the black broth of the ancients."

" *Mais il y a d'autres especes de poisson ; que pen-*
" *sez vous des anguilles et des grenouilles ?*"

" But there are other kinds of fish ; what think " you of eels and frogs ?"

" Frogs ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Excuse me for laugh-" ing——This is the first time I ever heard them " classed under the head of fish."

" *Comment ! la grenouille c'est bien du poisson, et* " *elle est permisee.*

" How !—Surely frogs are very good fish, and " they are allowed."

" They may be allowed ; but, in this case, I should " think the penance very rigid, if I were compelled " to eat them, though you were to call them wild-" fowl——A frog-feast, to an Englishman, is a very " severe fast."

THE CASE OF RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

THE *Traiteur* was sent for ; but he informed me, he could not possibly serve the table with flesh to-day, unless I had a certificate under a physician's hand that I was ill.

" Look in my face !—Is not my countenance a-" sufficient certificate ?—Besides, here is a recipe " I had yesterday from a doctor of the Sorbonne."

The *Traiteur* did not understand Latin, but was convinced it was right, by being so very unintelligible.

The dinner was served ; Mademoiselle, however, would not touch a bit. She expected a visit from her confessor that afternoon, to prepare her for her Easter ; and he would certainly deny her absolution, in case she should break her Lent upon so important a day.

" Pray, Miss, do you reveal every thing to your " confessor ?"

" Every thing, sir."

" And what would you say, if a good customer " were to drop in ?——You would not refuse him ?"

" *Non, certainement ;—c'est une autre affaire.*"

" No, certainly—that's another case."

Burgundy exhilarates the spirits, after a hearty meal succeeding exercise. These causes united, produced a very natural effect ;—and as the point in case was *une autre affaire*—wherefore should I have more religious scruples than Mademoiselle ?

The case then stood thus :

	Deg.		Deg.
Religion	6	The flesh	7
Reason	$4\frac{1}{2}$	Appetite	16
Danger	3	Powers	$2\frac{3}{4}$
Conscience	$\frac{1}{8}$	Object	53
Character	14	Opportunity	99
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		$177\frac{3}{4}$
	$177\frac{3}{4}$		
	$27\frac{5}{8}$		
Alas ! alas !	$150\frac{1}{8}$	What a balance !	

How light are religion, reason, danger, conscience, and even character, when opposed to the flesh, appetite, powers, object, and opportunity !——

Pray, Miss Laborde, draw the curtain ; for I am quite ashamed of the conclusion.

Gentle readers, male or female, or both united, how do your pulses beat ? Quick, quick, quick—— for G——'s sake, draw the curtain too !

THE BLUSH.

PRAY, courteous reader, did not you perceive me blush in the last chapter ?—I reddened all over.—I question whether the *Traiteur* would have taken my word or even the Latin certificate, for my illness, under such a ruddy complexion ; and in this

case all the cause would have been prevented: For had not the fowl contained the best of juices, and promoted the drinking of a bottle of excellent Burgundy,—neither *morue* nor *frogs*, tho' excellent fish, would have produced the dangerous effect.—Oh! how I still blush at the repetition! my very paper is as red as scarlet, and I can write no more upon the subject.

THE RECOVERY OF COMPLEXION.

HAVING taken a turn round the room, and perceived my native pallid hue return, I took my hat, and then my leave, as the critical minute of confession approached; and Miss Laborde had in my opinion an additional peccadillo to disburden her conscience from, though her abstinence was unimpeachable.

THE CONFESSION.

CURIOSITY, what wilt thou not perform? My design was, to have retired directly home, and dress;—but meeting with a lusty Friar upon the stairs, a thought occurred to me—"Surely this "man must be framed of different flesh and blood "than other mortals, if when Mademoiselle reveals "all her secrets to him, he can have the resolution "to withstand such an attack upon the senses."

I returned and finding a very convenient aperture in the door, planted myself to observe the fervor of the penitent's devotion.

How many Ave Marias!—how many prayers! how many ejaculations!

Oh! that I had been a friar, a lusty friar! what felicity within the pale of that holy church!

Heaven! What an accident!

I had always an aversion to wooden beds, from their cracking:—They have often disturbed me from the soft slumbers of sweet repose upon the road,

where, in spite of the virtue preached on Sunday—But such an accident surely never before happened!—No carpenters will work on *Good Friday* in Paris,—and the *gros Financier* was to be with Mademoiselle at nine, an hour after confession.

But it is time for me to retire, and leave her to her fate.—Notwithstanding the accident—would I had been a friar, a lusty friar!

THE GUINGUETTE.

I WILL frankly acknowledge, that, tho' I never coveted or envied any man his professions or enjoyments, either corporeal or mental before, I could not get the *lusty friar* out of my head; and, had not a friend called upon me to see the humors of the *Guingette* on Easter Sunday, I verily believe, that I might have been mad enough to have changed my religion, to have embraced that order.

Guinguettes are places about the environs of Paris not unsimilar to white conduit-house, Bagnigge wells, and the like, in the purlieus of London; with this difference, that instead of tea, *petits soupers* are given, and a bottle of wine is drank till they are ready. The principal amusement consists of dancing. As these places are chiefly frequented by the *Bourgeoise* of Paris, they are resorted to by the greatest number on Sundays, as public dancing, as well as plays and operas, are allowed on that day. This being Easter-Sunday, they were not only very crowded, but much more brilliant than usual, on account of the variety of new clothes constantly exhibited on this day.

LES TAPAGEURS.

THESE are a species of animals, who, from a principle of false honor, and still more ridiculous vanity, fancy they are authorised to disturb the repose and merriment of the citizens of Paris,

They generally consist of mousquetaires and pages. Being trained from their infancy to the sword, by the time they attain manhood, they are generally proficients in fencing; and upon this superiority in arms, they build their title to insolence and impertinence.

A *Guinguette*, especially on Sunday, is the certain mart of their abilities: Here they display their false wit and false courage, and frequently pass them off for genuine: However, the counterfeits are sometimes detected, and severely punished.

Having, with my friend, taken a seat in the most retired corner of the room, that we might be unobserved spectators of what passed, a couple of *Tapageurs* presently entered; and having taken a view of the company, they fixed upon a young jeweller, who was with his *sweetheart*, for the object of their present ridicule.

The young fellow was dressed very genteelly, with a sword, and carried no marks of plebeianism about him. But they knew he was a mechanic; and it is a rule with the *Tapageurs*, to chastise all such, as they call them, when they find them either in dress or company out of their sphere. The young woman was very handsome, and, by the modesty which was depicted in her countenance, was entitled to respect even from the most abandonded. But the *Tapageurs* consider decency and decorum as vices which a page or mousquetaire should never be guilty of, and therefore carefully avoid committing them.

One of these heroes went up to the table where the jeweller and his mistress were sitting, drinking a glass of wine; and, asking him if his wine was good, without invitation helped himself to a glass: He then pronounced it excellent; and thus continued to serve first his companion, and afterwards himself, till the bottle was emptied.

The young jeweller bore all these insults with great good temper; and calling for another bottle,

told them he was very proud of the honor of their company; and that, if they could not afford to pay, they were even very welcome to another, or two, at his expense.

"*Comment, Monsieur le jouaillier, completz-vous* "*que vous n'etes pas connu—Allez balayer votre* "*boutique, & laissez votre epee chez vous.*

"What, Mr. jeweller, do you think you are not "known?——Go and sweep your shop, and leave "your sword at home."

"*Je le ferai bien,*" replied the jeweller, "*apres* "*que je vous ai corrige pour votre insolence.*" "That "I will readily do, after I have corrected you for "your insolence."

They now retired, whilst the jeweller's mistress fainted away: However, by the help of some harts-horn and water, she recovered herself, just as her lover returned victorious.

The mousquetaire, vain-gloriously trifling with the jeweller, whom he judged much inferior in skill, happening to stumble over a stone, was wounded thro' the body. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who was very doubtful concerning the wound. He was, however, put to bed, and all possible care taken of him.

OF THE JUST DISTRIBUTION OF NATURE.

NATURE is so impartial in the distribution of her gifts to mankind, that she neither overburdens some individuals with her favors, nor overwhelms others with misfortunes; but, by a judicious mixture of good and evil in every creature, none have too much reason to be elated, nor any to despair. For example; to these she gives great riches, with an unquiet mind; to those, a great share of adversity, with much insensibility. If the first with their wealth possessed the indifference of the needy, they would certainly be too happy; whilst the latter, if they united mental uneasiness with their *ill fortune*, would, doubtless, be highly deserving of pity.

If, then, we weigh the wealth of the one with the indifference of the other——the uneasiness of the former with the misfortunes of the latter—we shall find the balance to be nearly equal. The poor man, insensible of the evils of life, despises the miser, who, whilst he amasses wealth, is miserable at the apprehensions of losing it.

Nor is this observation confined solely to wealth and poverty. Beauty and deformity have each their consolations. The handsome woman looks with contempt on the ill-shapen female, who, in turn, despises the beautiful idiot, formed only to be gazed upon. The swordsman considers courage and skill in arms as the greatest accomplishments of a gentleman, and fancies his rank entitles him to adulation from the merchant and mechanic; whilst these, on the contrary, maintain industry and trade to be more important objects than the *etiquette* of courts, or the glory of a campaign. Thus, in every station of life, their is a consolation and solace to be found: And, indeed, no rank is contemptible in itself, whilst the person who fills it acts in character.

THE APPLICATION.

HAD the mousquetaire considered this with attention, he certainly might have saved a life which was thrown away for——*nothing!* A life, that might have been of service to his country, an honor to his family, and a blessing to his friends; but which was now a disgrace to all.

May this *Tapageur* be hung up *in terrorem*, as a *memento* of the folly and vanity of a species of beings, who, it is to be hoped, will soon be exterminated from the earth. Such is the earnest prayer of Yorick.

THE OCCASION.

THE misfortunes which befel the unfortunate Mademoiselle Laborde, from her omission of having asked me for the letter to her mistress, struck me so forcibly upon my return from the *Guinguette*, that I resolved to wait upon that lady the next day with it, and endeavor, by what little eloquence I possessed, to induce her to take her *fille de chambre* once more under her protection.

Whilst I was ruminating upon the most effectual plan of operations, I accidentally strolled into the Thuilleries, and, being somewhat fatigued, seated myself next a lady, who proving very communicative, we prsently fell into general conversation, and from general descended to particular: So that, without any kind of seeming impropriety, I asked her if she knew madame Rambouillet.—"Madame "Rambouillet! (she repeated) *C'est moi-meme.*"

"Good heaven, said I, what an accident! You "are the very lady I proposed waiting upon to-mor- "row morning, with a letter I have been so neglect- "ful as to keep these two months in my pocket."

"*Vous etes Mr. Yorick, donc ?——et comment* "*est-il arrive que vous n'est pas veuu me voir ?*"

Saying this, she rose up, and seizing me by the arm, led me to her coach. I was now preparing to take leave; but she said with a very imperative tone ——"*Il faut souper avec moi.*"

THE THUILLERIES.

I SUSPECTED madam Rambouillet's sudden and abrupt departure from the gardens was occasioned by a spectacle, or rather a pair of spectacles, which, in a less polished sphere of action, would have been exploded, as erring against all the rules of decent optics.

On the left-hand walk from the Louvre is a range of shrubbery that runs parallel to the wall, at about

six feet distance, and which in summer, when the leaves are fully expanded, forms a kind of retreat; behind which, obscenities of any species may be committed, unobserved by the company in the gardens; but in winter and spring, every thing performed behind this shrubbery is as much exposed as if done in any part of the Thuilleries.

Having ascertained the topography of this retreat, I shall now point out its uses.

There are two goddesses, whose numerous votaries consider it as the highest insult to these divinities to expose the devotions they pay to them; the most recluse retreats, therefore, are constantly chosen for these oblations. But, by a strange effect of French vivacity, the Parisians forget the seasons of the year; and this being the end of March, there was not a single leaf yet disclosed, to conceal the rites which two devotees of one goddess were at this time performing.

THE MISTAKE.

ALTHOUGH I had supposed this exhibition had shocked the delicacy of madame Rambouillet so much as to render any longer stay in the Gardens impracticable, I was afterwards thoroughly convinced that French *politesse* does not extend to such niceties. Her hurry was occasioned by her impatience to ask me a hundred questions, without giving me time to answer one, tho' fully satisfied with my replies. She accordingly took her leave of madame de la Garde at the Great Gate, telling her she should drink chocolate with her to-morrow —and adding, "*J' ai quelques affaires avec ce Monsieur—Vous m'excuserez.*"

THE ATTEMPT.

WHEN I imagined madame Rambouillet's curiosity had been pretty well gratified, I thought

it was a favorable opportunity to plead for Mademoiselle Laborde.

"Pray, madam, had not you a chambermaid "whom you sent to my apartments for the letter "which I have not delivered?——Does she live "with you still?"

"*Ah! la coquine! Elle a fait bien des faux pas: "mon Monsieur, elle est sur le pave meme.*"

"Oh, the hussy! she has made many slips; and, "sir, she even walks the streets."

This does not look like a reconciliation; I must change my battery.

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear it. I hope she is "not irreclaimable——How came you to part with "her?

"*Je crains, Monsieur, que vous y aviez un peu "part.*"

"I fear, sir, you had some share in it."

"Then, madame, pray let me plead for her. Re-"store her to your favor; forget her past errors; "and I will be bound for her future good behavior. "I heard her story; and she is to be pitied."

Finding I had made some impression upon madame Rambouillet in her favor, I told her story to the best advantage. She was greatly surprised at the turpitude of her milliner; and in her passion, tho' a paragon of decency, could not refrain from uttering.

"*Ah, la villaine bou——gresse!*"

Now was my time: Her passions were set on float; her pity began to move; and if her compassion were once under sail, I hoped I should quickly bring her to anchor in the harbor of forgiveness. The port was in view, and a favorable gale sprung up.

THE PENITENT.

IT is certainly true, there is more joy on earth as well as in heaven, at bringing back one strayed sheep, than keeping in order the rest of the fold.

Madame Rambouillet agreed to restore Miss Laborde to her favor, on condition she would unfold all the misdeeds of her milliner, and depose them before a *Commissaire*, that she might be dealt with according to law. This she was easily prevailed upon to perform; and madame la Roche's house was the next day beset by the *Archers*.

THE BICETRE.

A DEPOSITION upon oath, of a woman's carrying on the profession of a procuress, is sufficient to entitle her to a place in the *Bicetre*. In consequence, therefore, of Mademoiselle Laborde's declaration, madame la Roche, and three of her pupils, were conducted thither, where I shall leave them to their own reflection, and the *Police*.

CUL DE SAC DE L'ORATOIRE.

I BEG leave in this place, to correct a mistake which slipt into the first part of my Sentimental Journey, as it relates to a matter of chronology and geography; in which a traveller, and particularly a sentimental one, ought to be very correct. The passage is this:

"Madame de Rambouillet, after an acquaint-
"ance of about six weeks with her, had done me
"the honor to take me in her coach about two
"leagues out of town. Of all women, madame de
"Rambouillet is the most correct; and I never
"wish to see one of more virtues and purity of
"heart. In our return back, madame de Ram-
"bouillet desired me to pull the cord: I asked her
"if she wanted any thing? *Rien que pisser*, said
"madame de Rambouillet."

The fact is certain, and therefore remains in its full force; but the time when, and the place where, require some amendment.

It was only one week after I first met her in the

Thuilleries; and the circumstance happened in the *Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*.

This will also rectify the anachronism of my first acquaintance with madame de Rambouillet; which should not have been placed till after my return from the south of France.

THE PET EN L'AIR.

THE *Pet en l'Air* is once more a fashionable dress among the English ladies, and therefore requires no difinition: Its etymology will be set forth in this chapter.

Madame Pompadour riding thro' *la Cul de Sac de l'Oratoire*, the first day she wore this dress, (which was invented by her, and had not yet been christened), in company with Mademoiselle La Tour, one of her waiting maids, or rather servile companions, by some accident gave vent to some confined air, according to Hudibras, the natural way. The ludicrousness of the accident occasioned her to burst into a loud laugh, and exclaim, "That shall be the "name of my new dress;" and, from that time, a short sack and petticoat were called a *Pet en l'Air*.

A similarity of circumstances produces a similarity of sentiments. When madame de Rambouillet alighted *rien que pisser*, she was better than her word; and, upon resuming her seat, with a laugh, said, "*C'est ne pet pas en l'air, mais dans le Cul de* "*Sac de l'Oratoire*.

Such critical justness, in so light a conceit, must certainly set her judgment in the most favorable point of light; and though the thought might be originally madame de Pompadour's, this lady's improvement upon it is at least equal to the primitive sentiment.

Three learned doctors of the Sorbonne, being informed of the event, pronounced this sentence.

THE CONCATENATION.

I DARE say the reader was not a little disappointed, upon Mademoiselle Laborde's resuming her story, to find that the concatenation was entirely destroyed, and that no mention was made of her lover the *Perruquier*, who had proposed a connubial connection in the most honorable and serious way, and who was so well situated in business, and so agreeable a man, that he seemed every way qualified to render the marriage-state completely happy.

To own the truth, I did perceive a kind of chasm in this part of her narration; but being unwilling to interrupt her, I let her proceed her own way.

"Pray, Mademoiselle," said I, as we were sitting together at madame Rambouillet's during her absence, "*a propos*," (though, by the bye, it was no more *a propos* than any one thing the most foreign in the world, that might have been lugged in head and shoulders) "*a propos*, Miss Laborde; you never "told me what became of your lover the *Perru-* "*quier?*"

"Good heavens! no more I did: I quite forgot "him. I was so taken up with the Italian Marquis "and Lord Spindle, he never once entered my head. "———Poor man! Heigh ho!"

"What makes you sigh, and call him *poor* man? "I thought he was in very good circumstances."

"Yes, his circumstances were very well, for the "matter of that; but he was very imprudent. He "was twice cited to appear before the company of "barber-surgeons, and mulcted for not being licens- "ed; and yet he was so indiscreet as set them at "defiance, and the third time was committed to pri- "son, where I believe he still remains."

"What, could not the dutchess his patroness re- "lieve him?"

"She did not choose to appear in such an affair "publicly.—Besides, I believe by this time she had "pretty well forgot him and his services. An Irish.

" colonel had for some time supplied his place so ef-
" fectually, that there were some hopes of an heir
" to that noble family, after her Grace had been mar-
" ried eleven years without issue."

" And so the poor fellow is to rot in jail, be-
" cause the Irish colonel has so effecutally served
" this noble family? Forbid it, Justice! Forbid it,
" Mercy!"

THE INTERCESSION.

THE next morning, having intelligence of the place of confinement of Le Sieur Tournelle, I wrote to the master of the company of Barber Surgeons, proposing to pay all the expenses attendin his imprisonment, and to find sureties for his neve trespassing again. In this letter I mentioned th Count de B——'s name, to whom I also commun cated the affair; and received a very polite answe in which I was informed, Tournelle's confineme was more owing to his obstinacy, in not submittin to the concessions prescribed him, than to any inca pacity of paying the fees, or taking out a license.

I now waited upon Tournelle, whom I found i very good spirits, relying upon the dutchess's pro tection, upon her return from the country, where h had been informed she had resided for some tim past. I had some difficulty at first to convince hin of his error in this respect: But when I mentione to him the Irish colonel, who had been one of hi customers, and the other circumstances attendin his connexions with the dutchess; and added, that to my certain knowledge, she had not been a nigh absent from Paris these two months, he lowered hi tone, and very submissively entreated my inter cession.

I then told him the terms upon which I would obtain his liberty, and reimburse all the expenses which this affair had occasioned.

This was his marriage with Mademoiselle La-

borde. To this he readily consented, saying, she was the only woman he had ever really loved; and that I could not propose to him a more agreeable match; as he certainly should have married her before this time, if he had not been prevented by his confinement.

DOUBTS.

CASUISTS and Theologians will, perhaps, oppose their doctrines to my conduct, and pronounce the part I took in Tournelle's behalf rather jesuitical.——I had my doubts.

Whether this man may not be happily united to a woman, who, though she had been guilty of errors, is conscious of them, and seems perfectly penitent?

Or,

Whether, by informing him of the real state of her conduct, I may not make him miserable, and prevent an union which might make them both contented?

All her public errors had been committed, whilst he was estranged from the world: And ignorance in this respect, was to him virtue on her behalf;—but then the powers of Malice——

On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born and die.

THE RESOLUTION.

I ACQUAINTED madame de Rambouillet with all the steps I had taken, and consulted with her which was the most eligible way of proceeding. She said she would send for him to dress her; and whilst she was under the operation, she would introduce a conversation, wherein a similar character to Mademoiselle Laborde's should be presented to his opinion; and, if he thought such a woman a proper

candidate for matrimony, no intelligence he might afterwards receive from the slanderous world could affect his peace.

THE OPERATION.

HAIR-DRESSING is now so prevalent all over Europe, and even America (for many an *honest Perruquier* has made a voyage to that quarter of the globe), that it does not seem in the least ridiculous for a man, much less a lady, to sit a couple of hours to have their heads tortured with hot irons. Christian charity upon this occasion dictates a prayer, in behalf of the inhabitants of the pole—for burning is a horrid death.

Two hours are nothing. I am absolutely too modest. A French lady would be ashamed to retire from her toilet in three. This surely then was a sufficient period to discuss the matters in point—— madame de Rambouillet's head, and mademoiselle Laborde's——character.

THE CONVERSATION.

MADAME DE RAMBOUILLET.

IS it possible, then, you could admire a woman after she had been guilty of a *faux pas* with another man?

Tournelle. That, madame, would depend entirely on circumstances.

Madame. What circumstances are those?

Tour. First, Whether she had given him the preference by choice; whether she was compelled; or whether necessity had driven her to the deed.

Madame. So, then, in either of these cases, you could forgive a woman whom you had once loved?

Tour. Provided her future conduct strongly testified that her sentiments were not contaminated; and that her past behavior would serve her as a bea-

con, to avoid the shoals which so many females split upon.

Madame. What, then, you could forgive her having had a variety of lovers, if you was satisfied that necessity had compelled her, and that she was perfectly reclaimed?

Tour. The number, madame, I think of no consequence in this case: The sentiment and present disposition are the chief objects.

Madame. And could you think of marrying a woman under such circumstances?

Tour. If I had ever loved her well enough to have wedded her, I suppose I should be blind enough to her past failings; and, perhaps, vain enough to think that her future husband might reform her into an excellent wife.

Madame. I approve of your good sense; and, if half the Parisian husbands had reasoned with as much justice towards their wives, I believe there would not be half the number of cuckolds or cuckold-makers.——Bless me! you have burnt off a curl, a capital curl! What must be done?

Tour. Que Diable! This comes of marriage—— But I can soon rectify the deficiency of the *outside* of a lady's head, be it ever so great.——I will run immediately for my last new-invented *tete;* which, I am sure, madame, you will approve of.

Madame. "*Ah! Monsieur Tournelle, il n'y a pas "moyen.*"

Tour. "*N'ayez pas peur——je retournerai dans l'instant.*"

THE MARRIAGE.

I WOULD not have the reader, let him be ever so superstitious, imagine that this accident was any way ominous: For I can assure him, that to this hour, I do not know any one thing which hath occurred, that could in any respect be supposed portended by it. As to the marriage, it took place very

shortly: I gave away mademoiselle Laborde, now madame Tournelle: And there is not a better wife in all *Rue St. Honore*, or even *Renomee*.

What can I say more?

She is pregnant. And, if I am at Paris at the time of the christening, I am to stand godfather; if not, I shall be sponsor by proxy.

N. B. Monsieur Tournelle strenuously objected to the clerical claims of *cuisage* and *jambage*.—But he did not reside in *la Rue Tirebaudin*.

M Y S E L F.

HAVING thus cleanly, honestly, morally, and *almost* virtuously, got mademoiselle Laborde off my hands, I have nobody now to mind but myself.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I should pay some attention to madame de Rambouillet, the Count de B——, the marchande de gands d'amor, the marquiss de B****, Monsieur P——, the Farmer-General, madame de G——, madame de V——, Monsieur D——, the Abbe M——, the Count de Faineant, and all the rest of my Parisian acquaintance. To this I say, *No*.

Myself—is what I have not for some months looked into—With this being I must now converse; leaving the frivolity of *petits maitres* to be gratified with all their unsubstantial enjoyments—their ideal pleasures.

How stands the great account between me and reason? Some hath been paid, but much more still is due.——A long, long reckoning.——Alas! when shall I strike a balance?

Oh, my Eugenius! when we reflect upon the quick transition of time, the ridiculous goals of so great a part of the course of life, its short duration, the phantoms we pursue, the shadows that we grasp, I blush to take a view of myself, and would procrastinate a scrutiny which harrows me at reflection.

VANITY, FOLLY,

How magnificent are your altars! How numerous your votaries! How great your sacrifices!

THE VISIT.

WHEN I had got thus far in this moral self-disquisition, I heard a carriage stop at the door, and looking from the window, perceived the Count de B—— inquiring for Monsieur Yorick, or Monsieur Sterne. He saw me at the window, and instantly alighted.

He came up stairs, with much seeming satisfaction in his countenance upon finding me at home, he said he had had some difficulty in discovering my place of abode; that nobody knew Monsieur Yorick; and that, had he not luckily met with the celebrated Mr. W—es upon the Pont Neuf, he should never have thought of inquiring for Mr. Sterne; but that Mr. W—es explained to him the enigma, and that he had ordered his bookseller to bind him immediately, in elegant binding, the volumes of Tristram Shandy, together with his Sermons.

Such a compliment naturally excited me to pay an oblique one to his philanthropy and great erudition, which, however, was soon melted down into politics. Mr. W—es, his partisans and opponents, furnished us with matter of conversation for near an hour; in which the Count displayed great judgment, and a very extensive knowledge of the constition, laws, and customs of England; and appeared perfectly well acquainted with all the celebrated political characters of the age.

"But, after all, said the Count, this is not the subject of my visit. Monsieur de L——, with the assistance of the Abbe T——, has made very free with the marquis de M——, in a pamphlet handed about. Now, continued he, I have written an answer to it, in which I have the vanity to think I

" have fairly retorted the argument, as well as the " raillery upon him; and I wanted to consult with " you upon a proper device by way of frontispiece.

" My conceit is an elephant learning to dance up- " on the slack-rope, being taught by a monkey."

THE OBJECTION.

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE, said I, since you do " me the honor to consult me upon the occa- " sion, I hope you will not be offended at my speak- " ing without reserve."

" By no means," replied he.

" Why, Monsieur Le Comte, the thought is " good; but, *pardonnez moi*, it is not new."

" Not new! where is it to be met with?"

AN ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

"LORD GRIMSTON, when at school, about " the age of thirteen, wrote a comedy, called " *The Lawyer's Fortune*. This production was so " far from possessing any dramatic merit, that it con- " tained scarce any thing but palpable inconsisten- " cies; however, when the very juvenile years of the " author are considered, and that the publication of " it was probably owing to the partiality of parents " in the gratification of a childish vanity; and when " it is also considered, that at a mature time of life, the " author himself, upon a review of it, becoming sen- " sible of its imperfections, took every possible " means to call in the impression, and, if possible, " prevent so indifferent a performance standing forth " in evidence against even his childish talents; such " an error seemed, to all impartial people, sufficient- " ly apologized for; and indeed the severer critics " are less to be blamed than a certain lady, who call- " ed it forth from obscurity. This was the late Sa-

"rah Dutchess of Marlborough, who, in the course "of an opposition which she thought proper to make "to this gentleman, in an election for members of "parliament, where he stood a candidate, caused a "large impression of this play to be printed at her "own expense, and to be distributed among the "electors; with a frontispiece, conveying a reflec- "tion on his lordship's understanding. The device "was, *an elephant dancing on a slack rope.* This "gentleman, nevertheless carried his election, in "despite of this attempt to make him ridiculous in "the eyes of his constituents."

THE MONKEY.

"FORT *bien, Monsieur, mais ou est le singe?*" "Very well, sir, but where is the monkey?"

"Oh! I give up the monkey, Monsieur le Comte, "though there was something very like one in the "back ground."

CONVICTION.

THERE is nothing more difficult than to convince a Frenchman of a mistake, especially when his wit or judgment seems to be called in question; so that, though the Comte de B—— was a very accomplished gentleman, still he had so much of the Frenchman in him, that I saw him redden, as soon as I mentioned the old Dutchess's allegorical frontispiece; and I could find he would willingly have purchased all the dispersed copies of the Lawyer's Fortune, at a higher price than Lord Grimston, to have secured to himself the merit of novelty.

P O L I T E S S E.

HOWEVER, the Count preserved every possible external mark of *politesse;* and seemed pleased with a hint I gave him to improve his plate; he insisted on my eating soup with him the very next day, but added,—" *Vous me ferrez un plaisir* " *tres singulier, de ne mentionner a personne l'idee* " *que vous m'avez donnee a l'egard de cette planche.*"

" You will, said he, confer a singular pleasure on " me, if you mention to no man the hint you gave " me concerning this plate."

I promised him I would not.

For this reason I suppressed it here; though perhaps I might thereby lay claim to some Hogarthian merit—and it might have served as a very proper frontispiece to these four volumes of Sentimental Travels.

But Yorick's word is no jest.

C U R I O S I T Y.

CURIOSITY has been the source of human misery. What a price did Eve pay for it? What a price is every day paid for it by the human race? It may be divided into two classes: The first is, the desire of being acquainted with past times, by the means of history, of discovering the secrets of Nature, fathoming the depths of science, and such like laudable pursuits. This class of curiosity cannot be too strenuously and constantly preserved and excited, as, by an acquaintance with the past, we learn how to behave upon occasions that offer; for, as Cicero says, " *Nescire quod antequam natus esses* " *actum est, id semper esse fuerum.*"

The second class of curiosity, is an inquisitiveness after the business and pursuits of other people; and it is this kind of curiosity which must always be condemned.

The ancient inhabitants of Crete enacted laws, whereby they were forbidden, on pain of being publicly whipt, ever to inquire of a foreigner who he was, from whence he came, or what was his business; and those who answered such questions, were deprived of the use of fire and water. The reason they assigned for enacting this law, was, that men, by not interfering with the business of others, might the better attend to their own.

Good heaven! if such a law were in force in Europe, and particularly in Paris, which is the centre of curiosity, how much more would the curiosity of the Parisians be excited by the displaying of those charms, which, indeed, the ladies do not take much pains to hide, but which they would be greatly mortified to have thus publicly exposed and castigated! Not that they would be destitute of male-companions in these perambulations: For I believe the *petits maitres* in this city are the greatest gossips on earth.

These curious impertinents seem to have no ideas of their own, or which they have borrowed from books; all their knowedge may be said to consist in their neighbors actions; and whilst they repeat what they have learnt, by way of censure forget the ridiculous and infamous character they then appear in.

Plutarch and Pliny have both written encomiums upon Marcus Pontius, a Roman, who never had the curiosity to inquire about what passed at Rome, nor in the houses of his nearest neighbors. But this is a singular example, which will never be imitated, whilst politics, and news of every species, seem to engross the sole attention of mankind.

THE CRITICISM.

I AM aware that the snarlers will immediately be let loose upon me.—"So, Mr. Yorick, you would "suppress all curiosity, all thirst of knowledge, ex-

" cept what may immediately come under the head " of science.—Who the p—x then would read your " works ?"

Answer—There would then be nothing else read, as they contain the essence of learning, the depth of science, and the *ne plus ultra* of genius.

THE APPLICATION.

I SHALL now set forth my reasons for having such an objection to Parisian curiosity in particular.

On the same floor with me dwelt a man, who had the appearance of an officer: He was at the gate when the Count de B—— inquired for me by two different names. They were both foreign to his ear and his understanding, and this was sufficient to excite his curiosity. He popped his head into every coffee-house in Paris, to gain intelligence concerning me: What he there learned respecting me, he added to his former enigmatical account, in order, as poisons expel poisons, to extract more venom out of my character.

In every coffee-house in Paris is posted a political Lion, or court-spy, who reports every thing that falls within his observation, which he thinks will please the ministry, or lead to any discoveries. My name being thus handed about, there were no less than thirty-two different accounts concerning me, the next morning, upon the Duke de C——'s bureau, all concluding that I was a dangerous person.

I that day paid a visit to the Count de B——, with whom I also dined. During my absence, my lodgings were searched, all my papers seized, and a *letter de cachet* was waiting for me at my return.

PROVIDENCE.

DARK and intricate are the ways of Providence! —Short-sighted mortals, it were not fitting you

should pry into futurity; or could ye, the knowledge of events hereafter, so far from accelerating your happiness, would but increase your misery.

With what spirits did I dress, to wait upon the Count! With what an air of cheerfulness and satisfaction did I step into the coach, and order the *Cocher* to drive to his hotel! Little did I think, at that very moment the hand of the minister was subscribing to my fate.

The Count de B—— met me with the greatest politeness; and told me, as a secret, that the Duke de C——l had highly applauded my conceit. "He "is to dine here."——Scarce had he uttered these words, before the minister appeared. The Count introduced me to the Duke, but I perceived a reserve and coyness in his address, which I had never before observed in a Frenchman.

They retired for some time. The Count returned and asked me several questions, which I answered with my usual frankness. They were out of the common road; but I thought he was entitled to an explication.

In about a quarter of an hour, the Duke returned with the Count; when there was a serenity and openness in the minister's countenance, to which it had been quite estranged before. The company increased, when the conversation was general, sprightly, and agreeable.

MY RETURN.

NO sooner had my coach stopped at the gate, than my host came running out to tell me, if I was not inclined to lie in the *Bastile*, to drive away as fast as I could. Surprised at this intimation, I desired him to get into the coach, and we drove round several steeets; when he informed me of all that had happened.

"Good G—d! is this possible!—when I dined "this very day with the Duke de C——l, and have

" not left him half an hour !—Ah ! the mystery is " explained :—It is certain that an honest man could " not be guilty of such dissimulation ;—and I will lie " to night in my old lodgings.

" *Pour l'amour de Dieu, ne retournez pas.*

" What have I to fear ? I trust in the justness " and the uprightness of my intentions."

Saying this, I returned to my hotel, where, when I had alighted, I found all my letters sent back, with this short note from the Count.

" *Vous avez des ennemies ; mais n'ayez pas peur :* " *—On voit que vous etes un honnette homme.*"

" You have enemies ; but be not afraid :—It is " perceived that you are an honest man."

A FAREWELL TO PARIS.

HAD not this last proceeding given me much disgust to living under a government where neither a man's person or property are safe, let him be ever so innocent ; and where, had it not been for a mere accident, I might have languished out the remainder of my days in a loathsome dungeon ; I say, Eugenius, had not this consideration prevailed, the letter which I received from thee, wherein the cause of protracting your journey, your severe illness, was so strongly depicted, would not have let me remain one day longer in the paradise of coquets, the elysium of *petits maitres*, and the centre of frivolity.

I packed up my little baggage, wrote a complimentary letter to the Count de B——, another to madame de Rambouillet, and set out that very evening for Calais.

THE POST-CHAISE.

I HAD no sooner got into my post-chaise, than I began to consider the advantages of my present journey, the plan I had proposed, and how far I had [redacted] it.

"They order this matter better in France."

This assertion produced my voyage.——I was piqued to have it doubted, whether I was authorised to make it, and was resolved to be convinced by ocular demonstration.

The reader's curiosity hath, I dare say, though an Englishman, been upon the tenterhooks of impatience, all this while, to know what this matter was, and whether it really was ordered better in France

It is time he should be satisfied.

The subject in debate, was, the inconvenience of drinking healths whilst at meal, and toasts afterwards: And I carelessly said, upon what I thought good information, "They order this matter better "in France."

"HEALTHS ARE ABOLISHED, AND TOASTS NE-"VER WERE ADOPTED."

So far I was right:. So far I have compassed the design of my voyage.

But, whether this was *tant mieux* or *tant pis*, notwithstanding my thorough knowledge, at present, in the precise meaning of these two expressions in the French dialect, I shall leave the reader to determine.

CHANTILLY.

BY the time I had run over these observations and reflections, we (that is, the two horses, first, the postillion and myself, for I had no other companions) had got to this delightful retreat of the prince of Conde.

This *chateau* is considered by connoisseurs in architecture to be one of the most perfect structures of the kind. The apartments are sumptuous, and can be surpassed by nothing but the furniture. The gardens are finely laid out, and very happily disposed. Upon the whole, this is one of the most elegant and convenient spots in all France, as well from its

vicinity to the capital, as from its being so agreeably intersected with water.

We did not change horses here; but my curiosity, from the accounts I had heard of this seat, induced me to stop and take a survey of it; a circumstance I lamented having omitted in my way to Paris; and the gratification I received, amply repaid the small expense it occasioned me.

A M I E N S.

NOTHING very material occurred to me till we arrived at this city; "nor did any thing very "important happen then," the reader will probably pronounce.

I arrived here about one o'clock, and finding a keen appetite strongly prompt to inquire after dinner, I asked my host what he could speedily provide for me.

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Every thing you please."

A very comprehensive bill of fare.

"But what have you got in the house?"

"*Tout ce que vous voulez.*"

"Have you any partridges?"

"*Non.*"

"Any woodcocks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any ducks?"

"*Non.*"

"Any pullets?"

"*Non, Monsieur, qui sont propres a manger.*"

"No, sir, none that are fit for eating."

"Then you may as well not have them for a man "who is riding post."

"Any fish?"

"*Point de tout aujourd'hui.*"

"None to-day."

"What the p–x then does every thing consist of?"

"*Des coutlets de mouton a la Maintenon.*"

"Mutton-chops with Maintenon sauce."

"In the name of famine, let's have them, good "Mr. Boniface."

The conceit was lost upon him, for two reasons; first, he did not understand English; and, secondly, if he had, without knowing the character in the play, he never could have conceived, that his meagre carcase could convey the least idea of such a name.

THE HUE AND CRY.

IT is a dangerous thing for a man, especially an Englishman, to set his mind upon a good meal, when he travels in France. If he can put up with an omelette, soup-meagre, or a fricasee of frogs, which are in great plenty, he need entertain no apprehensions of starving: But if his ideas should be engrossed with a buttock or a surloin of beef, alas! alas! how great would be his disappointment, from his first setting foot at Calais, till he was ready to re-embark at Marseilles!

My disappointment was still greater; for, though I had reduced all my pretentions to eating to a couple of mutton-chops, after having my imagination raised to whatever I could think of, still these very chops were not to be found. A scrap of mutton, of about two pounds, on which my landlord had built all his foundation for good eating, was vanished.

"*Que diable, ou est le mouton?*"

"What the d——l is become of the mutton?"

"*Et puest f—tre ou est le mouton?*"

[Untranslatable.]

Every corner of the kitchen, every creek of the pantry was searched,——but no mutton was to be found.

THE DISCOVERY.

AT length when I was upon the point of resuming my chaise, and deferring the gratification of my appetite to the next post, *Monsieur l'hote* had found the house dog in possession of all our provisions, in the dust hole: He had already gnawed one half; but as there remained a sufficient quantity for my *coutelets de Maintenon*, I did not object to its being dressed, that the poor animal might escape the punishment with which he was so severely threatened.

ABBEVILLE.

A HUNGRY traveller and a disappointed stomach never think the horses drive fast enough. *Depechez, depechez.*

"*Oui Monseigneur.*"—Cric—crac—crac.

The postillions in France seem to have the exclusive privilege of cracking of whips; which they perform so very expertly, that it supplies all the use of a horn, blown by our post-boys upon their arrival at a post-house.

Crac—crac—crac.

And the horses were ready—But halt! I've not dined.

Thank heaven for meeting with an excellent duck, and a very good bottle of Burgundy! Now I can continue my journey as fast as you will.

Suppose I were to take a nap?

"Depend upon it, Mr. Yorick, the witlings will "pronounce you have been napping ever since you "left Paris."

Why, then, it is but continuing, if they do not snarl too loud.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.

SURELY I have got into England without crossing the sea! How many of my countrymen!!

What charms can this place have so peculiarly superior to all the other sea-ports in France?

This question I put to my host who was an Irishman—"Its vicinity to England."

Smugglers, bankrupts, and insolvents!——The streets swarm with them.

"Do they pay well?"

"At first."

"And can you afford to give them credit afterwards?"

"No; but there are so many fresh recruits, who "are fleeced by their countrymen, as soon as they "come over, that we can venture to trust them in a "dearth of bankruptcies."

Heavens! the needy preying upon the miserable! Or more likely——

The delinquent and felonious traveller
Sucking the last drops of vital blood
From the unfortunate and innocent traveller.

Close the scene—Humanity cannot sustain it.
The post-chaise this instant.

CALAIS, ONCE MORE.

WELL, Monsieur Dessein, you sold me a bargain; but I forgive you.

"*En honneur, Monsieur, je refusois deux louis de* "*plus le meme jour.*"

Modest! for an innkeeper.

"When does the packet sail for England?"

"*Ce soir, Monsieur.*"

"Then take me a place, and let me have a couple "of bottles of your best Burgundy."

Adieu! oh France!——but, alas! alas! the remise calls fresh to mind every circumstance that——

Heigh! ho!

I can't explain.

Love, Love these are thy victories! these thy trophies!

THE SEA.

A DEAD, dead calm! Mademoiselle Latouche, very ill——the sea an excellent emetic.

"Pray, mademoiselle, do not stand upon cere-"mony."

"*Non, Monsieur, c'est ce que je ne fais jamais, dans* "*des cas pareils.*"

"So I perceive—but—but"——Well, I had a narrow escape. So I will pay her no more compliments till we get ashore.

A fresh breeze brings us into harbor.

DOVER.

EVERY traveller who ever touched here, and afterwards thought proper to blot paper, has given such descriptive ideas of this place, that I shall refer my readers to them and Shakespeare for a poetical description of it.

"Sir, you may go in a post-chaise with another "gentleman, as cheap as in the stage."

This my landlord informed me at the King's Head.—"Why then I have no kind of objection."

CANTERBURY.

"SIR, a shilling a mile, a very bad road—nobody "can afford to run a chaise for less, and we get "nothing by it then."

"Why this is a most arrant imposition.——Mr. "what's-his-name has deceived me——and if there "be any redress in law, I'll have it."

"So will I," said my fellow-traveller.——He was a lawyer.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

WE had not travelled far from this celebrated city, before we were attacked by a highwayman. My fellow-traveller was disposed to contend with him; and tho' he trembled every joint while he ushered his *imaginary* courage to his aid, he continued talking of the poltronery of two travellers submitting to a single highwayman.

In answer to this, I told him the contents of my purse were but very trifling; and that if I could reach London, it would accomplish the full design of my present finances; that I should therefore take two guineas out of my purse, not for the robber, but for myself. "A man, continued I, who risks his "life, his future peace of mind, and perhaps the ex- "istence of a wife and family, upon such a business, "though illegal, deserves at least the compassion of "those who can spare a trifle.

"*Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe.*"

"You surprise me, sir, to plead so strongly in "favor of a highwayman.—An old Bailey counsel "would be ashamed to go such lengths——"

"Without a fee," I replied.

By this time the highwayman had made his demand in form; and fear enforced by the sight of a pistol, operated what pity or compassion would never have effected:——He gave up with a tremulous hand a purse which seemed to contain a considerable sum, when charity might have preserved the far greater part, by a merciful and benevolent allowance.

"You are no sentimental traveller, sir, I see."

"No—(in a faultering voice) I never was so ter- "fied in my life."

"More so, I imagine, than he who ventured against "so many chances, the law, our contention, our po- "verty."

He sighed.—

I pitied and despised him, and we conversed no more till we reached the metropolis.

LONDON.

OH! my dear Eugenius, I fly to your arms! Let me embrace the dearest of friends!

How happy I am to find you recovered!—Fortune hath repaid me too abundantly!

MAN.

WHAT a strange machine is man, framed with such nice mechanism by Nature's hand, that every element impends his perfect motion! Now the vibration of the heart is too much propelled by heat——now cold shivers every fibre. Where's the just medium? Tell me, philosopher, and I will own thy knowledge.

My spirits fail—my head swims.

To rest——to rest.

I cannot sleep—a book may perhaps amuse. Can it divert at this sad hour?

I will indulge my melancholy.

After having read Harvey's Meditations, I fell into a slumber, and by degrees a dream so strongly operated, that I thought I was no longer in a state of nature, but a kind of auditor to a dialogue that took place between my soul and my body; which, as it made a very strong impression on me, I can repeat it pretty correctly.

A VISION.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN MY SOUL AND MY BODY.

BODY.

NO!—never—never—will I submit to the caprices of thee, Soul! What, yield to thee that sovereignty which I have preserved over thee for

such a succession of years! After thou hast so implicitly obeyed my laws shall I submit to thine, which forbid me the use of all that gives me pleasure, and compel me to embrace what I hold in the utmost abhorrence? This shall never be; thou shalt never have the satisfaction to find, that, at the end of my career, I adopt thy visions for rules of conduct. How!——acknowledge, tamely acknowledge my slave to be my master, and yield to thy laws, who, from thine infancy gavest up all pretensions to the enforcing of them? Ungrateful wretch! after thou hast partaken with me of the sweetest pleasures, thou wouldest at present testify thy acknowledgment, by depriving me of the enjoyments of life, in order to relieve thee from thy panics and terrors. Is this the gratitude thou owest me, to undertake the destruction of that dwelling, in which thou hast been lodged so many years, and to acquit thy rent with tears, sighs, solitude, mortification, contempt, and in a word, chastise me in every sensible part? No——I will oppose thee with all my strength; and I will pursue, as usual, the gratification of my senses, in despite of thee and all thy misanthropy. But—ah! my soul appears—and I must listen, even against my will.

SOUL.

Thou wretched mass! bag of earth! pasture of worms! itinerant sink! horrid carcase! the abode of serpents, and the retreat of toads! Darest thou to oppose the laws which I dictate to thee, for the short time which we shall now remain together, after having, by a fatal complaisance, allowed thee, for such a length of time, all that thy infamous desires could crave! Art thou most ungrateful, or most criminal? Thou now refusest me a few tears, after having afforded thee, for such a series of years, innumerable delights. But alas! vain and imaginary is all terrestial felicity! Canst thou deny a

few sighs, after so much joy ; a useful solitude, after such a long and scandalous commerce with the world ; some mortifications, after myriads of such vain delights ; some little contempt, after so much pride : In a word, a state of repentance, so short as will be our union, for so many years of idle or vicious gratification, and of which I must one day give an account to the Sovereign Judge ?

Thou contemptible rebel ! thou blind vessel of clay and dirt ! thou by thy disobedience, art as unworthy of my care, as I am of mercy, by my past inconsiderate partiality for thee. But mine eyes are now open : I perceive the absolute power I ought to have had over thee, and I will now exercise it. Wherefore, no longer oppose my mandates ; and henceforward expect nothing from me in this world but affliction. I command thee to submit with patience, as thou canst not, from thy nature do it with pleasure, to the keenest anguish of this life. By thy present tears, I will endeavor to purge away the foul stains of thy past actions ——Thy present humility may obliterate the remembrance of thy former vanity.——Have not thy works tended to the corruption of the age ? to the depravity of the morals of the rising generation ?—What recompence canst thou offer ?——Not thy religious discourses : They are but a small counterpoise, and read but by few.

A W A K E.

HERE a noise in the street awoke me ; and I was glad to find this was only a vision : It however operated so strongly upon my mind, that, added to my present weakness, I was scarce able to support the remembrance of it.

I saw, but too clearly saw, the justness of the reasoning of my soul, even in sleep. What a wretch am I !——How have I misapplied those talents that Nature destined for superior uses !—Vile *dauber of* paper !

—Oh my brain !—Eugenius ! my brain !

The grim Tyrant now in earnest seizes me so violently by the throat, that my friend Eugenius can scarce hear me cry across the table !

THE CATASTROPHE.

HE's gone ! for ever gone ! *

Poor Yorick ! he was a fellow of infinite jest ! of most excellent fancy ?——Where be your gibes now ?———Your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ?—not one now —quite chop fallen !

Alas ! alas ! alas ! poor Yorick.

This, with the spontaneous flood of friendship, your Eugenius signs.

* *Mr. Sterne died in March* 1768, *soon after the publication of the two volumes of his Sentimental Journey.*

END OF SENTIMETAL JOURNEY.

THE

POSTHUMOUS

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

PREBENDARY of *York*, and VICAR of *Sutton* on the Forest, and of *Stillington* near *York*.

FRONTEM NUGIS SOLVERE EDISCE MEIS.
MARTIAL.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

MY LORD,

I HAVE not the honor of being known to your Lordship.——My sole reason, then, for presenting these volumes to you, arises from the respect and esteem I have often heard the author of them profess towards your Lordship's person and character.

Upon reading the following pages to me one day, he stopped at the end of a particular chapter, and expressed himself thus: "SWIFT said, That if there were but a "dozen ARBUTHNOTS in the world, he "would burn his GULLIVER. In like manner," added he, "I declare, that if there "were only as many CHARLEMONTS in "these kingdoms, I would also commit "my * PRIMMER to the flames."

* *This article will unfold itself in due time. See Chapter XL.*

So honorable a testimony as this, sufficiently justifies the preference with which I subscribe myself, on this occasion, your Lordship's

Most humble

and obedient servant,

The EDITOR.

THE

EDITOR

TO THE

READER.

I HERE present the public with the remains of an author, who has long entertained and amused them, and who has been the subject both of applause and censure—himself equally regardless of both. ——He was a second Democritus, who sported his opinions freely, just as his philosophy, or his fancy, led the way: And as he instilled no profligate principle, nor solicited any loose desire, the worst that could possibly be said, of the very worst part of his writings, might be only, that they were as indecent, but as innocent, at the same time, as the sprawling of an infant on the floor.

And I shall give you here his own sentiments about this matter, which I have taken, *ex ore suo*, from one of the following pages.—

"And I, who am myself a perfect phi-

" losopher of the French school, whose " motto is, *Ride, si sapis*, do affirm, that " writings which divert or exhilarate the " mind, tho' ever so arch or free, provid- " ed they appear to have no other scope, " ought not to be reprehended with too " *methodistical* a severity—while those, " indeed, cannot be too loudly anathema- " tized, which aim directly, or even with " the most remote obliquity, against any " one principle of honor, morals, or re- " ligion*."

These notes were designed by the author to frame a larger work from than the present, to be published after he should find himself—or the public—tired of the sportive incoherence of his former volumes :—But his untimely and unexpected death prevented him from digesting and completing this scheme.

These sheets had been put into my hands some time before this unhappy event, to correct or cancel, as I should think proper ; and he left them with me, on his death bed, to dispose of after what manner I might choose—either to be kept among my miscellaneous papers, for my own amusement, or published to the world, or thrown into the fire.—His expression to me, upon that affecting occasion, was equally elegant and flattering——

* See chap. XI.

Et dixit moriens—*Te nunc habet ista secundum.*

I imagined, that any tract of this author, especially into which he transfuses so much of his very soul, might afford some entertainment to the public; and I have, therefore, committed these incorrect pieces, and unfinished sketches, to the press, without attempting to make any manner of addition or alteration in them, except the leaving out of some passages, that were either unintelligible—or too plain.

And if there should yet appear to have remained some other particulars, which the scrupulous reader may think to have needed the farther use of the *style*, I am very certain that he will meet with sufficient matter, in the rest of the work, to make the author's apology, and to serve also as a justification of

THE EDITOR.

THE

KORAN:

OR,

THE LIFE, CHARACTER AND

SENTIMENTS

OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, *M. N. A.*

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

PART FIRST.

Vous y verrez du serieux,
Entre mele de badinage ;
Des traits un peu facetieux,
Dont la morale, au moins, est sage.
Le philosophe de Sans-souci.

THE

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XLV. A shorter.
POSTSCRIPT, To the Printer.

Political Romance. Addressed to ———, Esq: of York.
Letter from Mr. Sterne, to a Friend.

A

PRIVATE LTTTER.

FROM

THE AUTHOR TO THE EDITOR.

TO ONE IN A MILLION.

My very good Friend,

I AM just returned from hunting *o'er the hills and far away*; and as my manner has ever been, whether riding, walking, skating, swimming, or boating——and I dare venture to hold a wager, that it would be the same if I was flying—to revolve those subjects in my mind, which I purpose, at any time of my life, to discuss in writing, your request to me lately has occupied my whole thoughts all this morning. *Experieris non Dianam magis in montibus, quam Minervam inerrare*, as Pliny says.

In such a memoiring and *memorable age* as this, why not write my own Memoirs? *vexatus toties.* I have gone thro' a multitude of novels, within these few years past, and have attended, with most exemplary patience and perseverance, chapter after chapter, in hope that the next anecdote might possibly make me some amends for the dullness of the former. In vain! Modern novelists seem to be deficient, even in invention. We forgive them their total want of language, style, moral, character or sentiment.

My series of life has happily saved me the entire labor of conception. For the mere literal narrative of my adventures, from the moment I was uncased from my first *envelope*, till the instant I shall escape from this second *caul*—for the context and complexion of *my* past life will probably form the web

and hue of my future———would amuse and interest my readers, tho' recited in the simplicity of my nurse, the stupidity of my pedagogues, or the tediousness of modern memoirists; who may be said, according to Aristotle's figure, styled *Paronomasia*, to write more *pour Faim*, than *Fame*. For I take necessity to be a muse that's fairly worth the *Nine*, and literary Fame to be lineally derived from *Fames*.

Largitor ingenii venter.

Pray don't be alarmed at the word *Koran*, which I have chosen to make the title of these papers. I am not turned Mussulman; but I hate *appropriated names*, because they restrain the language too much, and are apt to lead to superstition. And I see no reason why my vision and vagaries have not as good a right to be called *Al Koran*, or *The Koran*, as the inventions and impositions of Mahomet; which were styled so, merely as being *a collection of chapters*—for so the word in Arabick signifies.

But to proceed——

THE KORAN.

CHAP. I.

THE CHANCE-MEDLEY.

AS I am, at length and long-run, safely delivered into the world, and fairly entered into life, I think it high time now to give you some account of myself——so often promised, and so long delayed——which I shall do, in as few words as the nature of the subject, and the writer of it, will permit. *Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis.*

I was *really* born—no doubt on't: For if I had not, I should never have pretended to say so——But first let me account for myself, in the character I at present stand before you, as an author——which I never intended—nor indeed was ever intended—to be.——I happened to become one by mere chance.

Chance has ever been my *fate*. My father never designed me any manner of education. He was a *brave soldier* and despised it. What a power of courage he must have had! So I learned to read and write, by *chance*. I *miched* once to school, and picked up a little literature, *by chance*. I never meant to marry, and yet it was my *luck* to get a wife. I never had any patron, but was provided for by *fortune*.

Chance, Luck, and Fortune, then, have been my *Clotho*, *Atropos*, and *Lachesis*——and so I have assumed the cognomen of *Tria juncta in uno*—which is another chance also; as I never once thought of such a derivation, before this very instant.

But how an author by chance, prithee ?—I'll tell you, if you'll have but a little patience.

CHAP. II.

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

THIS method of dividing a subject into chapters, is an admirable expedient for your pennyworth wits, and your twp-penny readers. It serves as resting pauses to both.

Divisum sic breve fiet opus.

The bible itself might, perhaps, to some, appear tedious, if it was not for the comfortable relief of chapters.

Besides, the intervals, or *white lines*, as the printers style them, help to swell the volume like a bladder; or may be compared to an article of *potted saw-dust* in a *bill of fare*, which helps to *cover a table*, tho' it adds nothing to the *feast*.

Here now I expect that my old acquaintance *the* UN-*critical Reviewers* will be apt to remark upon this passage, that these spaces are the most valuable parts of my books, as a *blank* is better than a *blot* at any time, with other insipidities of the same sort.

But let them prate; for I have long since brought myself to be very well able to bear with them, by becoming regardless equally of their applause or censure. True critics, like hawks, hunt for pleasure; but the Reviewers, like vultures, only *for prey*.

And, for this reason, I don't think that one should be too severe against the poor devils neither. They ought rather to become the object of our pity than resentment, who, like *hangmen*, are obliged to *execute* for bread. And it should therefore be a considerable advantage to a work, to have received their censure——for an author may set what price he pleases on a book that has been condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

CHAP. III.

THE UNCLE.

I THINK I promised in my first chapter, to give you my *authority* in literature. Thus it was——

I happened to have an uncle once, who was a minister of the gospel, but his only study was politics. He had a laudable ambition to rise in life. Religion is undoubtedly a necessary qualification for that purpose in the next world—but is not sufficient to help us forward in this.

He took care, therefore, just to get the *thirty-nine articles* by heart to enable him to stand an examination of faith on the day of judgment——not attending to the good old saying, *Live and learn, die and forget all:* But his maxims were, *not to go, while you stay—to live whilst you live; for at the hour of death, sufficient to that day will be the evil thereof.*

In prosecution then of his scheme of life, he wrote and published several party papers, during the reign of Sir Robert Walpole, in favor of his ministry—— but Mammon left him in the lurch. They produced no effect toward his advancement.—They were poorly written.—Parsons generally write ill, even upon their own subjects.

He might better have employed himself, in saying his prayers—for in this service, whatever is well meant, is well received, though ever so ill performed: But, in the other case, whatever is well *executed* only, is well accepted of, however *ill intended.*— This mortified our divine.

Just at this crisis, I happened to return into the country; after having quitted college, and brought home some little character from the university for parts and learning.

But I am hurrying the reader on too fast. My stock is small, and needs economy. So I think that I have now wrote enough for this chapter——

and in the stile of a sermon, I shall leave you to consider of what has been said, and defer the remainder to another opportunity.

CHAP. IV.

ON MURDER.

FOR my own part, I have not the least notion how any man—or woman either——can bring themselves to commit murder——except, indeed, it happened to be on the body of a brother, a friend, a mistress or some other such fond and dear connexion as these.

Human nature revolts at the very idea: Insomuch, that I know not what *temptations* can induce any person to be guilty of such a crime——for *temptation* comes from *nature*, whose strongest propensity is the very *reverse* of it. This vice then must certainly arise from *provocation* only—because provocation proceeds from the devil.

Thus, reader, you may perceive——that is, supposing you to have been attentive to what I am saying all this while, that I have here made a nice distinction of it, between the *flesh and the devil*.—Pray now, please you to observe the consequence.

The *provocation* then must be of the highest kind. This cannot arise from any indifferent person. They can never *provoke* us sufficiently——A man—or woman either,—deserves to be hanged for killing such as these. No——A brother, a friend, a child, a wife, or a mistress, must therefore become the proper objects of our most deadly resentment. Ergo——

The application of this argument in some other chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE MINISTERIAL WRITER.

MY uncle then employed me to write a pamphlet, in defence of the ministry—not of the gospel. I obeyed his commands, and put the manuscript into his hands; which he carried forthwith in his own name to sir Robert.

He approved of it; 'twas sent to the press and procured the parson preferment—but prevented his own———for it kept the knight *out of the House of Lords* for the remainder of that septennial.

The method I used in that pamphlet was this ———I collected together every thing that had been ever objected against the minister, from his first entering into office till that time, and ipse-dixited every article of it *point blank*, in the negative——*from my own certain knowledge and other sufficient authority*—Affirmed myself to be *no courtier*, nor even acquainted with one; but to be *a mere country gentleman*, of an independent fortune, who had never before troubled his head about *party disputes*, vulgarly styled *politics*—but, shocked at the *licentiousness of the times*, had entered a volunteer in the service of my king, my country, and the support of ministerial virtue and integrity.

I affirmed, that the high price of provisions, so loudly complained of, arose from the riches and affluence flowing daily into the kingdom, under the auspecies of our minister—and that the accumulation of taxes, like the rising of rents, was the surest token of a nation's thriving——that the dearness of markets, with these new imposts of government, necessarily doubled industry—and that an increase of this *natural kind of manufacture*, was adding to the capital stock of the commonwealth.

I lamented the fatal effects to be apprehended from all these heats, animosities, and revilings, which, I said, *I had good reason* to affirm, were but a me-

thod of acting and instilling treason, under cover—for that, whenever *the minister was* abused, *the king was* attacked.

So, profligate parsons, whenever they fall into detestation or contempt, inveigh against the impiety of the times, and charge the scandal and reproach they have themselves induced upon their function, to the atheism of the laity.

This book of mine has been the *codex* or *ars politica* of all the ministerial sycophants ever since that era——for I have scarcely met with a paragraph in any of the state-hireling writers, for many years past, that I could not trace fairly back to my own *code.*

CHAP. VI.

ORIGIN OF UNCLE TOBY.

THE income of my uncle's new benefice was considerable; and I thought that I had some claim to part of the emoluments of it. I was amused with hope for several years; during which time he contrived to get some other useful jobs out of me —But my good uncle was a courtier, as I told you before———He promised, and performed, like one.

This disappointment, this ingratitude, *provoked* my resentment to the highest degree——Here read the penultima chapter over again, and I'll wait for you.

— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —

However, this incident happened afterwards to turn out a good deal to my own advantage.——If I can help others to live by my wits, said I to myself, one day that I happened to be in a reasoning mood,

what a fool must I be not to endeavor to manufacture them a little toward my own profit?

I had been just then priested—I wrote a sermon, preached and published it——But I hate to tell a story twice, as much as others do to hear one.

I then formed the design of writing my own memoirs—Why not? Every French ensign does the same. If we are not of sufficient consequence to the world, we certainly are so to ourselves. We feel our own self-importance—and how natural is it to express one's feelings!

In order to embellish this work, I drew a sketch of my uncle's character.—It was bitter enough, to say the truth of it—for truth it was—But happening to show this *trait* to some of my friends, they reprehended me for it.——Parsons, said they, God knows, have enemies enow already—they need not slander one another.

No man brooks chiding better—nor can I long harbor resentment. I have no inimicality in my nature——my blood is milk, and curdles at another's woe——I had forgiven the man long before; and it was more out of humor, than malice, that I had been *tempted* not *provoked*, to introduce him on the scene.

I immediately changed my purpose,—But, as this defalcation had left an *hiatus deflendus* in my *piece*—for they are all but *pieces*—I supplied the chasm of this dramatis personæ, by an imaginary *uncle Toby*, already sufficiently known to the world.

Many years before this latter era, I happened to fall into matrimony——*Sed chartæ silent*—The modest reader, and I desire no other, will surely suffer me to *draw the curtain* here.——And so finishes the sixth chapter.

CHAP. VII.

LE FEVRE.

AND now it is full time to commence a new one —But I am again precipitating matters and things too hastily.——I was always giddy.——The reader must have time allowed him for digestion—let us take up my story a little higher.

My father was an Englishman, and had a command in the army. He was stationed in Ireland at the time of my birth, which happened—I forget what year—in the city of Clonmel.——I remained in that kingdom till I was about twelve years old—and there I received the first rudiments of literature, from the kindness and humanity of a lieutenant, who was in the same corps with my father—his name was Le Fevre.

But, indeed, I owe infinitely more to him than my Latin grammar. It was he that taught me *the Grammar of Virtue*—It was this most excellent person who first instilled into my mind the principles—not of *a Parson*—but of *a Divine*—It was he who imbued my soul with humanity, benevolence, and charity—It was he who inspired me with that *vibration* for the distresses of mankind,

> " Which, like the needle true,
> " Turns at the touch of others woe,
> " And, turning, trembles too." *

—It was he who instructed me, that temperance is the best source of charity.——'Tis in this sense only, that it should ever be said *to begin at home*—Readers, throw your gouts, your cholics, your scurvies, to the poor.

It was he who furnished me with this admirable hint to charity—that *the more a person wants, the less will do him good.*—It was he who softened my

* *Mrs. Greville's Ode.*

nature to that tender sensibility, and fond sympathy, which have created the principal pains and pleasures of my life; and which will, I trust in God, insure the latter, in the next, without its alloy. ——Amen!

This good man has been long dead; and, in grateful honor of his memory, I have mentioned his name in another place—'Twas all I could!—I would have *plucked a nettle from his grave*, had I seen one ever grow there—For surely there was nothing, either in the humors of his body, or the temperament of his mind, that such a *noli me tangere* weed could be nourished by, or emblematic of.——

CHAP. VIII.

A DIGRESSION ON WIT.

WHAT is Wit?—'Tis not a manufacture—it is not to be wrought out of the mind, by dint of study and labor, as sense, reason, and science are—Ideas, with the very words fitted to them, *ready cut and dry*, come bounce all complete together into the brain, without the least manner of reflection.

Even I have sometimes said things without design, unconscious of any kind of wit in them myself, till the sound of the words has alarmed my own ears, or made others to prick up theirs. If wit had been hanging matter—and so it might, for any great harm it would do—I should then have incurred the penalty of a sort of *chance-medley* treason. It would have required time and thought to have expressed myself worse—or according to law—upon such occasions.

What is the reason, that between two persons of equal sense and learning, an imagery shall generally strike the one, and never the other?—That upon viewing a green field, stocked with new shorn sheep,

one man shall see nothing there, but grass and mutton, and that another shall resemble it to a *tansey*, stuck with almonds ?

That one person shall *plainly* say, of a fine day, in winter, that the sun shines, but does not warm—while another shall, at the same instant compare it to *a jewel, at once both bright and cold ?* &c.

Thus, you see, that wit is only a *double entendre*.—What pity 'tis, ladies, that *double entendres* are not always wit also ?

Nay, the prudish Cowley has, unluckily for us, made them one of the negative definitions of it :

" Much less can that have any place,
" At which a virgin hides her face——
" Such dross the fire must purge away. 'Tis just
" The writer blush, whene'er the reader must."

CHAP. IX.

WHETHER I MYSELF HAVE WIT.

THIS point has been questioned by some——One *Biographer Triglyph*, calls me an *anamolous heteroclite* writer—words, by the bye, that signify the same thing ;—says, that *I have more sauce than pig*,* &c.—They allow me oddness, originality, and humor—but deny me *wit*.

If by this expression they mean epigrammatic point, perhaps I may have but little of it.—But, let wit be *sauce*, according to the good master Triglyph.—Must sauces always be poignant ?—Is not that esteemed the best cookery where the ingredients are so equally blended, that no one particular flavor predominates upon the palate ?—Decayed appetites only require the sharper seasonings.

They grant me humor, originality, and description.——What then is wit, if these articles do not comprehend it.?—And if it is any thing else, how-

* *The Triumvirate, the preface.*

little necessary must it be, where these already are?

The ancients styled wit *ingenium*—capacity, invention, powers.—Martial was the first person who reduced it to *a point*—and too many of the writings, since that era of the *faux brilliants*, have been so very *eager*, that they have almost *set one's teeth on edge*.

So far I am easy on this score, whether they allow me wit, or no.

CHAP. X.

OF WIT, IN MORALS.

I FORMERLY used to prefer Pliny's Epistles, and Seneca's Morals, before Cicero's writings of both kinds—because of the points of wit, and quaint turns, in the former.—I remember, when I thought Horace and Catullus flat and insipid——but it was when I admired Martial and Cowley.

Plain meats, simply dressed, are certainly more wholesome food, than higher cooked repasts.—— But one who has indulged, or rather depraved, his appetite, with the latter viands, cannot, without difficulty, recover his natural relish for the former.— We are just in the same circumstances in literature.

The sport of fancy, and a play of words; may have, perhaps, this effect, to fix the sentiment more strongly in the mind—but I seldom found, that they carried their uses farther——

Play round the head, but enter not the heart.

Strong phrases, and opposition of terms, may store the *common place* of memory with apt sentiments, which may help a person to *shine* in writing, or conversation; but this wants the true *splendor* of learning, the *temperato usu*: While sound sense and reason, more plainly expressed, operates upon

us in the nature of an *alterative medicine*——slow, but sure.

And though, by degrees, we bound *with vigor not our own*; yet, not being able directly to impute our strength to any foreign assistance, we are apt to cherish that sense and virtue, which we by this means acquire, as we do *the heirs of our own loins*—while those acquisitions we make, by the help of *remembered wit* only, are received into the heart as coldly as *an adoption*.

I find myself moralizing here, somewhat in the very style I have been reprehending—but I have not strained my pen—for, when we condemn a fault—to carry on the vein—we should endeavor *to make an example of it*.——And it may be applied to me, what was said of Jeremy, in *Love for Love*, "that he was "declaiming against wit, with all the wit he could "muster."

But witty I am henceforth *resolved* to be for the rest of my life.—Lord, sir, *resolution* is a powerful thing; it has rendered many a coward brave, and a few women chaste.——Let us try now, whether this same miraculous faculty cannot make one parson witty——for a wonder.

CHAP. XI.

TRIGLYPH AND TRISTRAM COMPARED.

BUT the author of the *Triumvirate* is still more severe on me, on account of some free passages in my works——Call them not my *works*, but my *sports* only——and please to let master Triglyph know, that I was not writing treatises on morals, or lectures on religion, at that time—I wrote entirely for *the benefit of my own health*, and that of my readers also.

Bacon, in his *historia vitæ et mortis*, recommends cheerful and light writings to be read, *for life and death*—and I will actally get them inserted among

the *materia medica*, in the next edition of the London Dispensatory.—Why should we find fault with the archness of any passage, that contributes towards so salutary a purpose? what freedoms are not surgeons obliged often to use, particularly in obstetrics—for the health or safety of the chastest maid or matron!

Some other philosopher recommends *hæ nugæ* too for the relief of the mind——

——*Læsus animo debent aliquando dari,*
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

And I, who am myself a perfect philosopher of the French school, whose motto is, *Ride, si sapis*, do affirm, that writings which divert or exhilarate the mind, though ever so arch or free, provided they appear to have no other scope, ought not to be reprehended with too *methodistical* a severity——while those indeed cannot be too loudly anathematized, which aim directly, or even with the most remote obliquity, against any one principle of honor, morals, or religion.

But prithee, ladies, is not Triglyph full as arch and free as Tristram?—I shall not take the pains to collate the several passages together——nor, like friend Kidgel, *reveal* while I *expose*——But is not his LXXXVIIIth chapter *un chef d'œuvre* in his way?

He therein mentions the accidental view of a fine woman stark-naked——indeed he neither describes her person, her limbs, her complexion, nor makes use of any one loose idea, or indecent expression——Better he had——for then the offence would have ended there.——But how is the reader's imagination inflamed, and his passions emoved, by sympathy, with those effects whichthe spectator tells you this object had upon his own senses and sensations?

To be able thus to raise a smile, without a *blush*,

and to provoke *desire* without offending *decency*, is an art, good master Triglyph, that is capable of *uncalendering* a saint.

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art, &c.

But I do not deny the man his merits, as he has also the candor not to refuse me mine—for tho' we are both great rivals, it is in a sentiment that ought to make us the greater friends—We seem equally to wish and most fervently pray, for "Glory to God "in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to- "wards men." *Amen!*

But to proceed——

CHAP. XII.

THE ABIGAIL.

WHEN I was about twelve years old, as I told you before, my father and mother returned into England, and brought me over with them: I was then placed at a regular school——at my own most earnest instance, threatening, if refused, to enlist myself among the strolling gipsies, to purchase *any knowledge, at any rate*——From whence I was, in due time, transferred to the university.

I need not trouble you here with a particular account of my education—the benefits of it are sufficiently apparent in my writings——*Let your works, not your words, prove you*, says somebody——if not, I say so myself. So that my life is all that the reader has any right to call upon me for here.

In that large field then I was first entered by my mother's maid—This was no *slip* of mine——the *backsliding* was all her own——Alas! what wit had I?—And for this *faux pas* it is needless to make any manner of apology—Men must be initiated in the mysteries of iniquity, in order the more safely to pursue the paths of virtue——

And if you will not take my word for it, because I am a Christian, listen to what Terence, who was a notorious heathen, says upon this subject :

Id vero est, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus
Meretricum ingenia, et mores, posset noscere,
Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit.
EUN.

I happened to marry, some time after, and communicated my experience to my wife——*she nothing loath*, &c.

It would, I think, be highly improper in me to add one sentence more to such a chapter as this.

CHAP. XIII.

ON LITERAL MODESTY.

AS the world seems not to be charitably enough inclined to give me credit for the merit of the above title, it forces me here to break thro' the very rules of it, in order to point out those instances where I happen to afford any rare specimen of my *bienseance*.

The close of my last chapter is a remarkable example of this kind——With what becoming decency did I drop the curtain, in that scene ! According to the rule of Horace,

——*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promis in scenam.

And yet I have read Meursius, Ausonius, and Martinus Scriblerus, I assure you—which I think I may confess the more freely, as you may perceive that I am not a bit the worse for such dangerous precedents.

A word by the bye.——Precedents are the band

and disgrace of legislature—They are not wanted, to justify right measures,——are absolutely insufficient to excuse wrong ones.——They can only be useful to heralds, dancing-masters, and gentlemen-ushers——because, in these departments, neither reason, virtue, nor the *salus populi*, or *suprema lex*, can have any operation.

Another instance of my reticence, is, that tho' I brought Terence upon the carpet, I did not quote that passage from him, where he has the impudence to say,

Non est flagitium, crede mihi, adolescentulum *Scorturi*, neque *potare*. ADELPH.

Which, though in reality, not spoken in the mere *dictionary sense* of the words, might have, however, been made a sinister use of, had I had any of that profligate turn of mind, that has, sometimes, been so unfairly imputed to me.

I love a joke; I don't deny it—and whether 'tis a *black* or a *white* one, I own, that I do not always wait to examine. But what does this signify? Abler persons than I often take things in the lump——and, provided we are but pleased, methinks it is being rather more nice than wise, to consider thro' what medium. But then, I think it no joke, to debauch or corrupt another person's mind or principles.—— Charge this upon me who can.

CHAP. XIV.

ON LIBERAL MODESTY.

DO you comprehend the distinction of this title? for I am no definitioner.

Aidoos auk agathe, is an expression of Hesiod's. Horace calls it *pudor malus*, and the French say *mauvaise honte*. By all which terms is meant, that kind of bashfulness which is observed in young persons of the best parts and merit, on their first en-

trance into life, or mixing with the world; and which many people are never after able to shake off.

This sort of modesty is said to be highly commendable, and a token of hopeful presage in youth. For my part, I cannot see why—Is it not an advantage to be in possession of all one's faculties?—— can a bashful person be so? While a little assurance, like the *tincture of Sage*, gives a man *the perfect possession of himself*.*

Can a man who has a diffidence of his powers, either write, speak, love, or fight, as well as he who reposes a confidence in them? When we would cast a reflection on the character of a soldier, need we use severer terms then to say, *he is bashful*—he is apt to be *embarassed* on the day of battle, &c.

But were we to investigate this same *imputed* merit, in the school of philosophy, we should probably find that it has its foundation, not so much in the *modesty* of others, as in the *vanity* of ourselves. We naturally accept this *awe before us*, as a deference to our own superior consequence, and so are first *flattered*, before we *praise*.

As I am not much given to adulation myself, I never remember to have paid 'a sneaking compliment of this sort to any one in my life.' I have ever sat, walked, or conversed, at perfect ease, among persons of the highest rank or genius—and should be as much ashamed of keeping a reserve over whatever little wit or parts I am possessed of, before people of superior talents, as I should be of slinking into 'a slut's corner,' of the room, because there happened to be a taller or an handsomer man in company.

* *See Dr. Hill's advertisement.*

CHAP. XV.

THE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

WELL, reader—whether you be male or female——methinks I have proved myself *man enough* for you now ; and what would you have more ? You have no right to expect any extraordinary adventures, or critical situations, in the life of a sickly, home-bred, married, country parson.

I have, indeed, had some——say many—connections, with certain anecdotes, or private memoirs, relative to others, that would most highly entertain you ; and I think I was never in a better humor for telling a story in my life, than I happen to be at this very instant. But my heart fails me. Laugh at me as much as you please, and welcome——but I shall never make you merry at the expense of my friends.

With regard to myself, I have been ever a thinking——and who would think it ?—rather than an active being. My mind indeed has been an Errant Knight, but my body only a simple Squire——and it has been so harrassed,and chivalried with the wanderings and the wind-mills of its master, that it has long wished to quit the service——frequently crying out with Sancho, " a blessing on his heart who " first invented sleep."

However, notwithstanding the natural indolence of this same body of me, I have contrived to fulfill, completely, all the characteristics of man——which some philosopher specifies to be these four——

To build an house——
To raise a tree——
To write a book——
And
To get a child——

These four cordinal virtues, then, have I already most religiously performed——so as to be able, according to the moral of the story of Protogenes and Apelles told by Prior,

"In life's visit to leave my name."

These are, all of them, believe me, *verb. sacer.*—very pleasant operations: Insomuch that I am really surprised men do not perform every one of them oftener than they do.——They are all of them, moreover, works, the most expressly imitative of creation.—'Tis to bring order out of chaos, to elicit light from darkness, and to ornament and people the face of the earth.

Go to——go to——ye idle vagabonds of the world——

Build houses——
Rear trees——
Write books——
And
Get children——

Endeavor to leave some relative idea of yourselves behind ye—so that if posterity should not happen to be sorry for your death, let them have some reason at least to be sorry that ye had not lived.

CHAP. XVI.

A LETTER.

MADAM,

I CAN easily perceive how much you were disappointed upon the close of my last chapter.—You had reason, I confess, to have expected something more arch from me upon the subject, than I have there treated you withal.

"Quid tibi vis, mullier?"

But I never pimp for others—and I happened not to be in humor for a joke "of any color" myself in that section. I have labored under a severe fit of cholic and asthma for some time past. This is a great reformer of manners.

Nay, so far have I carried my liberal modesty in that chapter, that where I speak of the four characteristics of mankind, I comprehended them all under the philosophical term of creation——without distinguishing the latter article, as I might very fairly have done, by the mechanical technic of Procreation. No—in that passage you see I have kept quite clear both of pro and con.

And again—where I come to mention this last manœuvre, I only make use of the general word *get* ——instead of introducing the obstetrical one of *beget*; which, may it please your ladyship, would have pointed, you know, more directly *ad rem*.

I am, madam, &c.

T. J. U.

To the countess of * * * *.

CHAP. XVII.

THE LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

BUT, in general, I am not quite so guarded—— I mean with respect to my expressions only: ——For words sometimes escape me, without corresponding ideas. I happen unfortunately to be infected with a certain peculiar phraseology, which, in the hurry of speech, I can rarely command—— and this makes me often appear to mean what may be very far from my thoughts at the time.

I have sometimes scolded my servants, and rated my wife and children, with all imaginable serious-

ness——and when I have been shocked at their appearing to tremble too much under the terrors of my wrath, think what a mortification it must have been —"to a man in a passion."——To perceive that their sides were only shaking with laughter, at some odd image, or ridiculous expression I had struck out, *at a heat*, unawares.

The same cannon-ball that took off Mareschal Turenne's head, carried away one of general St. Hilaire's arms.——His son standing by, burst into a passion of grief at his father's misfortune; who reproved him, saying, "Weep not my child, for *me* —but for *him*."

The generous concern, and nobleness of sentiment with which that brave man must have been affected at that instant were so powerful over my nerves, that it "made my heart move within me like the sound of a trumpet."*

I happened to repeat this story once in company, and it had its effect—till concluding it with these words——"pointing to the nameless corse † with the only hand he had left"—they all fell a laughing. I thought them brutes—but quickly recollecting myself, felt ashamed.

Explaining the mystery of the redemption once to a young templar, I happened to make an allusion, adapted to his own science, of the "levying a fine, and suffering a recovery:" This simile was repeated afterwards to my disadvantage; and I was deemed an infidel thenceforward.

And why? merely because I am a merry parson, I suppose—for St. Patrick, the Irish patron, because he was a grave one, was canonized, for illustrating the Trinity by the comparison of a Shamrock.‡

* *So Sir Philip Sidney says of himself, whenever he heared the ballad of Percy and Douglas.*

† *Sine nomine corpus.* VIRG.

‡ *The Trefoil, or Trois-feuille.*

CHAP. XVIII.

TO THE READER.

YOU complain—that is, I hope you do—of the shortness of my chapters——but if you would have them longer, you must take up with them duller. There are but few subjects that can afford variety enough to entertain you thro' many pages.

Therefore, in steps the good old saying, with great propriety, here, that "two heads are better than one"——and my arguments, like those of Hydra, grow out of each other: As fast as I dispatch one, another springs up in its place.

But never fear, my good readers, for I shall make this work as long as I can, though not so tedious as I might. I use no attorney arts to protract a suit; and wish that the Frederick code was to obtain in literature, as well as in law.

You shall certainly meet with subject matter sufficient for your money, in these volumes——but you will find them all under the head or chapter *of short causes.*

Few words among friends are best they say——fewer still between enemies I say——And you must be one or t'other of these, believe me——for I defy your indifference.

CHAP. XIX.

ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE.

ABOUT a year before I was married, I received the following most extraordinary and interesting letter——

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— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — — — —

See chapter XV. paragraph 2.

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But, as I was saying, what business, now a-days, since the reformation has expunged the good old practice of *confessing* out of our ritual, can a parson have with another man's wife?——To say that she called upon me in her difficulties, and that I relieved her from want, and succored her in distress——and that these very considerations would have put it absolutely out of my power to have attempted her, had I been ever so much a libertine—availed me not. The reply was still—*that she was another man's wife.*

So that, it seems, all wives are to be treated like the queens of Spain—who, if they happen to tumble into a ditch, must be suffered to lie, kicking and sprawling there for life, till their royal consort shall be at leisure, or so disposed, to go and take them out of it.

It is death for any subject to lay his profane finger on her *Majesty.* And as the *crown-lawyers* have not been able to determine in what *joint* of her most *sacred person* her *divinity* resides, hands off from every part of her body, has been always deemed the safest measure.

One of these *miserables of state* happened once to be thrown from her palfrey, on the pavement of the *Escurial.* Her royal foot stuck in the stirrup, and she was dragged round the area for a considerable time, her faithful equerry running all the while by her side, his head turned averse, his arm stretched out, and holding his hat between his thumb, index and middle finger——as dancing masters teach you on a salute—over *her Majesty*—till king Don was summoned from council, to restore *this same Majesty* to decency again. She might have lost her life by her ministerial magna charta of *precedent.*

This adventure of mine was the first thing that ever involved me in debt. I was obliged to borrow

two hundred pounds, beyond my own currency, upon this occasion. I had not sufficient security to proffer. But captain Le Fevre happened luckily, just then, to have sold out of the army—*I mortgaged the story* to him, and he lent me the money.

He was not a man to accept of interest, so I made him a present. He loved reading much. A collection of ingenious and entertaining papers, styled *The World*, happened to be just then collected together, and published, in four volumes. I sent them to him, with the following lines inscribed. They were the first rhimes I have ever attempted to tag in my life.

To Captain Lewis Le Fevre.

For one who rashly lent me cash, 'tis fit
That I should make a *venture* too in wit.
In vain I thro' my pericranium sought:
But having heard that *wit is best that's bought*,
I sent to Dodsley's for *these presents few*,
To let all men know I am bound to you.
Great Sawney wept that *one world* was no store—
How happier you, who now may laugh at *four!*

CHAP. XX.

EPIGRAM.

AFTER this cheerful manner have I hitherto passed through life, disappointments, and bad health—but not without suffering many severe strictures on my dissipation and unformality. The lightness of my manners has been reprehended often, tho' it arises really from the weight of my philosophy. What is there in life that's worth a serious thought? And for the same reason for having conceived a better opinion of Providence than is generally reputed *orthodox*, I have been sometimes deemed an infidel.

Upon the present theological computation, ten souls must be lost for one that's saved. At which rate of reckoning heaven can raise but its *cohorts**, while hell commands its *legions*†. From which sad account it would appear, that though our Savior had conquered *death* by the *resurrection*, he had not yet been able to overcome *sin* by the *redemption*.

This surely must be most *damnable* arithmetic. No—no—I think, that if we fairly give him all tyrants, usurers, murderers both of life and fame, your hypocrites, perjured lovers, and every *premier* upon record, except Sully, Walsingham, and Stafford, *who signed his own death-warrant to save his king and country*, we do as much for the devil as he, *in all conscience*, or your reverences for him can *in justice* require‡.

I happened to dine once with a friend of mine. Wine was wanting. He sent me to the cellar. It had been hewn out of a solid rock. At my return into the room, I wrote the following extempore card to my host, and threw it across the table:

When Moses struck the rock with rod divine,
Cold water flow'd—your's yields us gen'rous wine—
So at *the marriage feast*, the scripture tells us,
That water turn'd to wine rejoic'd good fellows.

Some years after this very harmless sport of fancy, these lines were quoted against me, by a certain bishop, as a proof that I neither believed one word

* *A body of only* 500 *men.*

† *A corps of* 5000 *men.*

‡ *Hic quibus invisi fratres, dum vita manebat,*
Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa clienti;
Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis; quæ maxima turba est:
Quique ob adulterium cæsi, quique arma secuti
Impia, nec veriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Inclusi pœnam expectant.——

of the old Testament, nor of the New. This stopped my preferment. I only smiled, and *preferred* myself—to him.

CHAP. XXI.

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

SINCE I am in for it, I'll tell you another *excommunicable thing* I did. Whether before or after, I forget. Is it any matter which?

In the city of ————, the church was repairing, and the corporation of that town had accommodated the parish with their *Tholsel*, or town-house, as a chapel of ease, for the time. There happened to have been an election for that city not long before. Upon which *mercantile* occasion the worshipful mayor, alderman, &c. had notoriously ..... You know how elections are usually carried on, and what admirable securities they are become, of late, for our lives, liberties, and properties!

I was among the congregation one Sunday when the gospel for the day happened to be taken out of the nineteenth chapter of St. Luke, where our Savior is said to have driven *the buyers and sellers* out of the temple. An *impetus* of honest indignation seized me. I took out my pencil, and wrote the following hasty lines on one of the pannels of the pew I sat in:

Whoever reads nineteenth of Luke, believes
The *house of prayer* was once *a den of thieves*—
Now, by permission of our pious mayor,
A den of thieves is made *an house of prayer*.

I was observed. I happened to have been admitted a freeman in that corporation some time before this incident: And having been detected in the above sarcasm, the mayor had my name immediately struck out of the books, *ex officio* merely—without any manner of legal process or pretence.

But here I had no reason to complain. I had certainly, in this instance, been guilty of an *impiety* against the fraternity of this corporation——and they resented it *like men*——I am only surprised at the infallibility of your *divines*——

Among whom there are many pious ejaculators, who think that I ought to have been excommunicated long ago. However, I am sure that I am well enough entitled to be received a priest, in the Persian temples at least—as all the initiated were obliged to pass thro' a noviciate of reproach and pain, to give proof of their being free from passion, resentment, and impatience.

I am in the same predicament with Cato the censor——not in the severity of his discipline, I confess——but in the particular, at least, of his having been *fourscore* times accused. But he had the advantage of a fairer trial than ever I had——for he was as often *acquitted*.

God forgive them! But I forgive them their prayers, in return, on account of an old proverb.—Need I repeat it?

CHAP. XXII.

TOLERATION——OR PERSECUTION.

I WAS speaking of these things one day to Voltaire, and he wished me joy of the great happiness and advantages of living in a country, where such expressions and allusions, which ignorance or malice might be capable of construing into treason or blasphemy against church or state, could escape the inquisition or bastile.

He then put into my hand his treatise on *Toleration*, which had been but just published. It is written, like all his works, with great spirit, wit and learning, to prove, what no fool could ever yet dispute, that persecution, *for God's sake*, is a most wicked thing, and contrary to Reason, Nature, and Scripture.

It appears an extraordinary thing to me, that since there is such a diabolical spirit in the depravity of human nature, as persecution for difference of opinion in religious tenets, there never happened to be any *inquisition*, any *auto da fe*, any *crusade*, among the Pagans.

That during the ages of ignorance and barbarity, while the devil, as divines tell us, governed the Church, equivocated in their oracles, ordained impurities, and commanded human sacrifices, brethren were not set against brethren, nor nation against nation, in *civil fury* or in *pious war*.

But that, as soon as it had pleased God, by miraculous interposition, to take the church into his own hands, so shocking and impious an era should thence commence——that the word of peace should call forth the sword, and the precepts of love and concord produce hatred and dissension.

The Christian————say *un*christian————priest informs me, the reason of this remarkable difference was that the heathens happened to have no one article of *belief* worth the quarrelling about ——as they universally supposed the soul to perish with the body—*Post mortem nihil est*, was their creed. And that even those few, among the philosophers, who admitted of a post existence, at the same time denied an hell. *Non est unus*, says Cicero, *tam excors, qui credat.*

Thus then, continues the good catholic, while the whole of human existence was ignorantly supposed to have been comprehended within the pale of mortal life; peace, friendship and good-will, were, most certainly, preferable to war, enmity and persecution.

But when the immortal soul was once put under the care of Christ's Vicar here on earth—how totally unworthy to be styled priests of the lamb, and oracles of the dove, must those divines be, who would not cast the body of an heretic into the flames* !

* *The popish text for* broiling, *is taken from that passage in scripture, where it is said, hominum hæreticum* devita—*which last* word they construe into de a *tollere.*

I cannot help differing in opinion from the orthodoxy of this true catholic tenet; and am more inclined to agree with Cicero, in the passage above quoted, though he was but groping in the dark himself.—For to believe a soul, and to damn it, methinks, is not light:—But lightning.

CHAP. XXIII.

MY RELIGION.

WHAT are thine own notions about religion? you ask me. I'll tell you.—I am now on my death bed.

I have both conviction and faith enough in that article to become a methodist, and spiritual warmth sufficient to render me an enthusiast that way; but that, I thank God, I have never yet been wicked enough to rush into such extravagancies.

Passions must be combated by passion.—Therefore, your grievous sinners generally turn devotees. This is the natural consequence of a sort of people, who, tho' a paradox, are common enough in life, 'qui credunt multum, et peccant, fortiter.'

For my own part, I trust that the gentle breezes of the established orthodoxy of our church may be strong enough to waft my soul to heaven.—I have not such a weight of sin suspended at the tail of my kite as to require a storm to raise it. And since the ceasing of the oracles, I think that a person may be inspired with sufficient grace, without falling into convulsions.

I am as certain that there is a God above, as that I myself am here below.——My certainty is the same——for how otherwise did I come here?

"Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?
"Not of myself."

He must love virtue, and detest vice: Consequently, he must both reward and punish. If we are not accountable creatures, we are surely the most unaccountable animals on the face of the earth.

After the spirit is fled, and this body perished in the grave, does the resurrection of men combat thy vain philosophy? Consult the caterpillar, thou ignorant, and the butterfly shall resolve thee. In its first state, sluggish, helpless, inert———crawling on the face of the earth, and grossly feeding on the herbage of the field. After its metamorphosis, its resurrection, a winged seraph, gorgeous to behold, light as air, active as the wind, sipping aurorean dew, and extracting nectareous essences from aromatic flowers*.

Has not the improbable fable of the Hydra's heads been long since verified——nay, even exceeded, beyond the bounds of the most extravagant fiction, as being absolutely contrary to the whole course of nature before known—by the polypus, which generates by section?—The analogies of nature sufficiently point out the ways of providence.

Must every thing be impossible, which our insufficiency cannot account for?—Are there not innumerable mysteries in nature, which accident reveals, or experimental philosophy demonstrates to us, every day? And shall we yet presume to limit the powers of the Great Author of that very nature?

What was it that created matter? What was it that gave that matter motion? What was it that to matter and motion added sensation? What was it that superadded to these, consciousness, intelligence, and reflection?—What was it—Great God, what was it! Resolve me, ye infidels, what it was. Till then, be dumb. O saddest folly!

1. Lewenhoeck, by the help of his glasses, shows you certain fibres in the body of a full grown man,

* *Psyche, in the Greek language, signifies both a butterfly, and the soul.*

so very fine, that six hundred of them, combined together, but compose the thickness of a single hair of his head.

2. He also demonstrates to you, through the same medium, that a grain of sand is large enough to cover one hundred and twenty-five thousand of the orifices through which we daily transpire.

3. Water can be made to freeze in the middle of summer, provided that 'tis brought close to the fire.

4. A lens of ice may be used as a burning-glass.

5. A line of but an inch long, is capable of being divided into as many parts as one of a mile in length.

6. The sun is some millions of miles nearer to us in winter than in summer.

7. When a person travels round the earth, his head goes many thousand miles farther than his heels.

8. There are two lines, in mathematic certainty, which may continue to approximate, *ad infinitum*, without even a possibility of ever coming into contact with each other.*

Prithee, now, my good infidels, is there any one article of faith, in the whole Christian creed, which appears to be more contrary to reason or probability, than these eight foregoing propositions? And yet they are all of them capable, either of experimental proof, or mathematical demonstration.

Can any person, who is capable of making such reflections as these, be ever supposed an infidel to either natural or revealed religion? They must have faith of incredulity, who could give credit to such a supposition. 'Qui studet orat,' is a just expression.

* *The assymptotes of an hyperbola*——*See Conick Sections.*

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONVERT.

I HAPPENED to have an intimacy once with a man of sense and virtue; but who had, at the same time, a certain indolence of mind, that suffered him to acquiesce in the opinions of others, without ever taking the trouble to examine them. He had more wit than wisdom; and a jest was an argument to him, as well as it was with Shaftsbury.*

I loved and pitied him—to have virtue enough to act rightly, and yet not sense sufficient to judge so. We have had frequent conversations on this subject. —He said often, that he would give the world to be able to think as I did, and begged my assistance.

I soon made him a deist, without any other help than my own poor philosophy.—I then put Duncan Forbes's 'Thoughts upon religion' into his hands.‡ He read the book carefully through, and returned it to me, with this reflection, written at the foot of the last page, "Thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian."

I then presented him with Paschal's Thoughts on the same subject†. He returned them to me

* *Who makes ridicule the test of truth.*

‡ *The argument he urges, is, That expiation, by the means of blood and sacrifice, which runs thro' all the Jewish and Pagan rites, was so irrational an idea that nothing but an original revelation of the method of redemption, which was thereafter to obtain in the Christian system of Providence, could possibly have ever induced the belief and practice of it.*

† *In his Provincial Letters, one of the strongest proofs he offers for the truth of Christianity, arises from the very obstinacy of a whole race of people,—— styles the Jews a standing miracle, because they have ever since remained under the remarkable description of the prophetic curse.*

soon after, with this indorsement on the cover, "I am not only almost, but altogether such as thou "art——except in the absurd and unphilosophical "notion of transubstantiation."

Make a person but a sound moralist first, and it must then be owing to indolence or ignorance, rather than to impiety or infidelity, if you cannot afterwards make him become a Christian. I have had the satisfaction, ever since, to see this worthy man add faith to good works, and live an orthodox and exemplary life, both in belief and practice.

Which, that we may all do, &c.

CHAP. XXV.

CHEERFULNESS.

IT is this true sense of religion that has rendered my whole life so cheerful as it has ever so remarkably been—to the great offence of your religionists. Though why, prithee, should priests be always grave? Is it so sad a thing to be a parson?

"Be ye as one of these," saith the Lord——that is as merry as little children. "The Lord "loveth a cheerful giver,"——and why not a cheerful taker also? The thirty-nine articles are incomplete, without a fortieth precept, enjoining cheerfulness. Or, you may let the number stand as it does at present, provided you expunge the thirteenth article, and place this heavenly maxim in the room of it.

Might not the archbishop of Cashel,——I don't mean this man by any means,——have been a sound divine, though he added the arch stanza about Broglio to the old Irish ballad*? Did the bishop—not the earl—of Rochester's poems, on the manlike properties of a lady's fan, ever impeach his orthodoxy in the least?

* *In praise of Moll Roe.*

Heliodorus, bishop of——I forget where——was deprived of his fee, because he wrote Theagenes and Chariclea. This was doubly absurd in the Pope. Here, his holiness's infallibility, happened to overshoot the mark. In the first place, there was nothing either arch or heterodox in the whole novel. In the next, was not the circumstance of a white child being generated from black parents, by the impression of an European portrait hanging at the foot of a bridal couch, a corroboration——if it wanted one—of the scripture philosophy about the streaked goats?—I begin to suspect, that your popes are like other men, after all.

Plato and Seneca——and surely they were both grave and wise enough to have been consecrated—thought that a sense of cheerfulness and joy should ever be encouraged in children, from their infancy—not only on account of their healths, but as productive of true virtue: Which is the literal translation of their very words—as far as I am able to construe Greek or Latin.

Cheerfulness, even to gaiety, is consonant with every species of virtue, and practice of religion.—I think it inconsistent only with impiety or vice.—"The ways of heaven are pleasantness." We adore, we praise, we thank the Almighty, in hymns, in songs, in anthems—and those set to music too. Let "O be joyful," be the Christian's psalm——and leave the sad Indian to incant the devil with tears and screeches.

When the Athenians picture an owl, as the bird of wisdom, they never meant the screech-owl surely. But, indeed, I think, with their leave, that the sparrow would have been a fitter emblem of true wisdom, as being the merriest and most loving bird of the air.

There have been some popes who would have excommunicated me for such an allusion as this.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SAD REFLECTION.

THAT there should ever be so much irreligion in the world! that those—for this renders the evil irremediable—whose greatest interest it must certainly be to strengthen and support this great, this only bulwark of our lives and properties, should become the greatest examples, and principal encouragers, of infidelity!

I mean those, whom the world, by a strange abuse of terms, styles the Great. These have certainly an higher stake, at the hazard of vice, immorality, and impiety, than persons in the middle ranks of life—who happily stand a phalanx between them and the vulgar.

And yet——other knaves but sacrifice their spiritual to their temporal interest. These most especial worthies, at once both knaves and fools, equally squander both. Good lack! good lack!——But men are worse than they need be, though there were neither hell nor gibbet in the question.

Such thoughts and reflections as these might well become a sermon. But novels are more read at present than serious discourses. I must, therefore, use the most convenient vehicle for instruction ——imitating doctor Young, who wrote a play, for the propagation of the gospel*. And I shall ever take care, for the rest of my life, that all my writings shall be, if not sermonic, *sermoni proprior* at least.

But enough, for the present, of my sentiments and opinions, and let us go on a little farther with the series of small adventures in my desultory life.

* *The Brothers——the profits of which he consecrated to the society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts.*

CHAP. XXVII.

MELANCHOLY.

BUT, as my whole scheme of life is pleasure, I' sometimes indulge myself in the dear and heart-felt enjoyments of melancholy. I weep gladly. I give my tears, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but like my alms, with cheerfulness.

Were I to be anatomized anew, I do most solemnly declare, that I would sooner part with my risible than flebilile muscles. Sympathy is the great magnet—the comment of life. And my concord is stronger with the wretched than the happy—for philanthropy is my *primum mobile*, and pity is an augment to passion.

I can treat myself, whenever I please. I have lost some friends! I can call spirits from the vasty deep—strike at my breast, and find them there—— Poor Le Fevre! unhappy Maria! my lost, my ever dear Eliza!

Or, I can read Samson Agonistes. He must have either a weak head, or strong eyes, who can peruse the first speech of that poem without tears—particularly the latter part of it, where he laments his loss of sight. Milton wrote it from his own feelings —and his blindness has often dimmed my sight.

But whenever I have a mind for a thorough feast of weeping, I need only turn over to, the history of sir Thomas More's life, and read that passage in it, where his daughter, Mrs. Roper, meets him in the street, returning to the Tower, immediately after his condemnation——My father! Oh! my father!

Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown!

The mere title of a book, long since lost, styled "Lamentatio gloriosi Regis Edvardi de Karnarvan, quam edidit tempore suæ incarcerationis"——The lamentation of the glorious King Edward of Karnar-

van, which he composed during his imprisonment—sunk my spirits for a whole day. The opposition between the two first words (in the Latin) and then again between the third and last, affected me greatly. And tho' it was a very old story, I could not help feeling, for some time, as if I had heard some bad news.

But such things as these have not their effect upon every one. The many read only with their eyes, and hear only with their ears. The few peruse with their whole soul, and listen with all their feelings. Intuition and sensibility are the only organs of genius or of virtue.

The general hardness of heart one meets with among mankind, might tempt us to give credit to the old fable of Deucalion, and suppose men to be generated from stones. Or, one might fancy the world to be grown so corrupt of late, that the sacred person who had taken the salvation of mankind upon himself, has thought fit to entrust only a few, now-a-days, with the keeping of their own souls; and has kindly taken out those of the many, and locked them up safe, *in limbo patrum*, out of harm's way, till the day of judgment.

However, I dare not long, nor often, rejoice in this luxury of woe. My nerves are weak. I can command my mirth, but not restrain my melancholy.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SENSIBILITY.

WHEN I have been reading tragedy, or affecting passages in history, poetry, or even in romance, aloud before others, my eyes have filled, and my voice has faultered. I attended for the same effect in my auditors ——but, instead of tears at my recital, have frequently found them laughing at my emotion.

I have retired ashamed——not at them, but at

myself. I have suspected my own weakness, rather than theirs——and the vanity of imagining I had sympathized with angels, has been sunk into the humiliating idea of my being susceptible of a greater foible than mortals——I have begun to doubt the strength of my own intellects, and, for some time, kept a jealous guard over all my words and actions.

But the countenance and sentiment of a few superior spirits have, for a while, given me confidence once more. Again I have attempted the same experiment, and have again been banished to the same mortifying reflections—endeavoring still to steal my heart against another's woe—in vain.

Fine feelings are laughed at by the world, and ridiculed by the stoical philosophy, as a weakness. This is too apt to put delicate minds out of countenance; who, in order to appear wise, conceal their sensibility, and affect a character above human nature, from the example of those only who are below it.

CHAP. XXIX.

A REFLECTION ON MYSELF.

WHAT a hard fate is mine! with all the spirit, the frolic, the cheerfulness, the tender affections of youth, not to have nerves responsible to my feelings!——I want them not for my own enjoyments——but would have activity and vigor for the sole purposes of others.

I look wistfully often at young women. This is one of the things that has been misconstrued in me. The world are but bad grammarians of my principles or character. 'Tis not their beauty I covet, but their youth I envy. I look as fondly at men too——yet am no pathetic. I kiss little children as I meet them in the streets——but am no kidnapper;

would live among them, like old Hermippus,* if I uld—not for the sake of life—but love.
'Twould sound like blasphemy, to say what I uld do or suffer for the sake of mankind.

CHAP. XXX.

Continuation of Chapter XXVII.

THE MAD LOVER.

OR I can recollect some scenes of madness I have—not purposely—been a witness of particularly one, of a Cambridge scholar, who d unhappily fallen in love with his own sister. s passion and despair had proved too strong for, i virtue or his reason.

"Was not Juno both wife and sister of Jove? Adam and Eve were surely nearer relstions than we are. Their children, at least, were brothers nd sisters——and yet were wedded to each other. Were not Amnon and Thamar married——or as ood? such marriages as it was thought proper o permit in those times. The mode, indeed, is hanged now-a-days. And why? 'Twere impi- ous to say, that Omnipotence was under a neces- ity of dispensing with necessary forms in the be- ginning. He could have created a parson, sooner han he would have permitted a crime. If Sarah was not Abraham's sister, he certainly told a most lamnable lie to Abimelech."

When they told him, in order to quiet his impa- nce, that his sister was dead, he swore it was im- ssible, because that he himself continued still alive. We are already one flesh," said he "and the sym-

* *He is said to have attained to an extreme age, by rying constantly with boys and girls—nourishing his l lungs with the balsamic effluvia of their young eaths.*

" pathy is so strong between us, that I know when " she is hungry, wakes, sneezes, or ——. She had " a diabetes about half a year ago, and it had like " to have killed me; but I drank plentifully of " marshmallows tea, and it effectually cured her. " She sleeps ill at nights, and breaks my rest: She " has foul dreams sometimes—I am angry with her " for that. I have done all in my power," continued he, " by fasting and prayer, to cure this wick- " edness in myself; but her wantonness is too " strong for me."

Most of those who were present laughed much at all this extravagance. I wept. One of the company observing my emotion, said, I presume, sir, that you know this poor gentleman. Yes, I replied, recollecting myself, better than he does himself.

I walked immmediately out of the room. I am sensible of a sympathy in my own nature, even stronger than his. I feel for all the ills and ails of those who are neither my brothers nor my sisters, except in the scripture sense.

The Mahometans have a veneration for lunatics —saying, " That God hath favorably deprived them " of their senses, in order to render them guiltless " to sin." I am a Mussulman.

CHAP. XXXI.

DOCTOR SWIFT.

TIS natural to speak of a thing, when one thinks of it. In truth, unless one is apt to speak without any thought at all, how is it possible to do it at any other time?

But the subject of my last chapter has brought the biography of doctor Swift into my mind. It is worthy of remark, that this extraordinary person, in his voyage to Laputa, speaking of people who had lost their senses, adds, " which is a scene that never " fails to render me melancholy."

In another place he imagines a set of men, whom he styles Strulbrugs, who had outlived their reason and every enjoyment of life.

And, in his will, he bequeaths his whole fortune to found an hospital for idiots and lunatics: He becomes himself a Strulbrug, before the years of dotage ;* and dies the first tenant to his own endowment.

If these events had happened to have been a matter of any great consequence to the world, an historian would not have failed to have made a large comment upon such extraordinary and concurring circumstances—insisting strongly on his prophetical sympathy.

The Lord preserve us all in our senses to the last —and after the last too. For I trust in God, that I never shall be wicked enough to compound for being rendered guiltless to sin, upon the Mahometan superstition.

CHAP. XXXII.

THE PAYMENT.

THE method I contrived, in order to liquidate my pecuniary obligations to Le Fevre, was this:

I happened to be acquainted with a young man, who had been bound apprentice to a stationer in York. He had just then finished his time, come to set up in London, and had rented a window in one of the flagged alleys in the city.

I hired one of the panes of glass from my friend, and stuck up the following advertisement on it with a wafer:

* *There is no such stage in life. Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium.* CIC.

"Epigrams, anagrams, paragrams, chronograms, "monograms, epitaphs, epithalamiums, prologues, "epilogues, madrigals, interludes, advertisements, "letters, petitions, memorials, on every occasion. "Essays on all subjects. Pamphlets for or against "the ministry. With sermons upon any text, or "for any sect—to be written here on reasonable "terms——

"By A—B— Philologer.

"*N. B.* The greatest honor and secrecy may be "depended on."

The uncommonness of several of the above titles, raised the curiosity of the public extremely. So that, besides the applications made to me for the useful species of literature, such as advertisements, petitions and memorials, many more were made for the chronograms, monograms, paragrams, &c. merely to see the nature of them.

At night——or to express myself more poetically——when the evening had assumed its dusk-gown, I used privately to glide into my office, to digest the notes or heads of the day, and receive the earnests, which were directed always to be left with the memorandums.

The writing to be paid for on the delivery, according to the nature, extent, or importance of the subjects. A bit of French, to be an additional sixpence ——a scrap of Latin, price a shilling——and a sentence of Greek, which I used to pick up now and then when I happened to drink a dish of tea with miss Carter, was always charged at half a crown.

All improper applications, immoral subjects, simonical proposals, or libertine overtures, were, with scorn and detestation, rejected. I held no office opposite to St. Peter. The notes of these kinds were thrown into the fire,—but the earnest retained, as the fines of iniquity.

The ocean of vice and folly which opened itself to my view, during the period I continued in this

odd department of life, shocked and disgusted me so much, that the very moment I had realized Le Fevre's sum, and discharged the rent of my pane, I closed the horrid scene——or, to express myself more properly in this case——stopped up the common sewer.

CHAP. XXXIII.

NURSING.

THE reason why our ancestors, in the higher ranks of life, were more remarkable for bravery and chastity than we are, was, because the mothers, in those days, used to nurse their own children. They were therefore alimented with the same juices and humors they brought into the world with them; and brought up, even from their infant notices, intire strangers to vice, meanness, or folly.

If our present race of mammas be indifferent about the blood and humors of the infant, which the suffering it to be nurtured by an alien, argues her to be, what needs she trouble herself about the less precious parts of flesh and bones? Then any other person's child might serve her as well as her own ——and she may have the advantage, besides, of choice, both with regard to beauty and gender. I think that ladies may as well get others to bear, as to nurse children for them.

Pray would it not be but common charity, in all tender husbands, to have such wives, on the first alarm, amazoned of both their breasts, in order to prevent the fatal consequences of cancers, milk fevers, and other disorders, incident, alas! to all unnatural or unnursing mothers?

And if our papas also be equally careless about this matter——as, by their present supineness and acquiescence, with regard to so material a point, they would incline us to suspect——prithee, might not

" Some beggars brat, on bulk begot,
" Or offspring of a pedlar Scot——
" Some boy bred up to cleaning shoes,
" The spawn of Bridewell or the Stews,
" Or vagrant race the spurious pledges
" Of gypsies littering under hedges,"*

be as responsible heirs to their names and fortunes, as these sad outcasts of their own loins?

A foal of blood may be suckled into a gartan. I have myself tried the instance; and do here recommend it to be added to the course of experimental philosophy, which Bacon, Boyle, and Derham, have so properly hinted to the adepts in science.

For my own part, I have great reason to resent this scandalous neglect in parents—having so severely suffered for it myself—both in character and preferment. For, tho' I am a most rigid moralist in my principles, and bating me but about one thousand seven hundred and I forget how many years, a primitive Christian also——completely armed at all the cardinal points——yet I don't know how it is, but I actually do not feel myself always sufficiently possessed of that virtuous uncharitability against women of remiss chastity, that becomes true modern piety to express or exercise.

Now, this natural imbecility, this moral frailty, this same laxity of virtue in me, call it what you will——I confess the weakness, and am not nice about the phrase——I do most philosophically impute wholly to the milkiness of my nurse—who happened, unluckily for me, to be the servant maid to the parson of the parish——and her name was Dorothy.

No, no——the influence of certain names upon the future fortunes of children, that my poor anxious father used to make such a pother about, believe me, is not by half so material a point as the other.

* *Swift's Rhapsody.*

Whether I had been aspersed by the name of Tristram, Triglyph, or Tria, were, in all probability, a matter wholly indifferent to my future advancement in life. No——it was, alas! the milk of Dorothy that limited the bounds of my preferment.

You shall hear.

CHAP. XXXIV.

AN HITCH IN PREFERMENT.

THE tenderness of my expressions, with regard to all syncopes of this sort—with the humanity, charity and forgiveness, I have frequently procured to be shown by others, towards some unfortunates in this class, have induced reflections on my own character, that have been a considerable disadvantage to my canonical progress in life.

A certain bishop, who would allow none but Christ to sit with publicans and sinners, replied to a friend of mine who was soliciting a benefice for me ——"I can never think of preferring Tristram—— "not so much on account of the freedom of his "writings, as the latitude of his life." "But Yorick "—Yorick, my Lord." "Nay, the utmost that I "should think even Yorick entitled to, taking that "article into the context with his works, would be, "to be appointed chaplain to a regiment of dra-"goons."

And a certain lady, who is what the French style *un diseur de bon mots*, when I was asking her for some subscriptional aid once towards sending an unhappy young woman home to her friends, who had been inveigled from Bath, some years ago, on pretence of marriage, and then cast off upon the public, refused her charity, and called me, in allusion to my spectral figure, and absolving priesthood, the ghastly father of the chapels of ease in the parish of Covent Garden.

Thus did the excess of my charity lessen that of others

CHAP. XXXV.

PRUDES.

WHEN I hear women inveigh too vehemently against the objects of this misfortune, I am apt to suspect their hearts to be a good deal inflamed with a certain envious jealousy——According to the poet,

"Prudes rather envy than abhor the crime,"

—which in revenge for those pleasures that they themselves remain perhaps untempted to, provokes them to denounce the penalties of the world, the flesh and the devil against such interlopers.

The self-sufficient prudes embattled stood,
Near hand; but none t' assist the vanquish'd flies;
Their neighbors ranks they saw with joy subdu'd,
With spiteful mirth triumphant in their eyes—
With scoffs, and wise reproaches, they upbraid
Those that, o'erpower'd, for help or pity call.
And can they yield to ——? in rage they said:
Unaided, helpless, let the wretches fall.
Themselves were now attack'd, the rest o'erthrown,
And weakness, scorn'd so late, too soon became their own.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

In truth, I have seldom heard a woman speak with violence upon this subject, who was either of an established or an unsuspicious character. Prior describes those kind of virtuosos most admirably, in his Paulo Purganti;

"She to intrigues was e'en hard-hearted,
"And cuckled when a bawd was carted.
"But, in an honest way, the dame"——&c.

And Pope,

"A fool to pleasure, but a slave to fame."

And yet stronger still in anothe place,

"A very heathen in her carnal part,
"But still a sad good Christian at her heart."

If what I have said, and these poets have sung, be not the natural reason of the fact, prithee, why such partial distinction between the undoer and the undone? Why ladies, dutchesses, and countesses, is the latter——below a certain rank——bounded with infamy; while the former,

"Whose harden'd front, unblushing, unappall'd,
"Laughs at reproaches, and enjoys disgrace,"

is so favorably accepted of in the assemblies of the fair?

If what I have hinted be not the real state of the case, why should these obdurate females, whom Will Honeycomb styles the outrageously virtuous, be more severe against —— than against thieves? For surely, in ethics, it must be a less crime to give 'what is one's own,' than to take what 'belongs to another.'

A failure in chastity may be a breach of duty towards one's self; but a want of charity is certainly so against one's neighbor.

In fine, I fancy that your chaste ladies seem to consider love as their peculiar merchandize; and look upon courtesans as smugglers, who undersell the fair trader.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE BREECHES MAKER.

BESIDES, really———as I hope there are none but philosophers by——there are so many ways for a woman to be undone, without the imputation either of vice or wantonness—such accidents, incidents, contingencies, and synchronisms, may happen in her way thro' life, that unless every circumstance can be fairly stated, and candidly weighed——which must be the great use of the day of judgment——it is morally impossible for any man, *hors d'elle*, to determine, whether the fair delinquent may have been most deserving of infamy or compassion.

I have known several of these equivocal cases myself;—two of which I think proper to indulge the curiosity of my reader with in this place, by way of specifying my argument merely——

The first instance was a very pretty modest young woman, that was only daughter to the clerk of the first parish I ever officiated in. She had been most carefully brought up, went constantly to church with her father, morning and evening; sat upon a little stool in the aisle, just under the desk; and having a most tuneable voice, used generally to help him to raise the psalm.

There had never appeared the least turn of lightness, forwardness, or flirtation, in any part of this good girl's behavior, as she grew up. There are usually certain patterns pointed out in every country village; and Miss Amen was the paragon of our parish—till about the age of seventeen, she happened suddenly to disappear—because, it seems, she found herself, as we were soon after informed, to be 'too big to be seen.'

The place of her concealment was kept a profound secret from us all, for some months, till after the fair eloper had become the sorrowful mother of

a child ; when I received a private billet from her, intreating me to grant her an interview the next day, at a little cottage about five miles from the town I lived in; and begging that I would come alone.

My humanity, with a little mixture of femality, namely curiosity, induced me to obey the summons most punctually. I went. She threw herself on her knees before me, covered her face with her hand, and wept bitterly—but not alone.

After I had spoken comfort to her soul, by preaching to her the great efficacy of repentance, and calmed her mind, by promising to mediate a reconciliation between her and her unhappy parents, the second part of my errand operated so strongly on me, that I began to question her, in the style of a confessor, about the whole process, the commencement, progress, and arts which had led to, or were laid for, her undoing.

She answered me with a frankness and a candor that fully persuaded me of her truth and ingenuousness. She declared to me, that her failure had not proceeded in the least either from passion, or from vice ;—that she had never in her life been sensible of any warm desire, prompting her from within, nor had sustained any strong solicitation, urging her from without.

No, reverend sir, exclaimed the fair penitent, with an heavy sigh, it was nothing of all this, that I am to be cruelly reproached with upon this sad occasion.—It was—it was, alas ! my father's trade alone that thus has wrought my overthrow.

Your father's trade !—his trade ! I replied, with surprise, the cause of your ruin !—But so indeed the fact was, without peradventure.——

Besides the vocation of parish clerk, old Amen had, it seems, followed the occupation of breeches-making also. He had bred up his daughter to the mysteries of the same manufacture, from the time that she had begun to enter into her teens ;—and so

ill luck would have it, they happened to be leathern breeches too that he dealt in.

The unfortunate girl—now a woman—assured me, that this kind of employment used, by degrees, to occasion certain involuntary wanderings to stray in her mind, which, without ever tainting her chastity in the least, had insensibly, however, sullied the purity of her thoughts;—that she had done every thing in her power to restrain her reflections from running into such reveries; and had sung psalms for whole evenings together, to divert her attention to fitter subjects of contemplation.——In vain, alas! for while she sung, breeches were still the burden of her song.

This unlucky image haunted poor mademoiselle Cullote continually.—When she lay down to rest she imagined she saw them taken off, and laid under the pillow;—and when she arose, she fancied still she saw them taken up, and put on again before her eyes.

The familiarity of such ideas, though it had not in the least staggered her virtue—and I believe it—yet had pretty nearly produced the same effect, by discomfiting her modesty—so far as to prevent a proper alarm, resentment, and resistance from taking place, and coming quick enough to her aid, when she was assailed by the young squire of the manor, for whom she had just finished a neat pair of leathern breeches, which he happened to call on her for, one evening about twilight, when the rest of the family were attending a funeral in the parish.

The poor girl! happy had it been for her, if men had not worn any breeches at all, or that they had even worn them as the Chiriguanes are reported to do theirs——as fops wear their hats——under their arms. We are not yet informed how the women wear their petticoats in that country; but we may suppose, at least, that the *retort courteous* † is pro-

† *An expression in* As you like it.

perly returned among those people, as well as in all other nations of the earth. The world, 'tis thought, would soon be at an end, if it was not for such exchange of courtesies.

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE MAN MIDWIFE.

WITH regard to my second instance, I shall be but short. She was daughter to a man-midwife;—and all that has been urged upon the former case, is equally referable to this one also.

Her father used to be frequently called up anights, with '*a Juno Lucina fer opem.*' This would disturb her repose. She used often to lie stretching and yawning in her bed, and communing with herself about the matters and things which could occasion all this bustle and stir.

She had a vast turn to philosophy. She would get at her father's books——she would sometimes read more than she understood—but happened often to understand more than she was the better for. It made her wiser, forsooth—but alack! how dearly have we since paid for the first instance of female wisdom! 'Twas in this very science, they say, that the first curiosity was exercised.——'The knowing ones are sometimes taken in.'

Her father told me, one day, soon after her accident, she had declared to him, that, without laboring under the power or influence of any other inordinate passion or propensity in nature, her curiosity was so predominant in her, that she would, at any time of her life, have stood a shot to have been made a free mason.

O philosophia! dux vitæ!—The duce it is!——But pray, sir, is there not such a theorem in this same philosophy, as that "action and re-action are equal—and in opposite directions too?" And is not the natural philosophy ever still at fisty cuffs

with the moral one ?—In such conflicts as these, the fair Obstetrica fell !

But the philosophy, of all others, that finally tript up poor miss Midwife's heels, was the Platonic one! How beautiful a system is there displayed! To have two fond and faithful hearts mutually attracting each other, their systole and diastole the same, tide for tide, and by a sweet compulsion drawing nearer and nearer together, for life like the asymptotes of an hyperbola, without ever coinciding, or rushing into the point of contact.*

How enviable and truly seraphic a state is this ! How like to heaven itself, where they are said 'neither to marry, nor to be given in marriage !' What pity it is that it is not real ! and that those who would rest upon this inchanted island, as on *terra firma*, would soon have their feet slip from under them !

This same contingency—this synchronism—is the devil. Ye breeches-makers, and ye men or women midwifes also, send out your daughters from underneath your roofs, I say. They are, alas ! too dangerous seminaries for young women to be educated in.

But enough on such subjects as these—I cannot bear to dwell upon melancholy stories.——

CHAP. XXXVIII.

ORIGIN OF TRISTRAM SHANDY.

UPON turning over this manuscript just now, I find that I had mentioned a design of writing my own memoirs upon a time.

I did really sit down to this work formerly, with the most serious and stupid intention possible. But the *brutum fulmen*, or Will o' the wisp of imagination, glared full before me, and led me a scamper,

* *Vide the Conick Sections.*

over hedge and ditch, thro' briers, thro' quagmires, and quick sands, for nine entire volumes, before I attempted to introduce myself into life. In truth, great part of that work was spent before I even pretended to have been born. I knew the world, alas! too well, to be in any manner of hurry to step into it.

The oddness and novelty of the first volumes, caught hold of the capricious taste of the public. I was applauded, abused, censured and defended, thro' many a page.—However, as there were more readers than judges, the edition had sufficient vogue for a sale. This encouraged me—I went on still with the same kind of no meaning; singing, at the end of every chapter, this line from Midas, to my ass-eared audience,

"Round about the may-pole how they trot;' with a parody on the text; where, instead of brown ale, you are to read only small beer.

But what entertained me most, was, to find a number of my most penetrating readers had conceived some deep-laid scheme or design to be couched under these vagrancies or vagaries, which they fancied and affirmed would unfold itself toward the conclusion of the work.

Nay, some, more riddle-witted than the rest, have pretended to be able to trace my clue, through every volume, without losing once sight of the connection. A fine spirit of enthusiasm this! With what intelligence and profit must such persons read the apocalypse! A millenium must certainly be a very clear case with them.

However, I must have the modesty to admit, that there were here and there, some striking passages interspersed throughout these volumes. "*In sterquilinio margaritam, reperit.*" There are many foibles ridiculed, and much charity and benevolence instilled and recommended. One saunters out sometimes, into the fields and highways, without any other purpose than to take the benefit of a little

air and exercise ;—an object of distress occurs, and draws forth our charity and compassion.

After this careless manner did I ramble thro' my pages, in mere idleness and sport—till some occurrence of humanity laid hold of me by the breast, and pulled me aside. Here lies my only fort. What we strongest feel we can best express. And upon such subjects as these, one must be capable of a double energy, who, while he is pleading for others, is also relieving himself.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE FEMALE CONFUCIUS.

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I happened to be very ill at the time, and sitting by the fire side one morning in my lodgings, when I received a very polite card, in a female hand, unknown, acquainting me, that having been struck with that rich vein of philanthropy, she was pleased to say, which flowed like milk and honey thro' all my writings, Mrs. —— would be much obliged, and flattered, if I would afford her an opportunity of a personal acquaintance with the author, by doing her the favor of drinking tea with her that evening.

I was too weak to venture abroad. I wrote her word so—assured her that I longed equally for the pleasure of an acquaintance with any person, whose heart and mind seemed to sympathize with those affections she was so kind to compliment me upon, and entreated the honor of a *sans ceremonie* visit from her, upon this occasion, that very evening.

She condescended to accept my invitation, and

same accordingly. She visited me every day, while I continued confined ;——which kindness I returned most punctually, as soon as I was able to go abroad.

She was a woman of sense and virtue——not lively, but possessed of that charming sort of even cheerfulness, which naturally flows from goodness. *'Mens conscia recti.'* She was reserved, and, like a ghost, would rarely speak till spoken to. She had, like a lute, all the passive powers of music in her, but wanted the master's hand to bring them forth.

She had quitted England very young—before her tender affections had been rendered callous by the collisions of the world. She had been carried into India, where she continued, till those sentiments had been ripened into principle, and were inspired with all the sublime enthusiasm of eastern morality.

She seemed to be unhappy. This added a tenderness to my esteem for her. I guessed, but inquired not her private history, and she communicated nothing. She would repine, but not resent. She had no gall to boil over—her overflowings were of the pancreatic juices only.*

From that time, we held on a constant and refined intercourse, while she remained in the kingdom, and a friendly correspondence succeeded our parting—to meet no more—in this world—I prophecy! —She happened to be another man's wife.

But the charity that had attracted, with the virtue that united us, were not able to screen us from the censure of base minds. Neither her own fair character, nor the memento of my ghastly appearance, were sufficient bars to slander.

The improbability of a malicious story, serves but to help forward the currency of it—because it in-

* *The Sweet-bread.*

creases the scandal. So that, in such instances, the world, like Romish priests, are industrious to propagate a belief in things they have not the least faith themselves; or, like the pious St. Austin, who said he believed some things, because they were absurd and impossible.

CHAP. XL.

Continuation of Chapter XXXVIII.

THE PRIMMER.

I CONTINUED this rodomontade thro' nine volumes, upon fools-cap paper*; but had reason to find at last, that the nine days wonder had sown its gape-seed long before. The novelty grew stale, and the oddness began to lose its singularity. This, I say, I confess to have perceived a considerable time before. But one who has run down a hill for any way, cannot well stop his speed, till he has got to the bottom of it.

I then thought proper to cease titupping my hobby-horse about—to alight and perform my promise to the public, in a more ingenuous and systematical manner. Upon which occasion, I began to frame these notes—but could never since find time to glaze them. So many other themes and schemes shot across my fancy, and puzzled my purpose, that I could not stick to any one subject long enough to make a volume of it—or acquit myself as an author.

One of my most favorite designs was, to compose a little book, to be styled the Primmer——for the use and benefit of grown nobility, gentry, and

* *That is the name which printers give to a certain sized paper, upon which all the author's works have been published in England.*

others——to instruct them what to say, and how to act, upon all the general occasions of life*.

I know of no work so shamefully wanted at present, as some code of this kind. There is, I confess, a certain connate liberality of nature in some persons I have met with, that inspires them to think, speak, and act, with a spirit and virtue which supersedes, in a great measure, the necessity of education. These instances, though, are rare—— may be styled moral comets.

The *many* are born with a sort of original meanness in their minds, which resolves every action, every idea, into *self*—and which the longest line in heraldry, with the possession of the largest fortune, are not sufficient to countervail, without the assistance of an academical tuition.

But the generality of the *curled darlings* of our nation, *tandem custode remoto*, shake off a load from their shoulders, when they are emancipated from college: For such is their sense, or nonsense, of this matter.——They are then apt to class Tully's offices, with Burgersdicius, among the pedantry of the schools, and become soon possessed of just Christianity enough to set them above all Pagan moral—or the shining sins of the heathen world, as our orthodoxy effects to style them. They then begin to look upon their own feelings to be the sure way of judging, and the usages of the world their only rule of acting.

From hence many liberal notions are suffered to obtain, and many ignoble deeds are practised.—— From hence arise, among the great, New-market jockeys, Change-alley brokers, and Corporation casuists. From hence the dignitaries of the law degenerate into attornies, and priests in lawn, dwindle into tythe-proctors.

The scope then of my ritual, was to set forth the *verum atque decens*, of morals, the truth and beauty of human actions—which it is incumbent, at least on

* *Here read the dedication over again.*

persons of a certain rank in life, either to practice or pretend. They would then be taught to perceive, that neither their own feelings, nor the usages of the world, were of authority sufficient to support vice, meanness, or indecorum. This would be putting them to school again.—Those who want hearts, should be taught to get by heart.

Princes and nobles, so titled, however they might be tempted to wallow, in their own sties, would not then, perhaps, dare to emblazen their strumpets to the public view. *Turfministers* also might then be informed, that they had mistaken the metaphor, when they let go the helm to take up the reins.

The Marchioness of Tavistock had not then lived the reproof, and died the reproach, of so many matrons on the first benches at court. Thou hadst, most spotless Ephesian relict, devoted thyself to the grave with thy dead lord! They would sacrifice their living ones. '*Et faciles nymphæ rifere.*' And such is the accommodating spirit of our modern laws, that divorces now-a-days, like the section of the polypus, are suffered to generate new numbers from each part of the separation.

I am not such a visionary as to expect that any thing of this kind would render persons virtuous, in spite of 'the whole course of modern education.' "*Et quæ fuerunt vitia mores sunt.*" But I think that it might possibly shame your 'grown nobility gentry, and others,' into the disguising, or concealing their vices at least;——which is, perhaps, no inconsiderable point gained in morals.

Est quadam prodire tenus—Si non datur ultra.

The appearing or pretending to have more virtue than one has, is hypocrisy;—but the not exposing all the vices we are really guilty of, is certainly some merit—to the public at least.

So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

A rich lawyer might, perhaps, notwithstanding, be tempted to purchase an estate for half its value, because the person who sold it did so in haste, to extricate himself from a gaol.—But after he had perused my little book, he would never have boasted of the action—My ears would not then be so much shocked and offended as they are too frequently now every day.

A profligate might still delude a simple maiden, or purchase the innocency of beauty from a needy parent; but he would not make a confidant of such amors. He would not cast the victim off to want, as well as infamy; nor dare to proclaim his villany to the world. My enmity, my abhorrence, my resentment, with all the tribe of the uncomfortable, the uncharitable, and unhealthy passions, would not then harrass my poor shattered frame.

CHAP. XLI.

THE NATURAL EXHIBITION.

ANOTHER vision of mine, was, to open an exhibition for fine children, male and female, remarkable for their beauty, symmetry, or athletic frame. In order to which, I had prepared a new and copious edition of the *Callipædia*——or, Art of Getting pretty Children; illustrated with notes of my own, and enlarged with several philosophic hints, which had occurred to my mind whilst this pleasant fancy was running in my head.

There have been many schools opened, for the exhibition of all the arts and sciences; but none, O shame! for Nature, and her originals. He who copies the human face-divine, receives a premium, and applause—while he that presents you with the master-piece, or prototype, of the mimic work, has but his labor for his pains—or at best, is referred like virtue, to its own reward.

This might encourage the good old moral and political work of propagation. It would be reviving something similar to the useful Roman law, the *jus trium liberorum*——and be a restraint on promiscuous intercourses, which terminate in barrenness. Profligacy is a monster, and never generates.

I can conceive no other reason for such a scheme as this not having yet become an object of the royal foundation, except that his present majesty might not have so justly thought that his own family would be best intitled to the greatest emoluments of it, both from excellence and number.

I have amused myself sometimes in one of my philosophic moods, with supposing an handsome well-made young couple, setting out on such a project as this. I will not indulge the freedom of imagination on this subject———though well assured I am, that the author of beauty, harmony, and order, cannot be displeased with a disquisition into it.

Can the origin of nature be jealous at our investigation of the very inmost recesses of its secrets? Philosophy would become impiety at such a thought.

Many other projects of these kinds, sufficient *loquacem delassare Fabium* to relate, and which would require the age of a patriarch to execute——besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking——have presented themselves to my active imagination, even in the midst of pain, sorrow, and sickness; but I never was able to carry them farther than minutes.

For my mind has ever represented the jargon of the schools, with regard to matter, which is designed to possess a *conatus ad motum*, with a *vis inertiæ*, or perfect acquiescence *ad requiem*, at the same time. You may see what a fine thing this same learning is.

CHAP. XLII.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I FIND myself laboring, this instant, under an irresistible impulse to mention one particular design of mine—because 'tis of a singular nature—which was to write an historical and philosophical account and description of all the several great epochas of the world, from the creation to the conflagration—from the beginning of time, when God said, "Let there be light, and there was light;" till the end of it when he shall say, "Let there be fire, "and there shall be fire."

As there is but one notable event to be expected, between the present era and the final consummation of all things—namely, "the gathering of all na- "tions, so as that all may become one faith."—— When Turks, Jews, Infidels, and Heretics—Papists, Presbyterians, Jansenists, Methodists, Moravians, Quietests, Arians, Hugonots, Socinians, Anabaptists, Muggletonians, Swadlers, and Quakers—are there any more of them?—shall all become good protestants of the church of England, as by law established.

This might, I say, at first appear a difficulty upon me. But on considering the train that has been already laid, both in church and state, to bring that matter to pass, I fancy that the intelligent reader will be of opinion with me, that it requires but a competent knowledge in politics and theology, to be able to predict the time when and the manner how, this great crisis must be brought to pass.

I gave my sentiments on this subject, some years ago, in a private letter to Frederic the Third, his present majesty of Prussia. Pray, now I think of it, do you know what became of that paper? It was put into the hands of the Prussian minister here, to be presented to his master, and we have heard no more of the matter since.

But to conclude——

As the first thing in intention is generally the last in execution, I have proceeded in this work accordingly, by writing backwards or Hebrew-wise, and shall here present you with the last chapter first.

THE FINAL CHAPTER OF THE EPOCHAS.

ARGUMENT.

THE LAST DAY.

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. MILT.

NOX, Erebus, and Chaos, now renewed their reign. All nature was convulsed.——The panther, lion and the leopard, fled affrighted from their dens, and tamed by terror grew the friends of man. The world became an ark, and adverse beasts forgot their wanted strife, and sought alliance in each other's fierceness. The howling wolf now bleated like the lamb. The hawk, the vulture and the eagle became pigeon-livered and lacked gall. The birds of rapine forsook their prey, and trembled for themselves. The shark, the dolphin, and leviathan, merged from the boiling deep, and sought the fervid shore. The elements themselves were changed in nature's wreck. The rivers were dried up, and liquid ore supplied their burning channels. The clouds were turned to fire, and shot their meteors through the astonished sky. The air was flame, and breathing was no more. The firmament was melted down, and rained its sulphur o'er the prostrate globe. The earth's foundations to the centre shook. Even charity was dumb—and virtue's self stood scarcely unappalled!

FINIS

MUNDI.

CHAP. XLIII.

MYSELF.

AND here perhaps, since I have got into a train of describing myself, it may amuse you—or myself—which makes very little difference, in the mood I am at present—to give you the character and peculiarities of *Tria juncta in uno* :—to which purpose I shall appropriate the whole of this chapter.

The first and principal characterisric of my indoles—not indolence—for it is as active as passionate, is philanthropy. This is the *sine qua non* of my composition. This is my divinity, in which I live, and move, and have my being.

The *momentum*, of my affections toward mankind, is in a reciprocal *ratio* between heaven and earth. I place myself as a medium——and love others with that warmth and indulgence I would have my Creator manifest toward myself——forgiving their errors, palliating their infirmities, and willing both their temporal and eternal felicity. Amen.

This turn of mind is the first thing that awakens with me, and the last I part with when I take leave of my senses. I have frequently supposed myself a sovereign prince, and spent many an entire day in settling my household, with all the other offices and dapartments of my kingdom.

Nay, I do actually aver, that I sat down gravely one morning to a sheet of paper, and entered the names of all my friends and acquaintance for employs ; classing them according to their respective merits and capacities : Preferring still, as becomes a king to do, superior talents and virtue, to my fondest connections.

Pray, was not this a scene for Moorfields ? And would not such a manuscript as this, found in my possession, appear to have been copied from char-

coal on the walls of a cell? Nay, I do confess, that I did once seriously think myself mad, for a considerable portion of my life, on account, of such reveries and extravagancies as these—till I happily found out, that my suspicion arose chiefly from my having kept company, during that sad interval, with a parcel of LUKE-warm fools.

At other times, I have absolutely refused being a king. I burned my list, and cried out, *Nolo coronari*. This station did not sufficiently satisfy my thirst of power and dominion. It extended only to the temporal welfare of mankind, and was restricted to that scanty portion of them which was comprehended within the narrow limits of my own empire ——and could bear an insurance only during my own life.

I prefer Socrates to Solon, and would rather preside in the moral than the political government of mankind. This is the only true ambition, to assume to one's self that department in life which extends equally to all nations, to all ages, and reaches even to eternity itself.

I am, perhaps, one of the greatest philosophers you know in the world. Men of sense admire, and fools envy this supposed superiority of talent in me. They think it must have been achieved by dint of study, labor, and resolution with the natural advantages of a gifted capacity, and great strength of mind.

I would not have them think so:——In the first place, because it is not true;—and in the next, such a notion as this might deter others from ever attempting to arrive at such an happy, but easy excellence of character. Let me undeceive them.

I was as other men are, till about the age of two and-twenty. I resented pain, sickness, disappointment, and distress, as naturally as I did heat and cold, hunger and thirst. I had ever a turn for reflection. I lay tumbling and tossing one morning in bed, my mind laboring just then under the pressure

of some one or more of the above catalogue of ills, and contemplating the infinite superiority of the ancient philosophy, upon all such trials as these.

I envied, I admired this happy possession of one's own mind. I took heart of grace, on the instant, and fillipping my fingers, cried out, "I will myself be a philosopher." I immediately arose—resolving not to fall asleep again and forget it. I put on the breeches of a philosopher——possibly at that time, of an heathen one——and so commenced philosopher for life:——And I also am a painter.

This, be assured of it, gentlemen, was the only lesson or degree I ever took in that truly noble science of defence——and found it to be all-sufficient.

The difficulties we apprehend, more than those we find, in an attempt of this kind, as well as in the strife with all our passions, is the only thing that prevents philosophy and virtue from being commonly attainable in general life.

What makes the difference between a chaste woman and a frail one? The one had struggled, and the other not. Between a brave man and a coward? The one had struggled, and the other not. An honest man, and a knave? One had struggled, the other not.

I am generally cheerful——but more remarkably lively under pain, sickness, or misfortune—provided the misfortune be all my own—than at any other time of my life. Visiting the sick ceases to be a scripture duty, when referred to me. Folks crowd to my church, not to bemoan, but be merry at, my sufferings—to hear me confess wit on the rack, and refine my ore in the crucible.

A friend of mine, thinking me expiring once under the severe disorder of a bilious cholic——and I should certainly have popped at that very instant, if I had not, most luckily, been given over by the physicians——and consequently no longer plied with medicine. My friend, I say, expressed himself extremely shocked at the indecent merriment, as he

styled it, with which I was going out of the world. The reply I made him, was pretty nearly in these words :

" Your lazy or indolent Christian is too apt to " cherish in his mind a dangerous opinion of the ef- " ficacy of a death bed repentance—I was never " mad enough to trust it. When Socrates was " asked just before his trial, why he did not prepare " himself for his defence, he nobly answered, *I have* " *been doing nothing else all my life.*

" He who defers the great work of salvation till " his last moments, hath loitered away his time till " the night cometh in which no man can work—— " A death bed attrition*——and what is it more, " when it comes to that? may be compared to Va- " nini's last exclamation—who, though an atheist all " his life, called upon God in the flames.

" Shall an apoplexy deprive us of salvation? If " not, then what but fear need render us so dismal " in our exit? Life is itself a jest——Then surely " death must be the very cream of it. The longest " life is as short as an epigram, and our end is but " the point of it."

My sober friend walked away into a corner of the bed chamber, and ejaculated.

CHAP. XLIV.

A SHORT CHAPTER.

WHAT a chapter was the last! There will be no end of it, if once I get into an habit of writing such long ones. But whenever self happens to become the subject, one seldom knows when to have done. This is the only theme upon which, I was ever tempted to expatiate——which in other words, is to be tedious.

* *Repentance thro' fear of punishment, not sorrow for sin; which latter is called* contrition.

For, in general, my writings do not smell much of the lamp. They seem most of them rather to have been written when I had natural light enough —even at the very full of the moon. Can the Critical Reviewers themselves say any thing worse of them?

CHAP. XLV.

A SHORTER.

BUT even these short chapters appear too prolix to me——I hope not to you——though they contain each of them only one head a piece. So that, I am resolved here to put an end to them all, and write nothing but sentences throughout the second volume.

I am not so vain as to think that my proverbs will be as good as Solomon's—or Sancho's either—but this I will venture to say, that they shall beat them all to nothing in number.

END OF PART I.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE PRINTER.

PLEASE, sir, to send your *devil* with my compliments to messieurs the Ministry, assuring them, that it was not, by any means, in derogation to the *golden age* of the present administration, but merely from the casualty of my subject matter, that the chapters of this book happen so exactly to complete the number *Forty-Five*.

THE EDITOR.

THE

KORAN:

OR,

ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS, CHARACTERS,

AND CALLIMACHIES,

OF

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, *M. N. A.*

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

PART SECOND.

NESCIO QUID MEDITANS.——*Hor.*

THE

AUTHOR

TO THE

READER.

WHETHER any of the following thoughts or remarks have been conceived by others, before me, or no, I cannot pretend to say; for, as they spontaneously occurred to my mind, I minuted them down, without ever taking the trouble of inquiring into their origin or derivation.

And in truth, a labor of this kind would have been infinite and uncertain——for it is almost impossible, after all, for any person who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, upon every occasion, to determine whether a thought was another's, or his own. Nay, I declare, that I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in conversation; thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.

For my own part, I do affirm, that it would afford me a most flattering pleasure to find them all imputed——For, as I can truly acquit my conscience of the least

manner of plagiarism, this very coincidence of sentiment and opinions, would serve to prove the justness of them, pretty nearly——as two clocks which chime together, very probably mark the right hour of the day——for the degrees of error are so numerous and various, while the point of truth is but *simplex duntaxat, et unum*, that the odds must be manifold, that no two irregular agents shall exactly hit upon the same false measure.

But that nothing is new under the sun, was declared by Solomon some years ago: And it is impossible to provide against evils that have already come to pass. So that I am sure I have reason to cry out, with Donatus, apud Jerom—

Pereant, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt.

For I have ever wrote without study, books, or example, and yet have been charged with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, &c. without having ever read the first, or remembered a word of the latter.

So that, all we can possibly say of the most original authors, now-a-days, is not, that they say any thing new, but only that they are capable of saying such and such things themselves, "if they had never been "said before them."

But as monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value, by their own impressions; so are there certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiaries——who cannot be said to steal; but, from their improvement of thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again; and may more properly be said to adopt, than to kidnap, a sentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame.

I do not pretend to class myself among such priviledged wits—I never borrow, lest I should not be able to pay—but have only made the above remark, to show the candor of my own criticism upon all such occurrences as these.

It may, perhaps, be requisite here to explain a new term I have made use of in the title-page of this part of my work. The word Callimachies I have framed from Callimachus, the name of a Greek poet, of whom it is said, that he had written above eight hundred elegant poems, which were all comprehended in about five hundred pages.

I was pleased with this character of his works.—I hate your *scriptus et in tergo* authors—and have therefore taken the liberty of denominating all concise or sententious writings Callimachies, after his name. I thought it adviseable to give this

definition of the word, lest the Critical Reviewers should derive it from the French phrase Gallimatias.—

I like this manner of writing extremely.—It is really being too hard upon the public, "to turn over a new leaf with them," upon an old score, continually.——And whenever my bookseller, who buys by the bulk—and such works deserve to remain on it—obliges me to augment my pages, I generally contrive to give the reader some new subject,—or none at all——which does as well, as it serves equally for amusement to find one out.

But, indeed, if the editor of these *loose sheets*—I don't mean immodest ones—would take my advice, for his own profit, he would by no means publish them at all ——but sell them privately, to some of the wit-less authors of the present age, who have attained to a certain knack of writing, both in prose and verse, without matter, fancy, or invention——

Without one thought to interrupt the song.

The collection, then, might, perhaps, serve to embellish their works, and help them off the bulk a little.

Farewell neighbor.——

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

CALLIMACHIES, &c.

1. A PERSON may not merit favor, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

2. In Sophocles, Jocasta prays to the Lycian Apollo, and says, "That she came to his temple, because it was the nearest." This was but a sorry compliment to his godship.——It is the same, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to save themselves the trouble of seeking farther.

3. *Inveni portum—Spes et fortuna valete——*
Sat me lusisti—Ludite nunc alios.

There is a bad moral expressed here, in the word *Ludite*.—I would have said rather *parcite*.—The writer did not deserve *invenire portum*.

4. There is a great stiffness in the style and manner of Pliny's Epistles. This was his character throughout; for he professes himself an admirer of evergreens, clipt into the shapes of men and other animals. I think, that Orrery was a fitter translator for him than Melmoth, for that reason.

5. Political and natural connections are different ideas. I look upon all ties of affinity, or consanguinity merely to be of the first kind. Love and friendship form the only natural alliances.

6. There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to

imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

7. I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

8. The confinement of the unity of time, in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. For he must be obliged to compass actions within the compass of three hours, which, in the ordinary course of things, would require the leisure of as many days, perhaps years, to bring to pass.

A play is but an acted novel, of about three hours reading, and should not be restrained within the limits of any given time, in the story, tho' the representation ought not to exceed the usual one.

9. Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there.

I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But, after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

10. There is such a torture, happily unknown to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death. Marcus Aurelius advises to assent readily to great talkers—in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.

An epitaph on the unlamented death of a talkative old maid. By himself.

Here lieth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who on the tenth day of August 1764, became silent.

11. A tragic writer can call spirits from the vasty deep, and reanimate the dead.

12. Mr. Guthrie, in his essay on tragedy, distinguishes between a poet and a genius. He must have meant only rhymers, versifiers, or poetasters; for I will not admit a person to be a poet without a genius.

13. One does not require nor think of a fire, often, in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant, that we feel rather inclined to indulge it.

This is analogous to temptation—and the moral is, 'keep away from the fire.'

——Who venture in,
Have half acquiesced in the sin.

This is the sentiment of some poet; but I cannot make out the distich. Nor is it all material; for that sentence must be poor, indeed, that owes its merit to its metre—Weight, not measure, is the proper standard of true sterling.

14. Custom is too apt to obtain a sanction, by becoming a second nature. This should be admitted only in different matters; for, in others, use only renders abuse familiar, and makes custom the more reprehensible.

15. Persons of sense foresee a crisis, and temporize with occasion. Short-sighted people never comply, till occasion becomes necessity—and then it is often too late.

16. Some folk think it sufficient to be good Christians without being good men, so spend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating—and praying.

17. Some people pass thro' life soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it——but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven like fools.

18. Mechanical Christians make an office of their pews, for the dispatch of business.

19. Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress.

There is a great deal of species of wit, in many admired writings, where the simile falls short of the comparison.

20. Religion was too abstracted before the coming of our Saviour. But the clothing the Divinity with matter, hath presented us with a sensible object of our adoration—which was absolutely necessary to attract the devotion of the many.—For a philosophic religion is a religion—for a philosopher only.

21. Marcus Aurelius says, that he had learned from Apollinus, 'not to be impatient when his arguments happen not to be apprehended.'——

I think there is a reason, besides the philosophic one, for this.——A person ought rather to triumph upon the advantages of superior knowledge or understanding; which should incline him more to pity than resentment.

22. People who are always taking care of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

23. When I see good men dying often, while worthless fellows are suffered to live, I feel the force of that passage in the Psalms most emphatically—'The Lord wishes not the death of a sinner.'

24. The nibbling of critics, like the mites in cheese, depreciate a work to some, but enrich it to others. Quere?

25. Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest. The reply of Callisthenes to Alexander, may be here applied—Was it Callisthenes, or——? Not material—tho' some literary blockheads would, perhaps, make a bustle about it.

26. It is an impious prostitution of the sacrament, to administer it to the adulterer, the oppressor, or as a test, merely by way of qualification for some temporal office. Those only should be admitted to the communion, who qualify themselves for the next world—not those who receive it solely for this.

27. Titles of honor are like the impressions on coin—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

28. There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, 'A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion.'—I forget where.

29. I have known many men who have worn out what little sense had been born with them, long before their deaths——but yet, having been trained up in office business, or some mechanical trade—as the army, or the church——continued to pass through them still, like children in a go-cart, without either suspecting themselves, or being detected by others.

If you slice off the head of a turkey-cock, after it has been once set a running, it will continue to keep striding on, in the same stalking gait, for several yards, before it drops.

I have known several people pass thro' life, plausible enough, with as little brains as an headless turkey-cock.

30. It was an apt saying of Epicurus, '*Stultus semper incipit vivere.*'

31. Swift's love-song, in the modern taste, beginning,

"Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions,
"Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
"I a slave in thy dominions—
"Nature must give way to art,"

was not a whit too *outre* upon the prettily worded nonsense of our lyrics and sonneteers.

I happened to be looking over my daughter's music-book this morning, and met with several celebrated songs, performed with vast applause at Ranelaugh and Vauxhall, which have been penned since that cautionary ode had appeared in the world—where, the authors not having the fear of Swift before their eyes—and in utter contempt of our sovereign lord the poet-laureat—such horrid murders as these have been wilfully perpetrated, *viz.*

One lover begins, in open defiance of the laws, thus——

" Have you *not* seen the sun,
" *When sunk beneath the hills?*
" *Then have you seen* my Molly fair," &c.

which, being interpreted, is exactly this——" Pro-
" vided that you have never happened *to see the sun,*
" when it had *become invisible*, then I will admit that
" you might have seen my *Molly fair*, who beats
" the sun——*out of sight.*"

Another poet bewitched, too sublime for groveling nonsense, elevates his passion at once into a crime. —For, concluding a verse with this position, that

" Friendship with woman is *sister* to love,"

he commits *a poetical incest* at once—slapdash.

But the genius that pleased and puzzled me the most, was the author of the following stanza:

" Come take your *glass*,
" The northern lass
" So *prettily* advised——
" I took *my glass*,
" And really was
" Agreeably *surprised.*"

Upon which arise two questions, equally interesting, to be resolved here——namely, What was the glass? and what the surprise?

The latter, indeed, he lets us into the secret of in the next verse——which happens to be the lass's beauty—and we are to suppose this to have been the very first time he had ever seen it——by his being so much surprised at the sight.—But then, why not surprised before he had taken his glass, as well as *after?*——Which leads us to the solution of the first question, what manner of glass this was?

Here the commentators differ extremely——one set affirming it to have been a magnifying glass which had surprisingly increased the dimensions of those charms, which had appeared nothing remarkable to the naked eye before.

Another opinion, and to which, I confess, I more incline, as being the most orthodox, is, that it must have been a drinking glass——That the northern lass, being somewhat chilly, had challenged our poet to take *a bout* with her,—and had bumpered him into a sort of Scotch——or second sight——or, in other words, had plied him up to that pitch of potation, when men are said to see double.—By which means it became a multiplying glass which must have increased the number of her charms to so agreeably surprising a degree, as the lover appears to have been so enraptured at.

And what serves, in my opinion, to render this the more natural interpretation of the difficulty, is, that philosophy has observed, in proportion as men grow warm with wine, their penchant toward the act of multiplication grows stronger and stronger.

32. Zed led a sort of zig-zag life, gaining his points by indirect courses, as a ship makes her voyage, by tacks, in an adverse wind.

33. *Varium et mutabile semper fœmina.*
VIRG.

These epithets are said to be synonymous.——I think not.—The first expression alludes to the temper, and the second regards the affections.

34. A reflection on the shortness and vanity of human life:

I never see a man cock his hat, but I think of my poor father, who has been long dead; and am apt to cry out, as becomes a philosopher——"What signifies cocking one's hat?"

35. I never knew but one person who interfered

between man and wife, either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *pro* and *con* once between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right hand, crying, 'Be quiet, you brute;' and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, 'Hold your tongue, you vixen.' Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets, with a 'Peace, you monster——Have done, 'you termagant——Hands off, you coward——Re-'tire, you virago'——a fit of shame and laughter seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial an umpirism; they shook hands immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

36. Poets should turn philosophers in age, as Pope did. We are apt to grow chilly when we sit out our fire.

37. A certain person expressed himself once very happily (in making an apology for his epicurism), by saying, that 'he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well.'

38. The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues, in the lottery of life.

39. "*Tot homines, tot sententiæ.*"—It cannot then be deemed partiality or prejudice, to prefer one's own opinion to that of others.—If you can please but one person in the world, why should you not give the preference to yourself?

So much for the sport of fancy. But I should rather give the preference to another. It is impossible for faith to conceive, without having felt it, the superior pleasure of loving another person better than one's self.

40. Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians——only that they do not deal in *scruples*.

41. Writings of wit or genius, in the present times, is but lighting a candle to the blind.—It sup-

plies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

32. The definition of the Godhead is, "that his intelligence requires no reasoning.—Neither propositions, premises, nor deductions, are necessary to him. He is purely intuitive. Sees equally what every thing is possible to be.—All truths are but one idea only. All space but a single point, and eternity itself but an instant."

This is a truly philosophic idea of the Godhead, and is suited to it alone, in one very particular sense ——that any being less than infinite, would be rendered miserable by such endowments. Reasoning, investigation, progressive knowledge, hopes, completions, variety, society, &c. would be at an end.

The sole pleasures of such a being, if not God, must be those of a brute—reduced to sensuality alone. This must have been the state of your demigods, if ever there had been any such——your bull and swan Jupiters—your swine-wallowing Bacchuses——your B-lt-m-e Plutoes, &c.

43. A clever fellow.—The word clever is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient.— There is no expression in any of them, which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet.

May we not from hence suppose, that the character here intended, as well as the expression, is peculiar to these kingdoms?—And, indeed, it is in a land of liberty only that a man can be completely clever.

44. How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty, and love stained with lust!

45. A tree is to be judged by its fruit, not its blossoms——Quere——

46. There was a book lately published, styled, "Of the future lives of brutes," which gave great offence to your divines. I cannot see why. The only fault I found with it was, that it was but poorly written.

Is there only such a proportion of salvation in the gift of Providence, that parsons need be jealous of the participation? To suppose the inferior animals of the creation to be endowed with souls, must presuppose our own to be out of all dispute.

There is certainly a remarkable difference in the morals of all the domestic animals, even of the same species. The beasts of the desert we will suppose to be uniformly vicious. We will suppose also, that these are to be the devils of brutes in the four-footed Tartarus.

47. *O navis! referent te*, &c.

The comparing a commonwealth to a ship, is one of the justest allusions in politics that can be imagined.——But this simile is more peculiarly adapted to Great Britain, than to any other state in the world; as it has a double right to it, both as an island, and the first maritime power, both in naval strength and commerce.

Whenever, therefore, I hear of our entering into a Continental war, I think I see the brave tars dragging their ships through the streets of London, and begging their bread, like the Thames boatmen in the time of a frost; or drawn up from the sea-coasts, through Flanders, to be used as scaling-ladders, or battering rams, against the walls of Fontenoy, Ghent, or Bruges.

48. I had a patron once, who used to publish his kind intentions toward me to the world, and so paid himself before-hand, without waiting for a reversion from gratitude.

A generous mind may be compared to the Latin dative, which has no preceding article, and does not declare its case, till it comes to the termination.

Is there not such a proverb as 'working for a dead horse?' This was the case. As he had already paid himself, the work went slowly on——and is not finished yet.

49. I have such aversion to ill temper, that I could sooner forgive my wife adultery, than cross-

ness. I cannot taste Cassio's kiss on her lips ; but I can see a lour on her brow.

50. I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I could sooner make friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former vice.

Under meanness, I comprehend dishonesty—under dishonesty, ingratitude—under ingratitude, irreligion——and under this latter, every species of vice and immorality in human nature.

51. There are many ways of inducing sleep——The thinking of purling rills, or waving woods——Reckoning of numbers———Droppings from a wet sponge, fixed over a brass pan, &c.——But temperance and exercise answer much better than any of these succedaneums.

52. Live to learn, and learn to live———Quaint.

53. I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women——and ever had—than men, or even women themselves, generally have.

54. Death is only terrible to us, as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life——unless we are to be as idle and worthless there, as the gods of Lucretius.

55. I would rather go barefoot, than do a dishonest thing.—Better to have one's feet dirty, than their hands—Whose style is this ?

56. Some peers of my acquaintance put me in mind of a person I once knew, whose name, names, or *nomen multitudinis*, was, Cæsar, Augustus, Gustavus Adolphus, Mark Anthony, Timothy Keeling —dancing-master.

57. It shocks me to think how much mischief almost every man may do, who will but resolve to do all he can.

58. To frame a *corps de reserve* of the ugliest

and most mishapen men, and a body of Amazons too, of the same stamp, trained to war, to be sent upon the service of the forlorn hope, would, methinks, be a vast improvement in tactics.

Persons under such descriptions must be more prodigal of life than others—and would, besides, be a less loss in the community. The *Feri faciem* won Pharsalia, because poor Pompey's troops happened, unfortunately to have been handsome fellows.—But if his legions had been formed, or deformed, out of the above corps, Cæsar might, perhaps, have had reason to be sorry that he had ever passed the Rubicon.

There is also something terrifying in the ugliness of an enemy. One is apt to expect less humanity, mercy, or quarter, from such physiognomies. "*Novitate aspectus, milites perculsi,*" says Tacitus. Kill or be killed, seems, in this case, the only word of action.

From hence such persons are styled frightful—that is, apt to create fear in others. The king of Prussia seemed to have conceived such a philosophic notion as this, when he framed the regiment of death in the last war.

59. Our doctors say, that the dead shall rise again with bodies. This notion appears to be an article of faith, agreeable rather to the doctrine of a Mahometan priest, than a Christian divine.

It would be unphilosophic to suppose, that flesh and blood shall lose their properties after resurrection——nor, indeed, to do them justice, is it pretended.—And if so, I'll answer for it, that the Turkish scheme of paradise will be the practice, though all the metaphysics of a Christian should be the faith.

60. Physicians ought never to drink.——Whenever any distemper affects themselves, they always *call in* foreign aid——thinking, very justly, that *the slightest* disorder might impair the judgment. And yet, methinks, a man may be able to preserve

his senses much better, in the first stages of a fever, than after a bottle of wine.

61. The preachers abroad, use so much gesture and action in their delivery, that the congregation becomes an audience, the moment the text is given out—for they imagine themselves to be present at Æschylus's theatre, where the speeches were all spoken, with correspondent gesticulation, from a pulpit.

62. We may imitate the deity in all his attributes; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal him. We cannot, indeed, give like God—but surely we may forgive like him.—This is the style in which South and Taylor quibble your souls to heaven.

63. The different judgments we are apt to frame upon the deaf and blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, is owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst——namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

64. An epicure desires but one dish; a glutton would have two.

65. An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist———as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.

66. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is sober.

67. The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

68. Shakespeare may be styled the oracle of nature. He speaks science without learning, and writes the language of the present times.

69. It is a great error in the political constitution of England, that the peerage is not limited.—The *body itself* would derive greater honor, respect and consequence, from such a restriction. At pre-

sent, lords are as plenty in these kingdoms, as German counts and French marquisses abroad; or as the Polish nobility, who are reported to be two hundred thousand *strong*———read *throng*———and as little distinguished from the commonalty.

But this is not the particular that I must resent ———I speak not as a lord, but as a commonwealth man.——The increase of the peerage must soon destroy the great bulwark of the state, by over-balancing the weight of the commons. Men of the largest fortunes obtain titles, and leave none but middling ones in the lower house. This reduces their importance and dignity.

And those who succeed these peers in parliament, are generally their brothers, their sons, or other dependents——This increases the influence and sway of the upper house———So that the rule of *omne majus*, may, possibly, soon be as true in politics, as it is in philosophy.

The constituents are a restraint on their representatives, once, at least, in seven years.———Too seldom! and if the crown should refuse its assent to wholesome laws, the commons can, in turn, withhold its revenues.

But the lords are independent of control.——They may prevent the passing of any bill they please, and the community has no manner of redress against them. The king cannot unlord, nor the people unchoose them.

In ancient states, persons were honored with a crown, for saving a nation. Coronets were not then conferred, for destroying one. Nor are they now. I allude only to the twelve peers.

70. A certain person had once done me a singular piece of service, but had afterwards behaved himself very unworthily toward me. An occasion soon occurred, which put it in my power to requite his ill offices; and I was urged to take advantage of it, by a friend of mine—or rather, an enemy of his.

I objected, That this man had formerly obliged

and served me. True, he replied; but surely his ill behavior since that time, has sufficiently cancelled both the service and the obligation.

By no means. Merchant's accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendship. A person who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to disoblige us. The scripture has inculcated a precept, to forgive our enemies. How much stronger, then, must the text imply the forgiveness of our friends?

The disobligation, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the obligation without abetment, in moral. A kindness can never be cancelled—not even by repaying it.

71. The advantages of academical learning, as far as it relates to the study of languages, is only this—that the time and labor required to understand an author in the original, fixes the matter and reasoning stronger in our minds, than a cursory reading in their own language can be supposed to do. By which means, knowledge may be said to be inculcated into us.

Conversation, too, has the same effect. We remember the person, his figure, his very dress, the circumstances of time, place, *&c.* which all concur to fix the ideas in our minds. This would be shorter and a pleasanter method of instruction; and why not practise it?

If the chief, which ought, in this case, to be the sole end of learning, be to teach us knowledge, science, and virtue, how are the dead languages necessary to that acquirement? *Ars longa vita brevis,* is an old complaint. But the general method of education, which the superstition of our European universities keeps us still incumbered with, increases this evil, even beyond the natural state of it, by, in effect, lengthening art, and shortening life.

72. What persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such times, off their guard. *Habit may* restrain vice, and virtue may be obscur-

ed by passion——but intervals best discover the man.

One must live intimately with people, to know them——and it is not much for the honor of human nature, to say, that friendship subsists longer than love——because the intercourse is not so frequent.

73. That virtue is its own reward, may be understood, not only in a moral, but an orthodox sense of the words also. For, according to our divines, that virtue which proceeds from a mere natural good disposition, or a regard to ethic beauty only, is so far from having any merit with God, that it is made a doubt, by the thirteenth article of our faith, whether it does not partake of the nature of sin.

So that mere simple virtue, according to this opinion, must take up with its concomitant pleasure for its reward——as no action, which does not spring wholly from a religious principle, and is not dictated, either by our love or obedience to God——and does not direct itself, either actually or virtually, immediately or ultimately, to his glory, can be, in the least degree, entitled to the promises of the gospel.

And those miserable sinners, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, Titus, and Marcus Aurelius, while they ignorantly meant to have heaped benefits upon mankind, were, it seems, according to this same thirteenth article, but heaping coals of fire upon their own heads.

So that, were a bishop, now-a-days, to take the trouble of converting one of such fellows as these, he ought to begin by stripping him stark-naked of all charity, benevolence and virtue, and after he had been left for some time to cool in that situation, then put him out to school, to some clerk of a parish, to be taught them all over again anew.

I hope that the right reverend fathers of the church will now think me sufficiently orthodox, in *this* passage, to entitle me to a deanry at least.

74. Socrates, in the Phedon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He says, That a person who behaves well, from a moral principle, shall be entitled to an infinitely higher reward, than one who fills up the same measure of duty, merely from use or exercise.

This is a fine reflection in a Pagan. The Christian divines carry their distinction much farther, by giving the same advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

75. When the different species of animals are not distinguishable throughout, as the ass, the mule, from the horse—the monkey, the baboon, from the man——they are apt to shock and disgust our sight.

The different sexes, too, in human nature should be as strongly marked as possible, for the same reason. An effeminate man, or a masculine woman, are still more offensive than the former instances—because they hurt a moral too. *Hic mulier* and *hæc vir*, are unnatural concords.

76. I take the errors and absurdities of the Roman Catholic tenets and doctrines to have arisen merely from this—That as soon as the Christian religion came to make its way in the world, to be established in governments, and endowed with lands, benefices, jurisdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deists, or moral heathens began to attack the church, as a mere political institution, framed to overturn states and kingdoms——urging, that there appeared to have been no sort of necessity for a revelation, which had advanced nothing new, or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philosophy.

Thus, then, the best evidence of its divine origin—its being but a more rational, compact, and refined system of ethics, introduced with humility, recommended with meekness, and practised with mortification and self-denial——neither enforced with

worldly power, nor subversive of any laws, natural, moral, or political—was pleaded against it.

Upon which the councils of priests, in those days, alarmed for their temporal estates, power, and dominion, began to convene themselves together, in the devil's name, and put every text of scripture on the rack, to confess articles of faith and practice, of such extraordinary natures as the light of reason could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logic could ever have submitted to——such as, infallibility, transubstantiation, supererogation, absolution, indulgence, dissolving of allegiance, temporal jurisdiction, inquisition, corporal penances, and propagating the gospel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and sword. The infidels were nonsuited upon this.

77. Algebra is the metaphysics of arithmetic.

78. The stumbling block of the Jews, was their mistaking the second coming of the Messiah in glory, for his first appearance in obscurity. They had conceived such a vain notion of their deliverer, that they scorned to submit their faith to a private person, when they expected an earthly king.

They may, perhaps, plead some excuse for this mistake at first——but they appear really to have been a perverse and stiff-necked generation of infidels, who did not submit themselves to the church of Rome, when the Popes had established their temporal kingdom, their absolute dominion over all the powers of Europe, and showed them, according to their own opinions, the triumphant state of Christ upon earth.

79. A supplement to Bacon's mythology of the ancients——

Perhaps the fable of Jupiter's supplanting his father Saturn, the first of all the gods, might have arisen from a corruption of the tradition handed down from Adam, that the Son of God was the Creator of the world, and all animated beings therein——which, in the dark ages of ignorance in di-

vine mysteries, might have been interpreted as a superseding of God the Father's power, and usurping the heavens.

80. Another.

Perhaps the story of Prometheus creating man, bringing fire from heaven to animate him——his attempting the chastity of Pallas and being condemned to severe pains in consequence of these acts ——might have alluded to the Logos regenerating human nature, informing it with the Holy Spirit, its entering into the Virgin's womb, and suffering the passion, for the redemption of the world.

81. Another.

I wonder much, that those mystic divines who are fond of deducing types of Christianity out of the Pagan mythology, have never made an allusion from Cerberus, with his three heads, to the Pope, and his triple crown.

The first guarded the entrance into the Elysian fields, and the latter assumes the keys of St. Peter —the power of absolution, excommunication, &c.

82. Another.

In the heathen mythology, reported by Avienus in his celestial history, Jupiter is said to have placed Hercules next to himself in the heavens, with his heel bruising the great serpent's head, that had kept possession of the garden.—Apply this.

83. Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science.

84. Art and Science are words frequently made use of, but the precision of which is so rarely understood, that they are often mistaken for one another.

I don't like any of the definitions of the schools. I met with a distinction, somewhere, once, comparing science to wit, and art to humor; but it has more of fancy than philosophy in it. It serves to give us, however, some idea of the difference between them, tho' no idea of either.

I think that science may be styled the knowledge *of universals*, or abstract wisdom; and art is science

reduced to practice—or science is reason, and art the mechanism of it—and may be called practical science. Science, in fine, is the theorem, and art the problem.

I am aware that this objection will be made—that poetry is deemed an art, and yet it is not mechanical. But I deny it to be an art—neither is it a science. Arts and sciences may be taught—poetry cannot. But poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul, when it first quickened, and should neither be styled art or science, but genius.

85. He who desires more than will supply the competencies of life, except for the sole purposes of charity, respects others more than himself. For he pays an expensive compliment to the world—as all beyond the first requisite is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy of his neighbors.

86. Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable persons, have been censured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. But perhaps there is a certain heaviness of heart, that may occasion a lightness of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel—like that kind of temerity with which cowards are sometimes inspired by despair.

As this may be the case, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon so serious and interesting an occasion, should no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the deliriums of a fever.

I speak not here against Christian resignation, or philosophic composure, upon such a crisis.

87. I agree with Erasmus, on the subject of the Trinity—*Satis est credere.* And therefore shall never perplex myself, either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.

88. Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph: If in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

89. A singular person may be compared to a monster—more admired at—than esteemed.

90. Desire in youth is a passion—in age a vice—While it solicits us, it is pardonable—but when we pimp for it—O shameful!

91. Friends may be compared to wine—the new more pure, and every drop is potable:——The old more rich—but there are apt to subside some dregs of age. Quere.

92. Writings may be compared to wine. Sense is the strength, but wit the flavor. No quere.

93. St. Evremond is the best modern ancient I ever read.

94. Probably providence has implanted peevishness and ill temper in sick and old persons, in compassion to the friends or relations who are to survive; as it must naturally lessen the concern they might otherwise feel for their loss.

95. I prefer the Greek epigram to the Latin one. The first consists in a natural, but not obvious thought, expressed with strength and delicacy. The latter has too much point and conceit in it: It has not the true simplicity of ancient wit.

Catullus wrote in the spirit of the former——— Martial in the ghost of the latter. Almost all the moderns have generally imitated the Roman poet, because it is the easiest manner of writing—requiring less wit or genius. But the former style must be original, and is incapable of imitation; or must suffer the censure of Horace—

———*Frustraque laborat,*
Ausus idem.———

96. Shaftsbury would impose ridicule on us, as a test of truth. He is, I think, in general, but a slight writer. His arguments are weak, superficial, and inconclusive. He was, therefore, under the necessity of calling in the auxiliary of wit to his aid, but failed more remarkably in this resource too—for I think that he reasons even better than he jests.

97. *Let your* pleasures be of choice, not of course.

98. Marriage may be compared to the monster Lindamira-Indamoro, in Scriblerus—different minds united only by the body. But love resembles an hermaphrodite, where different sexes are informed with but one soul.

I ransacked all nature to find out more seemly allusions, to illustrate my position—but was obliged to take up with these, out of nature, after all.

99. I thought that to forgive our enemies, had been the highest effort of the heathen ethic—but that the returning good for evil, was an improvement of the Christian morality.

But I had the mortification to meet with that interloper Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was styled by Erasmus, 'a Christian before Christianity.'

100. There should always be a clause of divorce in the marriage covenant of princes, in case of barrenness, in order to prevent greater evils. For as poison has often been made a political use of upon such occasions, it might possibly be some temptation to her majesty to prescribe to herself a dose of adultery, *quantum sufficit*, in hope of removing obstructions. For a queen may have reason to cry out with Rachel, "Give me children, or I die."

This expedient may, perhaps be a natural reason for so many kings, in history, having degenerated from the spirit and virtue of their imputed ancestry.

101. The English constitution of state is composed out of all the ancient politics—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and oligarchy—the king, nobles, commons, and privy council.

These several bodies temper and correct each other, like the four ingredients of punch—where, according to the good old catch,

"The sharp melts the sweet, and the mild soothes
"the strong."

The first is the sugar, the second the water, the third the spirit, and the fourth acid.

102. There is a maxim, that 'it is better ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer.'

This I deny. Humanity, not policy, speaks this language. The impunity of even one villain is capable of doing more injury to society, than the loss of even more than one honest man.

The laws of war, tho' severe, are, however, founded in political justice. If the enemy has got possession of an outwork, no scruple is made of blowing up the rampart, tho' part of our own soldiery should be on duty there.

I feel myself shocked on the close of this paragraph. This is the first time of my life that ever I suffered my philosophy to plead against my humanity. *Sed fiat justitia*, for justice is humanity.

103. A man's fortune should be his rule for sparing, but not for spending. Extravagance may be supported, but not justified, by affluence.

104. A gallows, like the forbidden tree, gives at once both death and knowledge.

105. That truth is hid in a well, and that there is truth in wine, have both the same import——implying, that none but sober persons should be entrusted with a secret.

106. However arch I may be said to be in my hints, or free in my allusions, I never remember to have made use of any one loose or obscene expression in my life, and have always discountenanced it in others.

I have ever held the mysteries of the *bona dea* sacred—and have so much of the Pagan in me, as to regard love as a deity———which leads me to consider gross language to be a sort of heathen blasphemy.

107. *Date obolum Bellisario.* I would not have given him a farthing. He deserved not to eat the bread he begged——because he begged it. Was *Belisarius* a Christian?

108. Lucretius styles the intellect, *spiritus unguen-*

ti suavis; and some other poet—for my memory is bad—calls it *flos Bacchi.* I say, that spare diet, and clear skies are Apollo and the Muses.

109. A criticism, after the manner of Bentley.

Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

JUVENAL.

Methinks I never read a poorer Latin sentence than this. *Habet* is not the proper verb here—It betokeneth possession, for which their happens to be no manner of application in this passage. *Est* should have been the verb——changing the grammar.

Infœlix paupertas is a false metaphor, and can only be supported by certain figurative modes of speech, which critics—or rather commentators—have framed upon the defects of ancient literature. *Durius* is an improper epithet here. It is expressive of a sensible quality only. *Pejor* should have been the comparative in this place.

In se—Superfluous expletive! This is one of the vices of metre.

Quam quod—Two adverbs, both monosyllables, and beginning with a double alliteration also. Bald!

Ridiculos homines. These words ought not to have been joined so close together in the same sentence. It renders the sibilation of their terminations offensive to the Euphonic ear. Besides, it is quite ridiculous to apply that epithet in this place——for poverty may, perhaps render a person contemptible, but it must be his own fault if it should ever make him ridiculous.

Facit. This is but a poor make-shift of a verb, and terminates the sentence weakly. *Reddit* would have been fuller, and more expressive.

110. A critical dissertation on *purpurea nix*, after the manner of commentators:

Purpurea nix and *purpureæ* colores, are expressions in the classics. It hath puzzled the annotators.

to account why snow or swans should assume the epithet of purple—and having no other way to solve the difficulty, resolved among themselves, that the ancients used to style all bright colors, *quicquid valde nitens*, purple.

But might not there have been a breed of swans among them of a real purple color? Or, might not this description have been taken from the cygnets, which are generally of a fusky color, inclining to purple, though *non valde nitens?*

Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen—not Apzoom—in his learned description of Norway, says that the north sea is blue.

In mare purpureum violentior affluit amnis.
VIRG.

That the ice there is of the same color, and was styled by the ancients, *cerulea glacies*—and that the snow on the tops of their mountains is also bluish, and is therefore commonly called *blabren*—that is, of a color inclining to purple.

I expect that the republic of letters will acknowledge great obligations to me, for the ingenuity of the above criticism; as I do affirm it to be every way as learned and material as many volumes of commentations, that, I am sorry to say, I have most stupidly and unprofitably sacrificed too much of my irretrievable and imputable time to.

111. To have a respect for ourselves, guides our morals; and to have a deference for others, governs our manners.

112. A regard to decency, and the common punctilios of life, has been often serviceable in human society. It has kept many a married couple unseparated, and frequently preserves a neighborly intercourse, where love and friendship both have been wanting.

113. That ridiculous expression in Lord Grimston's play of "Love in a hollow tree"——

" Let's here repose our wearied limbs, 'till wea-
" ried more they be,"

may be supported by a passage in Horace '*fatiga-*
'*tum somno*'—and by another in Tibullus,

'*Illa meos somno lassos fatefacit ocellos.*'

114. Of all knaves, your fools are the worst ——because they rob you both of your time and temper.

115. It is not the force of friendship, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns so often exceed that admirable rule of the ancients, *usque ad aras*——'Carry not your friendships beyond the altar.'

116. A definition of what are generally styled bargains, is, the buying a bad commodity that you don't want, because you can get it cheaper than a good one when you do.

117. The ancient's manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by libations, not potations. Would it were the same among the moderns. Wine is often better spilt then drank.

118. Lovers express themselves properly when they talk of an exchange of hearts. For this enchanting passion but commutes the characters of the sexes, by giving spirit to the nymph, and softness to the swain, mutually exchanging courage and timidity with each other.

119. Drink never changes, but only shows our natures.

120. All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animall that ever is frisky.

121. A moral, in the style of Seneca:

It is better to do the idlest thing in the world, than to sit idle for half an hour.

122. When a misfortune is impending, I cry, God forbid——but when it falls upon me, I say, God be praised.

123. Courage and modesty are the most unequivocal virtues——because they are such as hypocrisy cannot imitate—and they have this property in common also, that they are both expressed by the same color.

124. The ancients represented Saturn under the character of Time, with wings on his shoulders, and fetters on his feet.

This was to mark the swiftness of it to some, and its slowness to others—according to this line,

O vita ! stulto longa, sapienti brevis.

125. " There will be two women grinding at the " mill—the one shall be taken, and the other left." —The miller's claim to half the corn for grist, from this text is as good a plea as many of the pretences of the church of Rome are supported by.

126. The extravagant encomiums that have been handed down to us from the ancient critics, of many of those authors whose works have been long swallowed up in the gulph of time, and whose names are commemorated only in their commentaries, might make us lament the loss of so much wit, humor, and fine writing, as is there pretended, if the fragments of some of them, which, by their being preserved, we may reasonably suppose to have been the choicest parts, did not afford us an opportunity of judging a little for ourselves.

And upon such a critical review, I dare say, that a candid reader will think those writings which have happily escaped to us entire or even maimed ; are worth the whole library of those that lie entombed with their authors. *Vide Les jugemens des scavans, par M. Baillet*, for five volumes of such sort of stuff.

127. One should read both ancient and modern critics with extreme diffidence, upon the subjects of literature. The difference, nay the contrariety, of *opinions*, given by persons of equal judgment, capa-

city, and learning, upon the very same work, must surprise us extremely, if we were not to consider critics to be in the same situation with lovers. Smitten with some features, which another eye might possibly perceive no manner of beauty in, they are apt fondly to impute perfection to the whole.

So that, in one case as well as the other, the old adage, *de gustibus non*, may be affirmed.——And therefore it is not the judgments or the sense of the commentators we have any pretence to reprehend, but their taste, their sympathy, their eniverments, only. Let us then always judge, taste, or feel, for ourselves, and not be misled by great names.

128. Among the many curious impertinences of the schools, there is none that appears to me so truly ridiculous, as the strife about the authority of the works of the ancients. Is it the author or the writing we admire or criticise? But it is still the authors we have before us, no matter for their names, when we are commenting upon any work of genius.

I do not care one farthing whether Pisander's or Virgil's manuscript—Macrobius affirms the first—was the original of the second Æneid—or Apollonius of Rhodes the author of the fourth.——Whether one Homer, of seven cities, framed the Iliad and the Odyssey entire, or only tacked a parcel of old ballads together, and sung them about

1 2 3
the streets of Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon,
4 5 6
Salamis, Chios, Argos, or Athens, to the title of "The blind beggar-man's garland."

I do not pretend to say that we have Virgil or Homer before us, when we read those words imputed to them. But we have certainly the writers of them—which is all we need contend for. And I really think that those scholars, affect a precision in this very immaterial matter, are not a bit wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once,

with the sweetest smile imaginable, "Who was the "author of Shakespeare's plays?"

129. Charles had a sort of philosophy, without reflection, that reconciled him to every thing. Among the other particulars, of his life, he was the most contented cuckold too that ever I knew, and could throw his horns behind him, like a stag darting thro' a hedge.

130. Scaliger styles titillation a sixth sense.—— And certainly there is as great a difference, between being tickled and simple feeling, as between taste and touch.

But then, the same overstrained philosophy might as well deem the sea to be a fifth element, because it differs so much from common water. For titillation, like the briny wave, is but a stronger or more pungent sensation—one of the taste, the other of the touch.

131. Maria was so full of grimace, that she prostituted every feature of her body, but one——and that escaped, only by her not being able to lie a moment still.

132. In part of Lord Kames's elements of criticism, he says, that "music improves the relish of "a banquet." That I deny—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is—but are perfectly distinct notices; and cannot, with the least propriety be said to mix or blend with the repast, as none of them serve to raise the flavor of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. But music and painting both add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardor.*

133. What a dread of death must some people have, who would rather be dying than dead!

134. A toad, fed on the vapors of a dungeon, is not such a wretch, as a man of sense, who has had

* *See what Triglyph says upon* music at meals.— *Triumvirate*, chapter lxxiv.

the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthless woman.

Women are apt to be vain of such a conquest; but more, as the poet expresses it, for the triumph than the prize. For otherwise, a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themselves, that they have been capable of imposing on men of understanding, when, in truth, it is they who have imposed on themselves.——Their pride will not suffer them to imagine they could ever sustain a passion for a fool: So, helping the fair idiot out with their own sense and understanding, they often lend arms against themselves, ere they are aware.

135. Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes. ——But the safest way is to see through their ears. ——Who was it that said, Speak, that I may see you?

136. A friend of mine was so conscientious a wencher, that he always compounded with vice, by taking an old mistress. So that though he made an harlot, he did not make a bastard.

137. Merit accompanied with beauty, is a jewel set to advantage. Quere?

138. *Currat lex*—a motto for a lawyer's coach. *Fait justitia*—a paragram for a hangman's cart.

139. The moral law, without a sanction, is like the English code—a perfect system of constitution, but wanting a sufficient law to put the whole in force.

140. When I see Mrs. —— and her husband, I think of a monkey fastened to a log, and playing antic tricks.

141. Tom is a mere adjective of society, for he cannot support himself one moment alone——nor is he ever so much as spoken of singly, but is tacked always to others, as Virgil introduces Thersilochus, with a copulative at the end of a line:

——————*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.*

Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Dæretaque, Thersilochumque.

142. Modern poets put too much water in the ink.

143. Men are like plants——some delight in the sun and others in the shade.

144. The many various and absurd systems of religion, reported from the most ancient histories of the several parts of the world, appear to amount almost to a proof, that there must have been some part of revelation originally made to our first parents; which handed down to posterity by oral tradition, or, at best, by types and hieroglyhics, received such alterations and corruptions, through the mistakes, the weaknesses, or sinister arts of man, as made it terminate in downright idolatry among the ignorant, and in atheism with the learned—to a certain pitch of error and presumption.

For, had there not been any revelation at all, there would either have been no sort of religion in the world, or a more rational one. For, in that case, it must have been deduced, by tracing effects up to their causes, as far as the philosophy of the age in which this should have happened, might have been able to have reached.—And then——*Deus intersit.* So that the natural philosopher, and the moral reasoner, both joined in one, must have become atheist.

But this, probably, could never have been the origin of religion, for the following reason——That this philosophic research must have happened in later times than those, in which history informs us the many fantastic modes of ancient worship had been professed among all the nations of the earth, even the most illiterate, ignorant, and barbarous, who never could have taken up the least notion of religion from their own premises or conclusions.

145. There are two sorts of moral writers.—— The *one* represents human nature in an angelic *light*, and the other in a beastly one. The first are

generally found among the ancients; and the latter entirely among the moderns——chiefly the French.

They are both wrong.——One argues from the best, and the other from the worst of our species. Doctor Young has a just sentiment in his Centaur, which reconciles these different writers——"We cannot think too highly of our natures, nor too meanly of ourselves."

146. A Montaigniana,
Or a wandering thought, after the manner of Montaigne:

While a man is reading or thinking abstractedly, he is a king for the time——as being quite free from any manner of reflection regarding his own circumstances. Indeed, how seldom is it in the day that he feels the difference between himself and a king?

Monarchs are unhappier than their subjects.—— For use makes state familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irksome.——Has opulence and grandeur then no advantages? None—but the power of doing good.

I have often been surprised that so little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might serve to render their names famous to posterity.

"And paid a tradesman once, to make him "stare."

But away with all ambition, which only affects our names, without improving our natures.

147. A moral, after the manner of Rouchefoucault, and others of that stamp of immoral writers, who, in all their philosophic reflections, endeavor to depreciate human nature:

As our bodies are compounded of different elements, so are our minds of various passions.—— And as the blending of the former creates the union of body, so is all virtue produced by the balancing or commixing of the several affections and propensities of the soul.

As our bodies are formed of clay, so are even our virtues made up of meanness or vice.——Add vain-glory to avarice, and it rises to ambition.—— Lust inspires the lover, and selfish wants the friend. —Prudence is created by fear, and courage arises from madness, or from pride.

148. A reflection on the *decens et decorum*, in morals:

A friend of mine distrained a tenant's cattle for rent, then took them out of the pound, and put them on his own demesne to graze. The arrear was discharged in a day or two. The flock was surrendered, but the tenant was charged for their grass.

There appears certainly to be nothing contrary to law or moral, nor the least sort of oppression or extortion in this matter. It was equal to the tenant, whether he had paid for grazing to the landlord, or the pound-keeper. Then what can it be, that strikes one so strongly with the idea of a difference?

There must surely be want of decency in this action.—And though it may be, perhaps, too refined a speculation, to trace the subtile connection between them, yet I think, that want of decency offends, by implying, in some sort, a deficiency of moral. It certainly does of that refined moral which Prior hints at:

"*Beyond the fix'd and settled rules*
"*Of vice and virtue in the schools,*" &c.

If decorum be not the substance of virtue, it is at least one of its accidents. It is an adjective, which depends upon some moral for its substantive.—— It is the round, the full, the fair of the great circle*. Or it may be compared to the fine essence of light, that must have some solid matter for its subjects, upon which it reflects all the beauty of colors.

149. The mind is naturally active, and will em-

* *See Prior's tale of Protogenes and Apelles.*

ploy itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the devil, they must find him work——and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

150. It is in what the world reckon trifles that a good understanding should most employ itself.—— Great occasions generally direct their own operations, and but seldom occur——while every day's experience presents you with small cares sufficient to exercise your utmost prudence upon.———— Therefore,

"*Think nought a trifle, though it small appear—*
" *Small sands the mountain——moments make the year——*
" *And trifles life.—Your care to trifles give,*
" *Or you may die—before you learn to live.*"

YOUNG.

151. I think that a person may as well be asleep ——for they can be only said to dream——who read any thing but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct.

152. Nothing in this life after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labor only sitting still, and expense but time, which if we do not spend, we cannot save.

153. If time like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world——but yet not a full one. For even this would be such an economy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

154. There are three ways of dealing with time ——losing it, spending it, or putting it out to use.

Amplait ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus—hoc est vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

155. One of the fathers compares contemplation and action to Rachel and Leah. The first was fairest, but the latter more fruitful.

I am afraid he was not quite orthodox, by the wit of his simile.

156. To the many difficult conceits of the ancients, for the cramp of wit—such as poems cut out into the shapes of hearts, altars, wings, &c. I would incumber literature with a fancy of my own invention——which, if it should once obtain——as, from the futility of it, there can hardly be a doubt——may be styled, the double *boutrime*——because the last word in every line is always made to chime to the first, throughout the poem——which takes off from the constraint of couplets, and joins the strength of blank verse, and the softness of rhyme, together, in the same line.

Examples.

Love is the pivot on which all things move.
Death is no more than stopping our last breath.

With other moral reflections of the same kind.

157. Jack had every merit of a school-boy—except his learning——and he is now too old to retrieve that article.

158. Miss R—— married, only because she had been surfeited with fornication, and longed to try the variety of adultery a little.

Simple meats became insipid to a vitiated taste—It requires mixed sauces to quicken appetite.

159. James supplied the want of spirit with the usual succedaneum of spite.——*Quantum sufficit.*

160. Ned had a little spirit of gibe and humor, sometimes, that used to render him entertaining enough on particular occasions——but when that vein did not happen to serve him, one might well say, that Ned was a dull dog, without a joke.

161. Mrs. N—— was an insensible libertine ——and intrigued more through vice than passion.

162. Mr. G——'s house is so kennelled with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a forest, and had no other neighbors but bears.

163. George has so much impudence in him, that, like the Scythian, he might be said to be face all over.

164. Kit was master of a kind of inverted wit, that consisted in a remarkable quickness of misapprehension. He would often pretend to mistake some one word in a sentence, for any other of a similar sound; and, by commenting, or running a parody on it, contrive to throw the speaker into an embarrassment.

165. A lie is a desperate cowardice.——It is to fear man, and brave God.

166. I never drink———I cannot do it, on equal terms with others——It costs them only one day—but me three——the first in sinning, the second in suffering, and the third in repenting.

167. Sight is by much the noblest of the senses. We receive our notices from the other four, thro' the organs of sensation only. We hear, we feel, we smell, we taste, by touch. But sight rises infinitely higher.—It is refined above matter, and equals the faculty of spirit.

168. To put ourselves in other persons' places, would obviate a great deal of the jealousies and resentments we are too frequently sensible of toward them; and to put others into ours, would considerably abate the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

169. Freethinkers are generally those who never think at all.

170. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, that it was mere labor and patient thinking, which had enabled him to investigate the great laws of nature.—Hear this, ye blockheads, and go study.

And because I know how much a good example is apt to influence, I will begin a course myself, as soon as I have wrote

FINIS

ESSAIARUM,

SENTIMENTORUM,

CHARACTERIUM,

ATQUE

CALLIMACHORUM.

MEMORABILIA:

OR,

EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,

AND

REMARKABLE SAYINGS,

IN

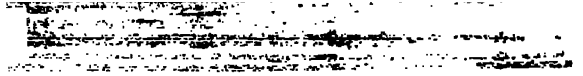
LIFE, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

COLLECTED TOGETHER

BY

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO, *M. N. A.*

PART THIRD.



PREFACE.

GREGORIA LETI wrote as many books as he was years old. Homer divided the Iliad and the Odyssey into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the muses. And if ever Wilkes should commence an author, he would never stop, probably, till he has published volumes forty-five.

From all which premises, I think it must appear pretty plain to the intelligent reader, that *Tria Juncta in Uno* ought to divide his work into three parts, in allusion to his name—which, you see, I have accordingly done.

And, for this reason, I make not the least manner of scruple to prefer myself before all and every of the above-named authors—not only on account of my work being so much shorter than any of theirs, but principally in compliment to the number *three*, which you know——or ought to know——to be the completest sum in arithmetic.

To odd numbers, in general, the ancients attributed certain charms or powers —*but three* stands the foremost of them all

——as it is the first that is capable of the act or potency of multiplication.

If you would be more deeply learned upon this subject, consult my essay on this same number——though I am not quite sure whether I shall afford you an opportunity of doing so, in the course of this work, or no—That will depend entirely upon my having, or not having, sufficient notes to finish this volume without it.

Three was the number of the Graces, the Furies, the Fates, the Syrens, the Gorgons, and the Grææ——those infernal hags, who had but one eye and one tooth among them, which they used to borrow, by turns, as they were to see company, or chew their cud.

When I speak of the Syrens, I only mean the three of them that are now alive —namely, Aglaop, Pisinoe, and Thelxiop ——There had been a fourth among them originally—the dear Parthenope—my favorite, of them all—They were the daughters of Melpomene.—She got them merely to divert her melancholy—by whom, I really have forgot.

They had been, all four, maids of honor to the princess Europa, when the divine bull carried her off——The chaste, the tender Parthenope was so shocked at the rape, that she took grief and died.

Her mistress had, happily, a stronger constitution.——Or, possibly, a rape may sometimes offend those who are not ravished, more than those that are.

Geryon had three bodies, Cerberus heads enough for them all; and Solomon as many options. There were three Triumvirates—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus —Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus—— and Andrews, Beville, and Carewe—This last is formed by one Triglyph too.

Apollo had his tripod, and Neptune his trident. One, two, three, and away, was the note for starting at the Olympic races. And the ancients used to call thrice upon every corpse, to know if it could start any objection to its being interred.

Which naturally leads me to Hades, or Ades, the old-fashioned region of distribution, according to our good or bad deeds. It consisted of three provinces—Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium——Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. It had its three judges too—Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus. —Its three rivers also—Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron.—With many other triads, too numerous and inconsiderable to mention.

In the midst of the above enumerations tripartite, it occurred to me, to mention the Pope's triple crown among the rest. *But I supposed*, that this emblem had its

allusion—and I was resolved to restrict myself entirely to fable.

With regard to the following collection, I think I need not trouble you with any manner of preface about it; for the very title of it sufficiently explains the nature of the design. I thought that a compilation of this kind, might not be only an entertainment to the public, but also, in some instances, improving.

Adieu——

That ye may thrice happy be, prays your thrice obliged, and thrice humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

MEMORABILIA.

1. ZOROASTER, says Pliny, was reported to have laughed on the day of his birth. Sir Thomas More laughed in the hour of death——Which was the most extraordinary?

2. Publius Syrus says, that a woman knows no medium between loving and hating.

3. There were famous women of all the philosophic sects——but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the Pythagorean school——tho' it enjoined silence, and the keeping of secrets.

4. John Weaver, in his History of Ancient Monuments, published in the year 1630, quotes the following prophecy from an holy anchorite in king Ethred's time:

"Englyshmen, for as much as they use to dronk-
"elewnes, to treason, and to rechlesnes of Goddes
"hous, first by Danes, and then by Normans, and
"atte third time by Scottes they shall be over-
"come."

5. Monsieur Sainctyon in his life of Tamerlane, says, that in a certain Persian nation, of the province of Chouvatsam, the people are all born with a musical voice; and that the children's moan or cry in the cradle is perfectly melodious.

This must be owing——for I would always rather account for, than dispute a thing——to the peculiar situation of the country, which may possibly have the effect of modulating the air. In hilly countries, the elastic spring of that element communicates a certain shrillness, or sharp accent, to whatever sound it reverberates. In Wales, the dogs bark with an

sugar, is not so absurd as it sounds.——Put sugar to sack, and it gives it a brisk, lively flavor, that cures it of that heavy, luscious taste, which it has in its own nature.

25. Sir Isaac Newton was mistaken in his philosophy of vegetables being nourished by moisture. It is only the vehicle. The *fabulum*, or *incrementum*, is received from the earth.

I am sorry that this *postulatum* is not true.—— It would have destroyed the assertion of the atheists, that this world was from all eternity. Had plants taken their augment from moisture, and then perished into earth, there could not have subsisted such an element as water now in nature. Therefore, the Mosaic history of the world's having been made *in time*, must have been true.

It might also have suggested a philosophical proof of this world's being finally to be destroyed by fire. ——For heat will increase, in proportion to the decrease of moisture.

26. A certain Venetian, a person of polite learning and fine taste, was so struck with the refined difference between Catullus and Martial, in their epigrams, that he used to perform an annual ceremony in his library, on each returning day of Catullus's mortuity, in which he sacrificed a volume of Martial's works to the manes of his favorite author.

27. It has been remarked, that men are often most strongly attached to women who have not one valuable, or amiable quality to recommend them.——The argument for which must then be, that if a man happen to fall in love without any reason, he can never have any reason for ceasing to love.

28. George has lately obtained a peerage.—He was little, but would be less—so purchased a title, and became more contemptible.

29, Fish-women cry Noble Oysters.——They certainly are full as noble as any family blazoned out in Collins's peerage.——If not of as ancient an

house, of as old a bed at least.——And to show their richness too, pearls and they are congenial.

30. The deriving of families from ancient times, merely from the sound or similarity of names, as is done in all books of heraldry, puts me in mind of Swift's conceit, in proving the antiquity of bees, from the Hivites, a race of people mentioned in the Old Testament.

31. The Jews were the first nation, upon record, who introduced an attention to genealogy.—They had a reason for it, both in their law and in their gospel.—But after the coming of our Saviour, one should conclude all such superstition to have been at an end——as St. Paul says, "Neither give heed "to fables, and endless genealogies, which minister "questions, rather than godly edifyings."——And again——"But avoid foolish questions and genealogies."

32. The Beggar's Opera was written in order to run down the Italian ones. But it is of late become the object of its own ridicule. They have so carbonaded and fritterellied it, that it is now neither one thing nor the other—an English, nor an Italian opera——They are, at length, become allies, and hobble *en pair*.

33. The circumstance of Robert discovering his father, William the Conqueror, at an engagement in Normandy, just as he was going to kill him, their reconciliation in the sight of both armies, &c. would be a fine situation for an affecting tragedy.

34. A friend of sir Thomas More's offered him the choice of his daughters for a wife. He liked the second one the best, but accepted of the eldest, merely to save her the mortification of having a younger sister preferred before her.

This is a fine story, by way of test, to try the force of sentiment in others. The question happened to be proposed to me once in this way—I approved of the generosity of the act, but had the modesty to answer it only by saying, that a person ought to

be ashamed to differ in opinion from so great a man, in any action of his life.

35. Tacitus gives the character of a man, *magis extra vitia, quam cum virtutibus.*—This expression is by no means just, in a strict sense; for it is a vice to be void of virtues. *Dum satis putant vitio carere, in id ipsum incidunt vitium, quod virtutibus carent,* says Quintilian, who was not only an excellent critic, but a sound moralist.

Tacitus has many beauties in his writings, but would sacrifice any thing to the framing of an *antithesis.* Sallust, and others among the ancients, had the same passion.

36. Locke says, that wit and judgment rarely meet in the same person; because that their talents are directly opposite——the first collecting together all ideas which are any way alike,—and the latter employed in separating those which in any particular differ.

Methinks there is more wit than judgment in this remark—For the same quickness which can form an assemblage, is as nimble at distinguishing.—The proverb is not applicable here,——Those who hide can find.

37. In the ninth book of Pope's Iliad, there is a note on the 494th line, where I think that both Eustathius and he have mistaken the sense.

When Achilles says, that he despises Agamemnon, like a Carian, he seems to hint that he must have had as venal a soul as the people of Caira—— a nation of Bœotia, that used to hire out its troops like the modern Swiss—to think that he could be bribed to battle by the presents he offers. He says, just before, his gifts are hateful—and immediately after,

Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possess'd, &c.

The best way of solving a text, is by its own context.

38. *Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit*
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus æque, nec superstes
Integer?

Hor. L. 2. Od. 17.

Please to observe here, that *Paddy* Horace says his friend is part of himself; and that if this same part should be taken away, the remainder—*altera*—would not be the whole——*integer*.

Now if any modern author had written the above passage, would not the English critics style it an Hibernicism?

39. There is another passage too in this author, which may likewise be carped at, but that it is not certain whether the error is to be imputed to the writer or transcriber—most probably to the latter, because that so small an erratum would set it right.

——*Quid terras alio calentes*
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

Lib. 2. Od. 16.

Here the sense is deficient in the first sentence—because the commutation is not proposed—and the expression abounds with a pleonasm in the second ——For *exul* comprehends *patriæ*.

But change this last word into *patria*, and join it to the first sentence——let us see how it will stand upon this alteration.

——*Quid terras alio calentes*
Sole mutamus patria? Quis exul
Se quoque fugit?

You see that the deficiency is by this means supplied in the first part, and the abundance rescinded in the latter.

40. Pere Rapin says, very justly, of most of the

Italian writers, that they strive rather to say things wittily than naturally. But both French and English authors have frequently the same fault.

Look back to number 35, for the commencement of this vicious style of writing.

41. The Apollo Belvidere is confessedly the finest statue in the known world. How could the very ingenious Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, mistake his figure and expression, just after having slain the Python, for a simple Apollo Venator?

42. Who need ever be vain of a poet's praise, when it is so notoriously known that the Muses sang a funeral elegy on the death of this same serpent Python, slain by Apollo, their very god?

43. In philosophy, it is said, that eunuchs bear wine better than men do. The philosopher then who claimed the prize of drinking, for being the first drunk, did honor to his gender.

Listen to this, ye jovial country 'squires, and never boast again of being 'able to carry off a greater quantity of liquor'—I think that is the phrase—than other men.

44. St. James says, 'Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations.'

45. By the institutions of Lycurgus, the rigor of the Spartan discipline, both in apparel and diet was relaxed in time of war.

46. There be six things, in physic, styled naturals. And what do you think they are? Even the most natural things in nature——diet——evacuation——air,——exercise——sleeping——and waking.

47. In the Herleian Miscellany, volume the first, and page first—the preamble—there is this expression:—"To show that when God is on our side, "neither the power nor the policy of man is able to "do us harm."—What a deep reflection!—How many volumes of sermons have I seen wrote in the same way!

48. The Capitol of Rome was so called, because

that a man's head—which might have been a woman's, for aught they knew—the gender does not lie there—happened to have been dug out of the foundation.

From this hint, the Augurs prophesied, that Rome should become the capital of the world.—You may see what sort of reasoners priests must have been from the beginning.

Rome was styled also the mistress, not the master of the world.——Which seems sufficiently to justify my surmise, above hinted, about the head.

42. Madness is consistent——which is more than can be said for poor reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—tho' it should last for life.

Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was.—Our passions and principles are steady in phrenzy; but begin to shift and waver, as we return to reason.

50. It is an hard case, that the laws should not have made any manner of difference between murdering an honest man, and only executing a scoundrel. I really think that these things should always be rated *ad valorem*.

51. Pliny says, that the crocodile increases in strength to its latest age, and dies in full vigor—— This whould be a good poetical simile for avarice, which

"*Grows with our growth, and strengthens with*
"*our* weakness."

52. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she. ——I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship, that they were deemed to be authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them.

53. A servant maid I had once—her name was not Dorothy*—returned home crying one day, because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.

She had no spleen to the fellow—for he had been condemned only for a rape; nor was she of a cruel nature—but she had lost a sight.

54. Ravisius Textor has given us a catalogue of persons who died laughing.

55. The *Lex Papia* forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty.

I think the law was wrong in the first article—because men may have children long after that age ——or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community. But matrimony is generally thrown away upon any woman after Wilkes's number.

To have children, is the only modest reason a woman can give for marriage. And after such pretence has ceased, what an indecent thing must it be, to see her proceeding to the gratification of her concupiscence, at the very foot of the altar?

56. A watch or clock goes the faster for being foul.

57. The famous princess Catharine Sforza, being besieged in a fortress by rebels, was threatened by them to have her children put to death, if she did not surrender the garrison——"Do with them as you please," said she, "for behold I have *a mold* to cast more."——So saying, she stepped up on the wall. ——I leave the historian to tell the rest. "*Hist. des femmes illustres.*"

I think that she might have been celebrated for her immodesty, as Jael was for her treachery above women in the tent.

58. Monsieur Menage, a poet of distinguished eminence in France, always sent a criticism to the press immediately after every piece he published,

* *See chapter* xxxiii. *last paragraph but one.*

to prove that he had not one requisite of a poet in any of his writings; and that he wrote all his verses, *invita Minerva*, by the mere dint of labor only. What a caprice!

59. Alecto inspiring Amata with rage, is compared by Virgil to a boy whipping his top.

60. Ask doctor Smollet what he means in his Travels by the Genoese, the empress of Russia, and making heaven accountable for the death of Peter the Third——Joan——and the predestination of her son?

61. There are certain fishes, styled abdomidals, that have fins underneath their bellies——which your fishmonger philosophers say prevent their turning on their backs.

This particular, I hear, is only true of fishes, but not of those animals '*quæ desinunt in piscem.*'

62. Diotima, a female philosopher, was the person that initiated Socrates into the *philosophia amatoria*, which the Platonist afterwards extolled so highly.

63. Theano, another female philosopher, used to advise married women 'to lay aside shame with their clothes.'

This brothel-maxim is finely reprehended by the chaste Plutarch, who says, 'That women ought never to be naked, for when they put off their garments, they should clothe themselves with modesty.

64. The same Theano told Timæonides, who had often reviled her, that, notwithstanding his unkindness, she always spoke well of him——but had the luck still to find, that her panegyric had the same fate with his satire—to be equally discredited.

Prior, and others, have stolen epigrams from this expression:

"*You always speak ill of me,*
"*I always speak well of thee——*
"*But, spite of all our noise and pother,*
"*The world believes nor one nor t'other.*"

PRIOR.

65. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear.—He had no manner of objection to going to church, but lest 'the devil might take it ill.'

66. The learned are not yet agreed, whether an Olympiad contained four or five years.—The lustre is happily out of dispute, and fixed at five.

67. How children come to be marked, before they come into the world, by an impression made only on the sight of the mother, is inexplicable by philosophy. Nay, philosophy denies the fact, but leaves the contingency of it rather a greater mystery.

68. Women entered originally into the Olympic games——but some confusion happening once on their account, they were forbidden to appear there for the future, on pain of death, if found disguised.

Yet a woman named Herenice, did afterwards venture her life, for the mere pleasure of wrestling and boxing there——and won the prize.

She could not conceal her triumph: Which coming to the judges' ears, they ordered, that thenceforward all athletics should be performed naked.

This my author, who is a joker, says, prevented their entering the circus for the future, but made them all crowd to the ring.

69. Solon deprived parents of all paternal authority over bastards.——The reason he gave for it is curious——That as they were only fathers for their own pleasure, this should be their only reward.

Married men seem to be here unfavorably distinguished by Solon—as mere drudges in the vineyard.——I suppose Solon had an ugly wife.

70. Hutcheson, in his philosophic treatise on beauty, harmony, and order, plus's and minus's you to heaven or hell, by algebraic equations——so that none but an expert mathematician can ever be able

to settle his accounts with St. Peter—and perhaps St. Matthew, who had been an officer in the customs, must be called in to audite them.

71. The pseudomenos, a problem among the stoics—a quibble merely in words.

72. The anacamsperotes——a certain root—the touch of which is said to reconcile lovers.

73. Lycurgus was the person who collected together all the works of Homer in Asia Minor, and brought them into Greece.

Plato would exclude all the poets from his commonwealth.—Observe here the difference between a person who had formed a real state, and one who had framed only an ideal one.

74. Hermonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master one day, How he should conduct himself, in order to obtain a prize of music, at a public opera that was then to be performed?

"If the theatre be thin," said the old fellow, "play "your best——for the audience may probably be se- "lect and judicious——But to a crowded house, be "sure to play as ill as you can—beause the multi- "tude have Midas's ears."

Hermonides, like other young people, asked advice which he meant not to take—exerted all his talents—excelled every competitor—lost the prize—and died that very night of the mortification he had received, by not taking the old sage's counsel.

75. There is an original necessity in our nature 'to determine ourselves.'—Providence has implanted this propensity in us, to prevent suspension of action, where reasons may be wanting or equipoised.

In the most indifferent cases, we are apt to feel an inclination to favor one side of a question more than the other.——Two men boxing, two horses running, two cocks fighting, two dogs snarling——even two fishwomen scolding——though all equally unknown——one will naturally take part with one or the other——'We must determine ourselves.

Two competitors for a crown appear on the theatre of war together. Even their very names shall decide the point, with regard to us, unknowing of their respective titles or merits.—It was morally impossible to have remained indifferent, between Meer Jaffeir and Cossin Ally Cawn, two rival nabobs some time ago. I vowed fealty to the latter; and my wife, whether thro' loyalty or perverseness, always took part with the first against us.

And if the strife should happen to be between a man and a woman, the respective sexes shall take different sides in the contention——tho' not always on the part of their respective genders—for women are sometimes partial to a woman, merely because she is one——but oftener to a man, for the same reason. No matter for the motives—we labor under 'a physical necessity of determining ourselves.'

In fine, there is but one struggle between man and woman, in which both men and women equally wish success to one side *only*——to which part I need not say.—For as my readers must be either male or female, I shall refer the decision to their joint concurrence.

76. Brutus was originally a name of contempt, given first to Lucius Junius, by Tarquin, on account of his pretending madness and folly, in order to escape the notice and jealousy of that tyrant, who had put his father and brother to death.

Virtue can render the meanest name great——and vice turn the greatest into contempt——Listen, ye plebeians and ye peers!

77. Margaret de Valous queen of Navarre, was styled a tenth muse, and a fourth grace.

78. Solon said, that if all men were to cast their misfortunes into one common heap, every person would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal share with the rest.

This is an odd expression——for, as he makes the reflection general, it is as much as to say, in effect, that every one's evils were less when put in

and greater when taken out. This might be true of some, but could not possibly be so of all.

79. Plato said of Dionysius's court, at his return from Sicily, on his being asked what he observed remarkable there——"*Vidi monstrum in natura, "hominem bis saturatum in die.*"——By *saturatum*, he meant merely eating, not drinking.

What would he have said, had he lived in modern times, and seen not only two meals, but two debauches, in the same day!

80. In the life of Henry Prince of Wales, there is a curious story told, of a speech made by a pope, who silenced a priest, for preaching doctrines 'contrary to the Catholic faith.'

The man defended himself, by saying that he had advanced nothing but the gospel, and the word of God——To which his holiness replied, that this was, in effect, 'to subvert the Catholic religion.'

81. Tiberius was the person who offered a premium for the invention or contrivance of any new pleasure.

82. Providence has supplied the body with refreshment and medicine, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world—and to our minds hath given, both for relief and cure, religion, music, and the sciences.

Whether I write the above observation from reflection or recollection, I do declare most ingenuously, that I cannot be certain this moment.—Memorandum, that memory is apt to forget.

83. Ludovicus Jacob says of Pontus de Thiard, who was both a bishop and a poet, that his erudition was too universal for the first, and too profound for the latter.

84. Balzac said, that Virgil had prevented Tasso from being the first epic poet of Italy, but that Tasso had prevented him from being the last.

85. It is reported of Sebastian, a very good Latin poet, that he could seldom avoid speaking in verse, in his common conversation.

In general, warm people, as poets naturally are, speak usually in blank verse—except they stutter.

" I lisp'd in numbers—for the numbers came."

86. The Count de Bonarelli, an Italian nobleman had passed through a regular course of divinity and philosophy, and distinguished himself in both these studies.

He was afterwards taken from those pursuits, and employed by the great duke of Ferrara, in sixteen embassies of state; in all which he acquitted himself with great address, both as a politician and a minister.

He had never written one line of poetry in his life, till he was about threescore years of age; when, having retired from public business, he undertook for his amusement a pastoral poem, which he executed with a fame equal to Guarini's Pastor Fido and Tasso's Aminta.

87. The covetous man is poor—but the contented one rich—said Bias the philosopher.

88. Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named Soleis, and peopled it with a colony from Athens; who, mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were said to solecise.—Diogenes Laertius gives us this derivation for the word solecism.

89. Simonides, a very sweet Greek poet, was so affected about the nicety of his expression, that being to mention mules, upon some occasion, he styled them daughters of mares.——Upon which Diogenes rallied him, by asking, whether they were not daughters of asses as well?

90. In Plato's Phedon, Socrates says, that while the soul is immersed in matter, 'it staggers, strays, frets, and is giddy like a man in drink.'

There is a passage in the Psalms, from whence one must be almost certain he must have borrowed this image——" They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Psalm 107: verse 27.

Here, not only the simile is the same, and the expression almost so—as near as different translations of the same text, not performed by the Septuagint, can be supposed to approach——but the very occasions are parallel also. The first describes the state of the soul, under the incumberances of corporeal affections, and the latter speaks of men unassisted by grace.

91. Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. To be merry and wise, might have been a proverb deduced from this law.

But Plato's reason was truly philosophic———— that, while our natural cheerfulness and spirits remain, we should never use incitements. To spur a free horse, soon makes a jade of him.

92. Antigonus said, "*Qui Macedoniæ regem eru-*"*dit, omnes etiam subditos, erudit*'—'*Qualis rex talis* "*grex*,' says somebody else.

This is not always so. It is only what may be styled a capable truth.—Virtue will not be sufficient—for example, alone, won't do. The king must have both sense and spirit too. He should let all his bounties, honors, and preferments, flow in one chaste channel, and, like heaven, bribe us to our good.

93. Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when, at the same time that it is propounded to us as an article of faith solely, we are told, that 'the very angels have desired to pry into it in vain?'

94. See the character of Francis David Sterne, in the Annual Register for the year 1760, and compare it with the jealous phrenzy of Jean Jacques Rousseau.——The unaccountable caprices of human nature.

95. I asked an hermit once in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation?—He replied, that 'Providence was his very next door neighbor.'

96. A library.

Verumque in qua simulac sedem posui, foribus pecculum abdo.—Ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, avaritiam, excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, infelicitatis nutrix—et in ipso æternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animos sedem mihi sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant. HEINSIUS.

In the world, you are subject to every fool's humor.——In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

HENRY AND FRANCES.

97. The mareschal de Bellegarde was a lover, and a favorite of Anne of Austria's, but happened to be discarded upon the following occasion:

When he was taking leave of her majesty, to repair to his command in the army, he solicited her, with an air of passion and mystery, to give him her hand; which, after she had, with a blush, some hesitation, and turning aside her head,

"With neck retorted, and oblique regard,"

at length consented to, he applied it immediately 'to the hilt of his sword.'

A most stupid piece of old-fashioned gallantry, to be sure.—But observe, at the same time, the unaccountable caprice of woman, in his dismissal.

98. Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue—— That her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

99. Extract——*unde nescio.*

Adam signifies earth, and Eve life.—But, not to insist upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the dead earth—but woman of the living man—therefore, of a more excellent nature.—There are no conclusions so strong as those that are drawn from the *petitio principii*.

100. Another fragment in favor of the sex:

It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, so by a woman we were all retrieved again.

For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Christ took upon himself, must have been derived entirely from the feminine gender.

101. The Laplanders have odd notions. They encourage the killing of bears in their country; and have framed this law, that any man who destroys one, shall be exempted from cohabiting with his wife for a week——and so on, *toties quoties*.

102. Heraclitus was the person who first introduced the burning of the dead, upon this philosophy, that fire was the predominate principle of all things; and that by such dissolution, the æthereal flame, or soul of man, was better and sooner purified and disunited from the grossness of matter.

103. The doctors of the Sorbonne, in the year 1550, caused a priest to be deprived of his benefice, for pronouncing the words *quisquis* and *quamquam*, as they are spelled, instead of *kiskis* and *kamkam*, as they had reformed them.

Which were the greatest fools, they or the priest?

104. Sophocles has written a tragedy, which consists of but one entire monologue, of a person complaining and lamenting a sore heel. See the Philoctetes.

105. In the whole Hebrew dictionary there is not one word to express nature or philosophy.

106. Pythagoras was the person who first changed the arrogant appellation of sophos, or wise man, to philosopher, or a lover of wisdom.

107. What a savage race of men must the ancient Romans have been, who had but one word, *hostis*, in their language for an enemy and a foreigner?

108. Mr. Hume says, "Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people, who "know not how to make a spinning-wheel, or to "employ a loom to advantage?"

109. A good simile—as concise as a king's declaration of love.

110. Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry, saw a stone fall from the top of it to the ground——"Why should this stone, when loosened "from its bed, rather descend, than rise, or fly across? "Either of these directions must have been equally "indifferent to the stone itself."

Such was his soliloquy; and this the first philosophic reflection he had ever made. This led him first into considering the nature of gravity, &c. —So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep researches, and useful discoveries, with which he has since enriched the sciences.

111. Plutarch imputes the ceasing of many of the oracles, to the world's being thinner peopled at that time than formerly.—"The gods, says he, would "not deign to use so many interpreters of their own "wills to so small an handful of people."

112. Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death.—— Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

113. Plutarch commends Attalus for destroying all his own children in order to leave his wealth and kingdom to his nephew.

One unnatural action induced another—For Attalus's reason for so doing, was, that his brother, the father of that nephew, had left him his heir, in wrong to his own son.

114. Men affect parrots, that disgrace human speech—and are fond of monkies, that ridicule human action.

115. Great eaters have generally but dull intellects——The dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

116. A very curious and authentic letter has been lately brought to light, from the queen of Scots to Elizabeth——which makes the latter's chastity not to be so problematical a point as general history had

left it to us. See the Annual Register for 1759, page 323.

117. See the contrasted character of young Servin, in Sully's Memoirs, for an extraordinary instance in human nature.

118. Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, says, that there must have been a nymph whose name was Aura—or Procris could never have conceived a jealousy at the expression of Cephalus, *Aura veni.*

How could a person of his taste, and excellent criticism, possibly make so poor a comment! This passage certainly does not, in the least, prove that there ever was such a nymph, but only that Procris imagined there was.

Had he remembered Skakespeare, he would have known, that

"*Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous,*
"*Confirmations strong.*" &c.

119. Mr. Spence is shamefully mistaken in another passage too. He says that the Hamadryads were not reputed by the poets to have been the souls of particular trees, but the nymphs of the woods in general.

But these latter were always distinguished by the title of Dryads,—from whence Druids,——and the former were only thought to be the lives of trees.

120. The seeing an object distinctly, with one eye, and the not seeing it double with two, must appear to be an unaccountable circumstance in vision. —The same philosophical question may be applied to hearing.

121. What scolds must women have been deemed from the beginning, when all the familiars, the familiares, or female genii, were styled Junones?

122. I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this:

Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he *immediately looked* upon himself as a dead man. He

then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as becomes a dead man to be.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains—or, as he himself expressed it, so much out of the fire.

123. A man is shorter, standing up, than lying along. He is certainly near six lines, or about half an inch, longer, in bed, than when up.

124. Peculiarities in Clark's Latin grammar:

He reckons but seven parts of speech, leaving out the pronoun and participle, and substituting the adjective for both.

He admits only five cases of nouns, rejecting the vocative.——His reason for this is curious.—— See the note, page 1.

The order of his cases too stands thus:——— Nominative, accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative.

125. About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken prisoner, in an engagement against the Saracens, and condemned to slavery. He was employed at work in the gardens of the seraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the Sultan's daugher.——She found out that he was a person of distinction, conceived a passion for him, and offered to contrive his escape, if he would marry her.

He honestly told her that he had a wife already. She replied, that she made no manner of scruple of that circumstance, as the custom of her country allowed men a pleurality. Upon these terms then they agreed, and had the fortune to get safe together to Venice. He hastened to Rome, made Gregory acquainted with the particulars of the story, and, upon promise to make Miss Saracen turn Catholic, obtained a dispensation to keep both wives.

The first wife was so much rejoiced at recovering

her husband, upon any conditions, that she acquiesced in the articles, and showed herself grateful, in the highest instance, to his fair deliverer. The story mentions another unnatural circumstance also in this matter—that the Saracen had no children, but showed a mother's fondness toward those of her rival.—What pity that she did not leave some of her breed behind her!

At Gleichen they still continue to show the bed in which they all three used to sleep peaceably together——which, for that reason, might more properly be styled the grave.

They were all buried in the same tomb, in the church of the Petersberg Benedictines, and lie under a stone, with this epitaph, which the count, who outlived them both, ordered to be inscribed upon it.

"Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who, "with unparalleled affection, loved each other as "sisters, and me extremely. The one fled from "Mahomet, to follow her husband—the other was "willing to embrace the spouse she had recovered. "—United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had "when living, but one nuptial bed; and, in our "deaths, only one marble to cover us."

126. Plato describes two Cupids—a celestial and a terrestrial one.—Perhaps he meant thus to divide the ancient opinion of the two urchins, who are said one to cause, and the other to cease, love—or, more likely, to distinguish Platonic love from the natural one.

127. Sir Francis Bacon says, the Muses are in league together with time, and preserve the privileges of the golden age——Poetry subsists after states and empires are lost. The poet's life unites safety with dignity, pleasure with merit——I wish I could add, profit also——and bestows admiration without envy. It places a man in the feast, and not in the throng—in the light, but not in the heat.

128. It was said, very justly and refinedly, by a lady, mentioned in one of Swift's letters, that in men,

desire begets love——and in women, love begets desire.

129. *Quid tam dignum misericordia quam miser?*

130. *Il pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto*, was sir Harry Wooton's advice through life.

131. In Comus, speaking of midnight shout and revelry, upon joyful occasions, Milton justly says, "they thanked the gods amiss."

132. A man must be born a schoolmaster. He must be more or less than man, says Le Sage, in his Bachelor of Salamanca, to preserve his patience.

133. It is surprising that there should be persons on the face of the earth, who love themselves so little, as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of humor, and set the whole world against them.

134. I have long ceased to wonder at all the operations of Nature, except one. Take a seed of a fruit tree, or a flower; cut it to pieces, or bruise it in a mortar, and you will perceive but one color in it. Sow another grain of the same kind, and it shall produce flowers or fruits, containing every tint in the rainbow.

The lynx-ey'd philosopher may persuade himself, that he 'spies the future tree, or flower, in the present seed——but he can never persuade me, that he sees, or foresees their future colors there.

There appears to be something more here, I confess, than mere second causes, requisite to account for such a phenomenon.

135. In a French book I was reading some time ago, I met with a stupid exercise of wit, of which I give you here a specimen, merely because it is new, in a distich of French verse, wrote in the following manner.

O c——! d— a m— c— d— f——— s———,
P— f——— s——— d— d——— s— c———

Another, in Latin verse.

O m— t— l——— m——— f——— u——— v———,
S———, c— q——— s— c— t— d——— f———

Another in English.

F— f— m—— g—, t— i—— a—— c—,
A— f—— u—— t——, t— d—— r——.

If you have nothing else to do, try to puzzle these out. It will be better than drinking, or falling asleep, or fretting because you have not a thousand pounds a-year.

136. The following inscription, taken from Aldersgate, is a conceit of the same kind with the former——but much more foolish, because more ingenious and difficult. The language is Latin.

Qu an tris di c vul stra
os guis ti ro um nere vit.
H san chris mi t mu la.

If you have a turn for riddling, I shall leave you to amuse yourself with the above laborious dullness, after you have dispatched the former carrity-witches.

137. I knew a common fellow once who had been born a fool.—He was an excellent laborer and, barring accidents, the best verbal messenger in the country where he lived.

While he was receiving his instructions, he used always to hold one hand on the opposite ear, lest the directions should steal through it——and the instant you had done, he would clap his other hand upon the listening ear, and run off with the story to the person appointed to receive it.

But if, by accident, he happened to fall, or was any otherwise obliged to take off either of his hands from his ears, he immediately lost all remembrance of the message, and would return back, crying for fresh instructions.

138. The best account for the belief of miracles has been given by Gil Blas,—He says, that "the "marvellous strikes the imagination; and when "once that has been gained over, the judgment has "no longer fair play."

139. A curious sentence I once met with, I don't know where——" *Mundus ipse, qui ob antiquitatem "deberet esse sapiens, semper stultizat, et nullis fla- "gellis alteratur; sed, ut fuer, vult rosis et floribus "coronari."*

140. *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia*——This is a very bad moral, and I wonder how the author of Tully's Offices could suffer it to escape him.

141. Lycurgus, in order to confirm his establishment for ever, took a journey to Delphos, on pretence of consulting the oracle; first obliging the king, senate and people, in an oath, not to alter the state till his return.

He then retired into voluntary exilement for life.—What a deal of virtue and simplicity must they have had in those days!

142. *Ex sensibus ante cætera homini tactus, deinde gustatus—reliquis superatur a multis—Aquilæ clarius cernunt——Vultures sagacius odorantur—liquidius audiunt Talpæ, obrutæ terra.* Plin. Nat. Hist.

143. Maria is the only woman in the world whom smiles become not. She is beautiful when grave, but looks like an idiot whenever she laughs.

If I was her lover, I should be constantly picking of quarrels with her, in order to preserve my constancy.——For the maxim of *amantium ira*, &c. is most peculiarly applicable here.

144. How imperfect must the state of orthography have been, when there was no difference between the numerals that express four and two hundred!

145. Homer, Hesiod, Æsop, the Seven Wise Masters, as they are styled, and the Sybils, were all born under the Assyrian, called the first monarchy.

146. Had all possible musical tones been exhausted by Nature, that she was forced to suffer the raven to croak, the owl to screech, the peacock to scream, and the hog to grunt or squeel?

147. The emperor Adrian, who wrote the fami-

liar versicles to his soul, and was a person of surprising knowledge and literature, for a king, preferred Cato to Cicero, and Ennius to Virgil.

148. Septimius Severus, the nineteenth Roman emperor, died at York, in Great Britain.

There was something most remarkably amiable in his person. His son Caracalla attempted to slay him, just after he had declared him his successor, but was prevented by his guards.

The good old man resented only, but revenged not, the intended parricide; and, retiring into his palace, fell ill immediately, and died of grief.

I admire the philosophy in him that forgave, but more love the nature in him that felt.

149. Constantius the last of the Pagan Roman emperors, and father of Constantine the Great, died also at York.

150. Heliogabalus, though a sad dog, instituted one very favorable, and therefore just, law—which was the establishing a female jurisdiction, to sit in judgment upon all trials relative to the sex.

I think that such a supplement is much wanted in our own constitution. How can a female culprit be said to be tried by her peers, without a female jury? But upon all indictments for ravishment, particularly, I would have women only empanneled. —For the business, upon such occasions ought undoubtedly to be, rather to examine the accuser, than to try the accused.

Now, girls often give themselves great airs about being ravished, tho' nothing might have been farther from their thoughts at the time. They might perhaps have been so, in a natural sense, tho' not in a legal one——which is all I pretend to contend for. And how is it possible for a man, or even twelve men, to declare upon their consciences, under which of these predicaments the evidence might have labored?

Women then, most certainly, must be the best *judges in these mysteries* of the bona dea, and can

quicker discover whether the testimony arise from a spirit of chastity, of extortion, or extenuation of the juror's own frailty. And a man ought only to be condemned upon the first category—For if the fact itself should be thought sufficient to convict him, his holiness the Pope himself must infallibly suffer.

151. In the fourteenth century, one Nicolao Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the lowest of the people of Rome, had spirit and ambition enough to conceive a design of compassing the sovereignty of the city—and without money, friends, alliances, or military force, by the mere dint of oratory and perseverance, he did at length effectually obtain his object, and arrived also to such a pitch of power and influence, as to awe several of the potentates of Europe, and to be admitted an arbitrator of kingdoms.

152. Even so late as near the beginning of the sixteenth century, a certain priest, having met with this passage, in some Greek author, *O nous estin oulos, mens humana immaterialis est*, and finding, in his Lexicon, that *oulos* signified a flute or pipe, brought no less than fifteen arguments, in an academical exercise, to prove the human soul to be a whistle.

153. Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, received the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Celestine——who, after he had placed it on his head, while he was on his knees, kicked it off again with his sacred toe, to show his authority over the kings of the earth.

154. The Jews sent legates to Oliver Cromwell, to know whether he was not the true Messiah.

155. Pope Julius the Second was reading the Bible, when an account was brought him of his troops being beaten by the French.—Upon which he threw down the book on the floor, out of resentment to the partiality of heaven.

156. The name of France is a reproach to the nation. It was derived from a people who were denominated Francs, from the remarkable spirit of liberty for which they had been distinguished.

But, after they had so poorly succumbed to arbitrary sway, the ancient name of Gaul would better have become them——and the dunghill, not the game-cock, should be their ensign.

157. Stephen Barthorius, a king of Poland, said that God had reserved three things to himself—— the power of creation, the knowledge of future events, and the dominion over our consciences.

158. The Romans were a wicked people in their public policy, tho' virtuous in their private morals. They made use of the basest, most oppressive, and most cruel methods of aggrandizing their empire—— by subjecting all their neighbors to the yoke first, and then, by the help of slaves of their own making, extending their tyranny over the rest of the world. The *punica fides* of the Carthagenians was never so great, as the faithlessness and treachery of the Romans.

159. Ancient Rome rendered herself mistress—— which is worse than master——of the world, under her consuls, by the same methods that she continued so afterwards under her popes.

The good of the commonwealth, was the former pretext——and the good of the church, was the latter one. These being the first principles, to which all others were to be subordinate, whatever vice, falsehood, or oppression, that could favor either of these dominions, were considered as public virtue, or pious fraud.

160. It was lucky, and worthy of remark, that just when the Greek and Roman story had risen to the highest pitch of personal heroism, glory, virtue, and example——and that history had been in full possession of the facts——their languages should fall suddenly into corruption and decay, by the destruction of their empires, so as to become dead ones.

It is by this means that they have obtained to become classical studies, and we read their authors universally, or universitally, at least, with pleasure and improvement——which it had been impossible

to have done, had those tongues, like the living ones, continued still to have been altered, commixed, or enriched, and so have become obsolete, as they must have done, long before the era when they were first established as a study in the European colleges.

161. Boyle, in his Seraphic Love, says, "Our "Saviour is, so near unto God, that he might well "have said, *I and the Father are one.*"——By which he seems to have thought, that Christ spoke only figuratively in such expressions.

Boyle had studied the scriptures, both as a commentator and divine. Nay, in the beginning of the twentieth section of his very work, he expressly says, that he had taken some "pains in the study of controversial divinity."

His abilities were great, and his sense of religion warm——so that, both as an enthusiast and a theologist, he would probably have delivered himself more Athanasianly, if he had not been restrained, both as a metaphysician and an expositor.

162. Lewis the Thirteenth took particular notice of De Retz, afterwards cardinal, for his generosity and virtue in placing a girl in a convent, who had been sold to him by her mother; as also for his bravery, in desiring his antagonist to take up his sword again, which he had dropt, on his foot slipping, in a duel with him.

The attending to such instances of magnanimity and virtue, in private life, is the being a king. This is the only way that a monarchy can be said to be preferable to a commonwealth.

As this is the most charming prerogative with which princes are endued, I am surprised that they are not fond of exerting it oftener than they do, during their abundant leisure.——For, like Lucretius's gods, they generally leave the affairs of the world to take care of themselves, under the agency of but second-best causes——or the direction of chance, not choice——and their ministers take care, or don't take

care, of all the business of state, without ever troubling them——till after it is done—or undone.

163. Doctor Young said, that Pope had put Achilles into petticoats again——alluding, I suppose, to his first disguise among the daughters of Lycomedes, and to the fetters of rhime.

164. What has surprised me most in history, is to read of so few kings who have abdicated their thrones——not above a dozen or two at the most!

165. I shirted myself this morning the moment I got out of bed.—There happened to be a large pier glass just before me, which exposed me to myself, stark naked. I had never, in all my life, seen such a sight before.

I am subject to reflections, and stood, for near a minute philosophizing on my figure, with my arms *a-kimbo*, resembling, both in shape and complexion, one of your new-fashioned brown Dutch tea kitchens—but alas! without a salamander.

Upon a close scrutiny on all my parts, I could fairly account for every inch, member, or circumstance about me, except my nipples.—The horse, the bull, the ram—nor even the baboon, which comes nearest to man——have them not.—No other male animal of the creation is incumbered with such parts, as actually appear to be of no more use to me than they are to the lady mothers, mentioned in chapter xxxiii.

166. A solution of the three riddles mentioned in number 135.

O ciel! donne a mon cœur des forces suffisantes.
Pour pouvoir supporter des douleurs si cuisantes.

O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!

Fear first made gods, the impious atheist cries—
And fear unmade them, the divine reflies.

You can easily see the contrivance of it.——The initials only of each word are set down, and a dot made for every letter in it.

I here make a present of this mystery to the public, for the benefit of the press. It will be a much better method of designing names that one dares not print out, than the common way of A————, B————, &c.

As for example,—Suppose you had been abusing a corrupt minister, till you were tired—but indeed, right or wrong, they are all abused——and then were to conclude your spite, with saying, That man I mean is S——h, —how readily might one mistake this for Sandwich? But were it wrote thus, S——, the obloquy would be obviated——nor would the candid public suffer malignity to avail itself of the quibble, *h non est litera*——while the decypherer would soon end the dispute, by construing it into Sejanus.

167. An explanation of the inscription in number 136:

Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere stravit.
Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere lavit.

By comparing these two passages together, you may see how artfully the middle line of the former is made up from parts of the first, which serve equally to answer to the fragments of the latter.——*Difficiles nugæ.*

168. Female vanity.——Even Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is said to have cast away her pipe, upon being told by her maids of honor, that it used to discompose her features—and would never suffer herself to be served, as all the other goddesses had so notoriously been, for fear of spoiling her shape.

169. A friend of mine once had conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair. He carried this strange prejudice to an extravagant length. He used to say, that he could

never confide in a friend or a mistress of this complexion—for that the men were false, and women frisky.

An instance or two of this kind had determined his philosophy, with as much reason as the jockey, in an old story, had for the reverse——who having once met with a good horse, who happened to be cropt-eared, pronounced that cropt-eared horses were naturally good.—A barber too, recommended white-hafted razors from the same experience.

Red hair is only a sign—if it be any sign at all—of warm or lively affections; and operates according to the ruling passion, of love, religion, ambition, play, revenge, &c.——which differs equally both in men and women of all complexions. And I have always found more virtue in warm affections, than in lukewarm ones.——Warm passions may be tempered, but cold ones can never be brought to *seeth*.

170. In the Passion, painted by Michael Angelo, the Virgin is finely described, according to her peculiar circumstances—tho' certainly most absurdly, under the general idea of such a situation.

She stands unmoved, and looking on the sufferings of her Son, without grief, without pity, without regret, without tears——because she is supposed to have known that the event was to be finally happy.

What different opinions must a Christian and a Mussulman form of this piece.

171. *Nunc itaque et versus, et cætere ludicra pono: Quod verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*

HOR. EPIST.

I met lately with the following lines, which are in sense, and almost in words, the very same with the former:

Hic igitur versus, et cætera ludicra pono;
Quod verum, atque bonum est, inquiro, et totus in hoc sum.

The author of the latter lines was not quoted in the passage from whence I have taken them—which was the Lemma to the Idyllia of Theocritus, translated by Creech. So that I cannot determine, which might have been the plagiarist, by comparing their different eras.

Is not this a precious morsel for the critics? Let me conjecture about it. My opinion is, that Creech meant to have quoted Horace; and his memory failing him, he might have supplied the verse out of his own head—as is frequently the case, in repeating without book.

My reason is this—Creech translated Horace, though badly; but must certainly have remembered the above passage in him—and I cannot suppose that he would have taken worse lines to the same purpose from any other writer.

Now the *verum, atque bonum*, in the latter distich, are, in strictness of philosophy, the same thing.—But there is a beautiful distinction between the *verum atque decens*, in the first lines. Horace joins manners with morals, and adds good breeding to virtue.

Perhaps the anonymous lines above quoted may be in Lucretius——I had read but little of him—from whom Horace is said to have borrowed not only his principles of the Epicurean philosophy, but to have taken several passages out of his writings——among which this may possibly be one, that he has improved.

Creech translated both of these authors, and might naturally be supposed to have been partial to the one, which he had the best success with.

172. 'As obstinate as pig in an entry.' This would have been a fitter simile for Homer to have applied to Ajax or Diomede—Which is it? for I will not take the trouble to look, though the Iliad lies now on my table.

Madame Dacier defends the allusion to the ass, in such a way as deserves not a serious answer.—

She had much better have agreed with Horace, and have ranked that simile under the head of

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

173. Aristotle's Art of Poetry is the best esteemed piece of Criticism among the ancients. How came he to excel both Horace and Vida, tho' better poets, and who had also the advantage of studying him before they wrote?

Because they only copied him——but he had copied Nature.——All his rules, as Pere Rapin says, are but nature methodized, or reason reduced to art.

174. Some of the altitudes or depths of philosophy, are, no doubt our senses, to discredit our own existence, and to require impossible demonstrations for self-evident propositions.

175. The philosopher, I think it was Des Cartes, who after a world of deep reflection, said, '*Cogito ergo sum*,' might as well have said, *dubito* at first, and have deduced his *ergo* from thence at once. —For, in this case, to doubt is to be certain.

176. See the account of the plays, styled the Mysteries, described in the Preface to Don Quixote.

Cervantes ridicules penances and priestcraft throughout——but knows not where to stop.——The whipping of Sancho, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and the twitching and pinking him for the resurrection of Altisidora, are profane allusions.

In the latter manœuvre, when one of the executioners pinches his face, he cries out, "Your fingers "smell of vinegar."——"And they gave him a "sponge, dipt in vinegar, to drink."

In his last volume, chapters xvii. and xix. he has a stroke at the church, who will not redeem or absolve gratis, as their master did. Why slept the holy inquisition all this while?

177. I have seen whole volumes wrote against

the real presence, to prove that matter was not capable of ubiquity—and as many more, not to prove that it was.

This is the way that libraries are filled! or rather stuffed.—I approve greatly of Master Triglyph's scheme for one, in chapter xcv. of the Triumvirate ——though possibly my own works might have been excluded from it.

178. By the canon law, if a cardinal be accused of fornication, there must be a septuagint of witnesses to prove it—So that he must kiss a girl at the market-cross, at least, to be convicted.——How many more would be requisite to convict a pope?

179. Socrates has framed an allegory, for pleasure, as allied to pain, that resembles Scriblerus's description of the Lindamira Indamora.——For though their faces are turned different ways, there is no enjoying one, without communicating with the other.

180. Sir Francis Bacon——It is enough just to mention his name only, to show how well entitled he was to remembrance here—both on account of his greatness and littleness.

"*The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.*"

181. The ancient philosophy materialized spirit, and the modern, in order to be even with it, has spiritualized matter——What extremes are men liable to run into, who depart one line from common sense!

182. We ridicule the Irish, for saying kilt for killed.—But their authority bears no less a name than Spenser.

183. *Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.*

184. *Quanta laboras in Charybdi!*
Digne puer meliore flamma.
HOR. Lib. I. Od. 27.

How was it possible for Horace, or no Horace, to be guilty of such a confusion of figure, as to say that a person was drowning, in one line, and worthy of a better flame in another?

This was going through fire and water for a metaphor, with two witnesses.

185. Among the unaccountable deliriums of human nature, there was a man mentioned in ancient history, who fancied that he had got some of Aristophanes's frogs in his belly, crying, *Brece, ekex, coax, ooft, ooft.*

186. "————*when, O dire omen!*
"*I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,*
"*Just where the fatal tale was interwoven,*
"*How the unhappy Theban slew his father.*"
ORPHAN.

What had the fatal tale of Oedipus to do with the peculiarity of Chamnot's situation? If he must have a dire omen—though I see no reason for any imagery here at all—he had better have framed his allusion upon the Roman story,

Where the infatuate brother slew his sister;

for this he was fierce enough to have done himself, had he found her guilty.

187. Doctor Russel says, that a woman may have milk without being pregnant, or having had a child.

188. I am in possession of a faculty, at any time I please, of communicating a sensible pleasure to myself, without action, idea, or reflection: By simple volition, merely.——The sensation is in a degree between feeling and titillation, and resembles the thrilling which permeates the joints of the body, upon stretching and yawning.

189. Crabs, lobsters, toads, serpents, and other animals, have been found inclosed alive, and in full vigor, in compact oak, and in solid stone.

So that it appears, there are creatures formed by nature for respiration, which yet can subsist, without air, in a preternatural state.

Were I to have limited myself solely to such extraordinary mysteries in natural philosophy as these, I could have supplied this part of my work entirely without having applied to any other resort. But I thought that a greater variety, under the general head of *Memorabilia*, might have been more amusing to my readers.

However, I think that I have furnished the speculation of the curious with instances sufficient, in this latter class, to hint to infidels, that the common and obvious course of nature comprehends not all the powers of Providence.

Qui studet orat.

This I have said, somewhere, before——but it can never be too often repeated by

Your affectionate humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

A

POLITICAL

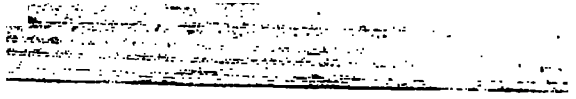
ROMANCE,

ADDRESSED

To —— ——, Esq:

OF

YORK.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little piece was written by Mr. STERNE in the year 1759, but, for private reasons, was then suppressed. The recovery of this satirical performance from oblivion, as worthy of so masterly a pen, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient excuse, with all lovers of literary merit, for thus bringing it to public view.

Late Parson,	Abp. H-rr—e.
Parson of the Parish,	Abp. H—tt—n.
John the Clerk,	Dean of York. Fount—n.
Twin,	Dr. T-rn-r.
Mark Slender,	Dr. Braith—t.
Lorry Slim,	Lawrence St—ne.
William Doe,	Mr. Birdm—e.

Village, York.

Author, Mr. Lawrence St—ne.

A

POLITICAL ROMANCE.

SIR,

IN my last, for want of something better to write about, I told you what a world of sending and proving we have had of late, in this little village of ours, about an old cast pair of black plush breeches, which John, our Parish-clerk, about ten years ago, it seems, had made a promise of to one Trim, who is our sexton and dog whipper.—To this you write me word, that you have had more than either one or two occasions to know a good deal of the shifty behavior of the said master Trim—and that you are astonished, nor can you for your soul conceive, how so worthless a fellow, and so worthless a thing into the bargain, could become the occasion of so much racket as I have represented.

Now, though you do not say expressly you could wish to hear any more about it, yet I see plainly enough I have raised your curiosity; and therefore, from the same motive that I slightly mentioned it at all in my last letter, I will in this give you a full and very circumstantial account of the whole affair.

But before I begin, I must first set you right in one very material point, in which I have misled you, as the true cause of all this uproar amongst us—which does not take its rise, as I then told you, from the affair of the breeches; but, on the contrary

the whole affair of the breeches has taken its rise from it.—To understand which, you must know, that the first beginning of the squabble, was not betwixt John the parish-clerk and Trim the sexton, but betwixt the parson of the parish and the said master Trim about an old watchcoat that had hung up many years in the church, which Trim had set his heart upon; and nothing would serve Trim but he must take it home, in order to have it converted into a warm under petticoat for his wife, and a jerkin for himself against Winter; which, in a plaintive tone, he most humbly begged his reverence would consent to.

I need not tell you, sir, who have so often felt it, that a principle of strong compassion transports a generous mind sometimes beyond what is strictly right;—the parson was within an ace of being an honorable example of this very crime;—for no sooner did the distinct words—petticoat—poor wife—warm—winter, strike upon his ear—but his heart warmed—and before Trim had well got to the end of his petition (being a gentleman of a frank open temper) he told him he was welcome to it with all his heart and soul—But, Trim, says he, as you see I am but just got down to my living, and am an utter stranger to all parish matters, knowing nothing about this old watch-coat you beg of me, having never seen it in my life, and therefore cannot be a judge whether 'tis fit for such a purpose, or, if it is, in truth, know not whether 'tis mine to bestow upon you or not—you must have a week, or ten days patience, till I can make some inquiries about it—and, if I find it is in my power, I tell you again, man, your wife is heartily welcome to an under petticoat out of it, and you to a jerkin, was the thing as good again as you represent it.

It is necessary to inform you, sir, in this place, that the parson was earnestly bent to serve Trim in this affair, not only from the motive of generosity, which I have justly ascribed to him but like-

wise from another motive, and that was by making some sort of recompence for a multitude of small services which Trim had occasionally done, and indeed was continually doing (as he was much about the house) when his own man was out of the way. —For all these reasons together, I say, the parson of the parish intended to serve Trim in this matter to the utmost of his power. All that was wanting, was previously to inquire if any one had a claim to it, or whether, as it had time immemorial hung up in the church, the taking it down might not raise a clamor in the parish. These inquiries were the things that Trim dreaded in his heart.—He knew very well, that, if the parson should but say one word to the churchwardens about it, there would be an end of the whole affair. For this, and some other reasons not necessary, to be told you at present, Trim was for allowing no time in this matter—— but, on the contrary, doubled his diligence and importunity at the vicarage-house—plagued the whole family to death—pressed his suit, morning, noon, and night ; and to shorten my story, teazed the poor gentleman, who was but in an ill state of health, almost out of his life about it.

You will not wonder when I tell you, that all this hurry and precipitation, on the side of master Trim, produced its natural effect on the side of the parson, and that was a suspicion that all was not right at the bottom.

He was one evening sitting alone in his study, weighing and turning this doubt every way in his mind, and after an hour and a half's serious deliberation upon the affair, and running over Trim's behavior throughout—he was just saying to himself— it must be so—when a sudden rap at the door put an end to his soliloquy, and, in a few minutes, to his doubts too ; for a laborer in the town, who deemed himself past his fifty-second year, had been returned by the constables in the militia list—and he had *come with* a groat in his hand to search the parish-

register for his age. The parson bid the poor fellow put the groat into his pocket, and go into the kitchen—then shutting the study door, and taking down the parish register—who knows, says he, but I may find something here about this selfsame watch-coat? He had scarce unclasped the book, in saying this, when he popped on the very thing he wanted, fairly wrote in the first page pasted to the inside of one of the covers, whereon was a memorandum about the very thing in question, in these express words—"Memorandum. The great watch-"coat was purchased and given above two hundred "years ago, by the lord of the manor, to this parish-"church, to the sole use and behoof of the poor "sextons thereof, and their successors for ever, to "be worn by them respectively in winterly cold "nights, in ringing compiines, passing-bells, &c. "which the said lord of the manor had done in pity "to keep the poor wretches warm, and for the good "of his own soul, for which they were directed to "pray,"&c. Just heaven! said the parson to himself, looking upwards, what an escape have I had! give this for an under-petticoat to Trim's wife! I would not have consented to such a desecration, to be Primate of all England—nay, I would not have disturbed a single button of it for all my tithes.

Scarce were the words out of his mouth, when in pops Trim with the whole subject of the exclamation under both his arms—I say under both his arms—for he had actually got it ript and cut out ready, his own jerkin under one arm, and the petticoat under the other, in order to carry to the taylor to be made up, and had just stepped in, in high spirits, to show the parson how cleverly it had held out.

There are now many good similies subsisting in the world, but which I have neither time to recollect or look for, which would give you a strong conception of the astonishment and honest indignation which this unexpected stroke of Trim's impudence

impressed upon the parson's looks—let it suffice to say, that it exceeded all fair description—as well as all power of proper resentment——except this, that Trim was ordered, in a stern voice, to lay the bundles down upon the table——to go about his business, and wait upon him, at his peril, the next morning at eleven precisely.—Against this hour, like a wise man, the parson had sent to desire John the parish clerk, who bore an exceeding good character as a man of truth, and who, having moreover a pretty freehold of about eighteen pounds a year in the township, was a leading man in it; and, upon the whole, was such a one of whom it might be said, that he rather did honor to his office than that his office did honor to him—him he sends for with the churchwardens, and one of the sidesmen, a grave, knowing old man, to be present——for, as Trim had withheld the whole truth from the parson, touching the watch-coat, he thought it probable he would as certainly do the same thing to others. Tho' this, I said, was wise, the trouble of the precaution might have been spared—because the parson's character was unblemished—and he had ever been held by the world in estimation of a man of honor and integrity.—Trim's character, on the contrary, was as well known, if not in the world, at least in all the parish, to be that of a little, dirty, pimping, pettifogging, ambidextrous fellow, who neither cared what he did or said of any, provided he could get a penny by it. This might, I said, have made any precaution needless—but you must know, as the parson had in a manner but just got down to his living, he dreaded the consequences of the least ill impression on his first entrance amongst his parishioners, which would have disabled him from doing them the good he wished—so that, out of regard to his flock more than the necessary care due to himself, he was resolved not to lie at the mercy of what resentment might vent, or malice lend an ear to.

Accordingly the whole matter was rehearsed,

from first to last, by the parson, in the manner I've told you, in the hearing of John the parish-clerk, and in the presence of Trim.

Trim had little to say for himself, except "that the parson had absolutely promised to befriend him and his wife, in the affair, to the utmost of his power; that the watch-coat was certainly in his power, and that he might still give it him if he pleased."

To this the parson's reply was short, but strong, "that nothing was in his power to do but what he could do honestly—that, in giving the coat to him and his wife he should do a manifest wrong to the next sexton, the great watch-coat being the most comfortable part of the place—that he should moreover injure the right of his own successor, who would be just so much a worse patron as the worth of the coat amounted to; and, in a word, he declared, that his whole intent in promising that coat, was charity to Trim, but wrong to no man—that was a reserve, he said, made in all cases of this kind: And he declared solemnly, *in verbo sacerdotis*, that this was his meaning, and was so understood by Trim himself."

With the weight of this truth, and the great good sense and strong reason which accompanied all the parson said on the subject—poor Trim was driven to his last shift—and begged he might be suffered to plead his right and title to the watch-coat, if not by promise, at least by servitude.——It was well known how much he was intitled to it upon these scores: "That he had black'd the parson's shoes without count, and greazed his boots above fifty times——that he had run for eggs in the town upon all occasions——whetted the knives at all hours ——catched his horse, and rubbed him down—— that, for his wife she had been ready upon all occasions to char for them; and neither he nor she, to the best of his remembrance, ever took a farthing, or any thing beyond a mug of ale." To this account of his services, he begged leave to add those of his wishes, which he said, had been equally great.—

He affirmed, and was ready, he said, to make it appear, by a number of witnesses, "he had drank his reverence's health a thousand times (by the bye, he did not add, out of the parson's own ale)——that he had not only drank his health, but wished it, and never came to the house, but asked his man kindly how he did—that in particular, about half a year ago, when his reverence cut his finger in parting an apple, he went half a mile to ask a cunning woman what was good to staunch blood, and actually returned with a cobweb in his breeches pocket. Nay, says Trim, it was not a fortnight ago, when your reverence took that strong purge, that I went to the far end of the whole town to borrow you a closestool—and came back as the neighbors who flouted me will all bear witness, with the pan upon my head, and never thought it too much." Trim concluded this pathetic remonstrance, with saying, "He hoped his reverence's heart would not suffer him to requite so many faithful services by so unkind a return: That if it was so, as he was the first, so he hoped he should be the last example of a man of his condition so treated."—This plan of Trim's defence, which Trim had put himself upon, could admit of no other reply than a general smile.—Upon the whole, let me inform you, that all that could be said *pro* and *con*, on both sides, being fairly heard, it was plain that Trim, in every part of this affair, had behaved very ill—and one thing, which was never expected to be known of him happened in the course of this debate to come out against him, namely, that he had gone and told the parson, before he had ever set foot in his parish, that John his parish-clerk—his churchwardens, and some of the heads of the parish, were a parcel of scoundrels.——Upon the upshot, Trim was kick'd out of doors, and told at his peril never to come there again.

At first, Trim huff'd and bounc'd most terribly—swore he would get a warrant—that nothing would serve him but he would call a bye-law, and tell the

whole parish how the parson had misused him; but cooling of that, as fearing the parson might possibly bind him over to his good behavior, and, for aught he knew, might send him to the house of correction, he lets the parson alone, and to revenge himself falls foul upon the clerk, who had no more to do in the quarrel than you or I—rips up the promise of the old——cast——pair of black—plush—breeches; and raises an uproar in the town about it, notwithstanding it had slept ten years——but all this, you must know, is looked upon in no other light but as an artful stroke of generalship in Trim to raise a dust, and cover himself under the disgraceful chastisement he has undergone.——

If your curiosity is not yet satisfied—I will now proceed to relate the *battle* of the *breeches* in the same exact manner I have done that of the watch-coat.

Be it known then, that about ten years ago, when John was appointed parish-clerk of this church, this said Trim took no small pains to get into John's good graces, in order, as it afterwards appeared, to coax a promise out of him of a pair of breeches, which John had then by him, of black plush, not much the worse for wearing——Trim only begg'd, for God's sake to have them bestowed upon him when John should think fit to cast them——

Trim was one of these kind of men who loved a bit of finery in his heart, and would rather have a tatter'd rag of a better body's, than the best plain whole thing his wife could spin him.

John, who was naturally unsuspicious, made no more difficulty of promising the breeches, than the parson had done in promising the great-coat; and indeed with something less reserve——because the breeches were John's own, and he could give them without wrong to whom he thought fit.

It happened, I was going to say unluckily, but I should rather say most luckily, for Trim, for he was the only gainer by it, that a quarrel about some

six or eight weeks after this, broke out betwixt the late parson of the parish and John the clerk. Somebody (and it was thought to be nobody but Trim) had put it into the parson's head, "that John's desk "in the church was at the least four inches higher "than it should be——that the thing gave offence, "and was indecorous, inasmuch as it approached "too near upon a level with the parson's desk itself." ——This hardship the parson complained of loudly, and told John, one day after prayers, "he could bear "it no longer——and would have it altered, and "brought down as it should be." John made no other reply, but "that the desk was not of his rais-"ing:——That 'twas not one hair-breadth higher "than he found it——and that as he found it, so he "would leave it.—In short, he would neither make "an encroachment, neither would he suffer one." —The late parson might have his virtues, but the leading part of his character was not humility——so that John's stiffness in this point was not likely to reconcile matters.—This was Trim's harvest.

After a friendly hint to John to stand his ground, away hies Trim to make his market at the vicarage.—What passed there I will not say, intending not to be uncharitable; so shall content myself with only guessing at it, from the sudden change that appeared in Trim's dress for the better—for he had left his old ragged coat, hat, and wig, in the stable, and was come forth strutting across the churchyard, clad in a good charitable cast coat, large hat and wig, which the parson had just given him.—Ho! ho! hollo John, cries Trim, in an insolent bravo, as loud as ever he could bawl—see here my lad, how fine I am!—The more shame for you, answered John, seriously—Do you think, Trim, says he, such finery, gained by such services, becomes you, or can wear well?—Fy upon it, Trim, I could not have expected this from you, considering what friendship you pretended, and how kind I have ever been to you—how many shillings, and sixpences, I have

generously lent you in your distresses.—Nay it was but the other day that I promised you these black plush breeches I have on.——Rot your breeches quoth Trim, (for Trim's brain was half turned with his new finery) rot your breeches, says he—I would not take them up were they laid at my door—give them and be d—d to you, to whom you like—I would have you to know I can have a better pair of the parson's any day in the week—John told him plainly, as his word had once passed him, he had a spirit above taking advantage of his insolence, in giving them away to another—but, to tell him his mind freely, he thought he had got so many favors of that kind, and was so likely to get many more for the same services, of the parson, that he had better give up the breeches, with good nature, to some one who would be more thankful for them.

Here John mentioned Mark Slender, (who, it seems, the day before, had asked John for them), not knowing they were under promise to Trim—— "Come, Trim, says he, let poor Mark have them— "you know he has not a pair to his a—: Besides, "you see he is just of my size, and they will fit to a "T; whereas if I give 'em to you, look ye, they are "not worth much: And besides, you could not get "your backside into them, if you had them, without "tearing them all to pieces."——Every tittle of this was most undoubtedly true; for Trim, you must know, by foul feeding, and playing the good fellow at the parson's, was grown somewhat gross about the lower parts, *if not higher;* so that, as all John said upon the occasion was fact, Trim, with much ado, and after a hundred hums and hahs, at last, out of mere compassion to Mark, *signs, seals and delivers up* ALL RIGHT, INTEREST, AND PRETENSIONS WHATSOEVER, IN AND TO THE SAID BREECHES, THEREBY BINDING HIS HEIRS, EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS AND ASSIGNS, NEVER MORE TO CALL THE SAID CLAIM IN QUESTION. All this renunciation was set forth in an ample

manner, to be in pure pity to Mark's nakedness—but the secret was, Trim had an eye to, and firmly expected, in his own mind, the great green pulpit-cloth, and old velvet cushion, which were that very year to be taken down——which, by the bye, could he have wheedled John a second time, as he had hoped, would have made up the loss of the breeches sevenfold.

Now, you must know, this pulpit cloth and cushion were not in John's gift, but in the churchwardens, &c. However, as I said above, that John was a leading man in the parish, Trim knew he could help him to 'em if he would—but John had got a surfeit of him——so when the pulpit-cloth, &c. were taken down, they were immediately given (John having a great say in it) to William Doe, who understood very well what use to make of them.

As for the old breeches, poor Mark lived to wear them but a short time, and they got into the possession of Lorry Slim, an unlucky wight, by whom they are still worn——in truth, as you will guess, they are very thin by this time.

But Lorry has a light heart, and what recommends them to him is this, that, as thin as they are, he knows that Trim, let him say what he will to the contrary, still envies the possessor of them, and, with all his pride, would be very glad to wear them after him.

Upon this footing have these affairs slept quietly for near ten years——and would have slept for ever, but for the unlucky kicking-bout, which, as I said, has ripped this squabble up afresh; so that it was no longer ago than last week, that Trim met and insulted John in the public town-way before a hundred people——tax'd him with the promise of the old cast pair of black breeches, notwithstanding Trim's solemn renunciation——twitted him with the pulpit-cloth and velvet cushion——as good as told him he was ignorant of the common duties of his clerkship; adding very insolently, that he knew

not so much as to give out a common psalm in tune.

John contented himself by giving a plain answer to every article that Trim had laid to his charge, and appealed to his neighbors, who remembered the whole affair——and, as he knew there was never any thing to be got by wrestling with a chimney-sweeper, he was going to take his leave of Trim for ever. But hold——the mob by this time had got round them, and their high mightinesses insisted upon having Trim tried upon the spot.

Trim was accordingly tried, and, after a full hearing, was convicted a second time, and handled more roughly by one or more of them than even at the parson's.——

Trim, says one, are you not ashamed of yourself, to make all this rout and disturbance in the town, and set neighbors together by the ears, about an old ——worn——out——pair of cast——breeches, not worth half a crown? Is there a cast coat, or a place in the whole town, that will bring you in a shilling, but what you have snapped up like a greedy hound as you are?——

In the first place, are you not sexton and dog-whipper, worth three pounds a year? Then you begged the churchwardens to let your wife have the washing and darning of the church linen, which brings you in thirteen shillings and four pence; and then you will have six shillings and eight pence for oiling and winding up the clock, both paid you at Easter——the pounder's place, which is worth forty shillings a-year you have got that too——you are the bailiff, which the late parson got you, which brings you in forty shillings more.

Besides all this, you have six pounds a year, paid you quarterly, for being mole-catcher to the parish. Aye, says the luckless wight above-mentioned, (who was standing close by him with the plush breeches on) "you are not only mole-catcher, Trim, but you catch STRAY CONIES too in the dark, and you

pretend a licence for it, which, I trow, will be looked into at the next quarter-sessions." I maintain it, I have a licence, says Trim, blushing as red as scarlet——I have a licence, and, as I farm a warren in the next parish, I will catch conies every hour of the night. You catch conies! says a toothless old woman just passing by.

This set the mob a laughing, and sent every man home in perfect good humor, except Trim, who waddled very slowly off with that kind of inflexible gravity, only to be equalled by one animal in the creation, and surpassed by none.

I am,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I HAVE broke open my letter to inform you, that I missed the opportunity of sending it by the messenger, who I expected would have called upon me in his return through this village to York; so it has lain a week or ten days by me——I am not sorry for the disappointment, because something has since happened, in continuation of this affair, which I am thereby enabled to transmit to you, all under one trouble.

When I finished the above account, I thought (as did every soul in the parish) Trim had met with so thorough a rebuff from John the parish-clerk, and the townsfolks, who all took against him, that Trim would be glad to be quiet, and let the matter rest.

But, it seems, it is not half an hour ago since *Trim sallied* forth again, and having borrowed a *sow-gelder's* horn, with hard blowing he got the

whole town round him, and endeavored to raise a disturbance, and fight the whole battle over again—alledged that he had been used in the last fray worse than a dog, not by John the parish-clerk, for I should not, quoth Trim, have valued him a rush, single hands——but all the town sided with him, and twelve men in buckram set upon me, all at once, and kept me in play at sword's point for three hours together.

Besides, quoth Trim, there were two misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green, who lay all the while in ambush in John's own house, and they all sixteen came upon my back, and let drive at me altogether ——a plague, says Trim, of all cowards!

Trim repeated this story above a dozen times, which made some of the neighbors pity him, thinking the poor fellow crack-brained, and that he actually believed what he said.

After this, Trim dropped the affair of the reading desk, which I told you had occasioned some small dispute between the *late* parson and John some years ago.——This reading-desk, as you will observe, was but an episode wove into the main story, by the bye; for the main affair was "the battle of the breeches and the great coat."

However, Trim, being at last driven out of these two citadels——he has seized hold, in his retreat, of this reading-desk, with a view, as it seems, to take shelter behind it.

I cannot say but the man has fought it out obstinately enough; and had his cause been good, I should have really pitied him. For, when he was driven out of the great watch-coat, you see he did not run away;—no, he retreated behind the breeches, and when he could make nothing of it behind the breeches, he got behind the reading-desk. To what other hold Trim will next retreat, the politicians of this village are not agreed. Some think *his* next move will be towards the rear of the parson's boot; but, as it is thought he cannot make a

long stand there, others are of opinion, that Trim will once more in his life get hold of the parson's horse, and charge upon him, or perhaps behind him; but, as the horse is not easy to be caught, the more general opinion is, that when he is driven out of the reading-desk, he will make his last retreat in such a manner, as, if possible, to gain the *close-stool*, and defend himself behind it to the very last drop.

If Trim should make this movement, by my advice, he should be left, beside his citadel, in full possession of the field of battle, where 'tis certain he will keep every body a league off, and may hop by himself till he is weary. Besides, as Trim seems bent upon *purging* himself, and may have abundance of foul humors to work off, I think he cannot be better placed.

But this is all matter of speculation——Let me carry you back to matter of fact, and tell you what kind of stand Trim has actually made behind the said desk: "Neighbors and townsmen all, I will be "sworn before my Lord Mayor, that John and his "nineteen men in *buckram* have abused me worse "than a dog; for they told you that I played fast "and go loose with the *late* parson and him in that "old dispute of theirs about the reading-desk, and "that I made matters worse between them and not "better."

Of this charge, Trim declared he was innocent as the child that was unborn——that he would be book-sworn he had no hand in it.

He produced a strong witness, and moreover insinuated, that John himself, instead of being angry for what he had done in it, had actually thanked him —Aye, Trim, says the wight in the plush breeches, but that was, Trim, the day before John found thee out. Besides, Trim, there is nothing in that; for the very year that you was made town's pounder, thou knowest well, that I both thanked thee myself, and moreover gave thee a good warm supper, for turning John Lund's cows and horses out of my hard

corn close, which, if thou hadst not don
told'st me), I should have lost my wh
whereas John Lund and Thomas Patt, wh
here to testify, and are both willing to t
oaths on't, that thou thyself was the very r
set the gate open——and after all, it was
Trim, 'twas the blacksmith's poor lad wh
them out—so that a man may be thanked,
warded too, for a good turn which he never
never did intend.

Trim could not sustain this unexpected st
so Trim marched off the field without colors
or his horn sounding, or any other ensigns of
whatever.—Whether, after this, Trim inten
rally a second time—or whether he may not
into his head to claim the victory——none but
himself can inform you.

However, the general opinion, upon the who
this, that in three several pitched battles, *Trim*
been so *trimm'd*, as never disastrous hero was *t*
med before.

END OF VOL. IV.

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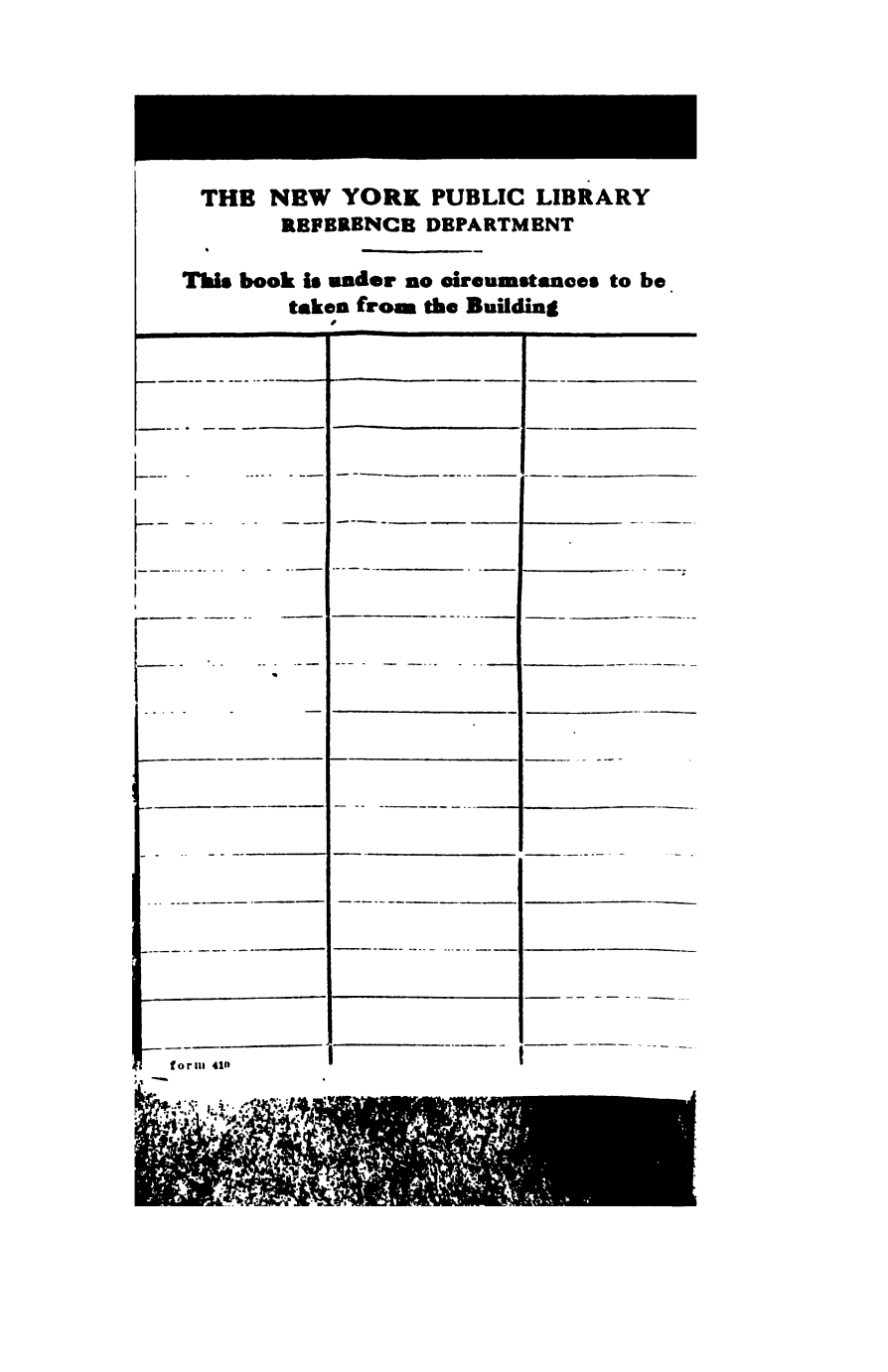

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